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# MEMOIRS OF MRS. JAMESON

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Anna Jameson

at the age of 18 from a Miniature by her Father.

# MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE

OF

# ANNA JAMESON

AUTHOR OF 'SACRED AND LEGENDARY ART' &c.

*BY HER NIECE*

GERARDINE MACPHERSON

---

So good a lady that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her: by my life
She never knew harm-doing

*King Henry VIII.*

*WITH A PORTRAIT*

LONDON
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1878

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*ON*

## *A PORTRAIT OF MRS. JAMESON*

*BY HER FATHER.*

In those young eyes, so keenly, bravely bent
To search the mysteries of the future hour,
There shines the will to conquer, and the pow'r
Which makes that conquest sure,—a gift heav'n-sent.
The radiance of the Beautiful was blent
Ev'n with thine earliest dreams; and tow'rds that star
Of thy first faith, oft dimm'd, and always far,
Still hast thou journey'd on, where'er thy tent.
O, never yet in vain such pilgrimage!
Witness the poet-souls of every age:—
Long ere the Magi hail'd the prophet-beam,
Or Worship own'd an altar and a shrine,
The few who felt how real the divine,
Thus gazed, and thus imbibed th' 'etherial stream.'

A. L. Noel Byron (1841).

# PREFACE.

It is perhaps desirable that I should explain how it is that I have been induced to gather together, from materials long put aside, the following Memoir of my aunt, Mrs. Jameson,—a thing which was not thought of at the time of her death, now nearly eighteen years ago, chiefly because of her own dislike to the idea of having her private life and the facts connected therewith paraded before the world. This repugnance on her part was naturally at the moment entirely consented to by her friends, to whom, in their early grief for her loss, all her wishes were very sacred. As time went on, however, it was impossible not to regret the want of some modest record of her existence and her work, among the many biographies daily issuing from the press, of her contemporaries; and the idea had often been suggested to me by friends, and had arisen in my own mind, to make her readers of the present generation in some degree acquainted with her personally. There were, however, many difficulties in

the way. My aunt's life had been full of domestic care, and she had not been happy in her marriage —a misfortune always difficult to explain, and still more so when the minor facts which make incompatibility of temper insupportable have faded out of recollection; and I (the only member of her family likely to undertake the work) had been so entirely brought up under her shadow, that I feared my own power of making any impartial portrait of her, or even being able to attain to the necessary perspective of a picture, in which there should exist just poise and proportion of the different events and elements in life. The subject was brought again, however, very vividly to my mind by hearing some time ago from a friend (Dr. Steele, of Rome) of an article then just published in the current number of the 'Edinburgh Review,' in which a very flattering allusion was made to a paper written by my aunt in 1853 on the painter Haydon, and published in that periodical. Out of the way of English periodicals as I was in Rome, some little time elapsed before I saw this notice, and in the meantime the surprise I had frequently heard expressed that no memorial of Mrs. JAMESON had ever been published, and even that several interesting contributions to periodical literature had never been reprinted, dwelt much in my mind, and prompted me to consult Mrs. JAMESON'S only surviving sister, Mrs. Sherwin, my dear and

venerable aunt Camilla, as to the possibility of finding material enough to give a fair account of her life, and of the manner in which her mind was led towards those fields of art in which she had always been most at home, without transgressing her own rule against indiscriminate publicity. Mrs. Sherwin, reluctant at first, at last began to yield, like myself, to the wish of thus raising a little memorial to one whose kind and (to us) commanding presence had taken a central place in a great part of her life, as in all the early days of mine. By dint of thinking and writing on this subject, we soon ventured to entertain a hope that she might be able to furnish, and I to set before the public, some such sketch of so beloved an image as would make the author of the 'Sacred and Legendary Art' known to her many readers.

This hope, however, was stimulated, I am obliged to add for truth's sake, into much more vivid desire and determination on my part to do whatever it might lie in my power to do, when I read some time later the Autobiography of Miss Martineau, in which my aunt, as one of the members of the literary society with which that lady was conversant, is made the subject of various depreciatory animadversions. I have been assured that I felt these remarks much too deeply, and that all, or almost all, of Harriet Martineau's friends fared

just as badly at her hands, and were assailed with the same unkindness. Their wrongs, however, have no doubt been felt by their representatives in a similar way, and some critics have in fact been found, at least to protest against this system of posthumous malice. Miss Martineau's depreciatory remarks were, in my aunt's case, entirely contradicted by the general tenor of her letters to Mrs. JAMESON, very many of which are in my possession; and in themselves seem to me not only so unjust, but so uncharacteristic, as to make doubly imperative the only real contradiction that could be given to them, by a true and genuine account of the person belied. I state this with frankness as one of my strongest motives for the work I have undertaken; feeling sure of the sympathy of all who have ever felt the sting of undeserved reproach addressed to those they love, or seen a name most dear and sacred to them treated with careless disrespect.

For the rest, the little book will speak for itself. Mrs. JAMESON'S determination not to be exposed to the world in her private capacity led her to destroy many of her private letters and papers. And at her death her sisters were scrupulous in carrying out her wishes; while, on the other hand, long absence from England and separation from her old friends and old haunts have circumscribed my efforts to obtain from her surviving friends many letters which possibly still exist.

I must therefore ask the indulgence of the reader for gaps thus most unwillingly left in the record of her diligent labours. But I hope that I have been able to gather enough to give some idea of the life of steady work, unostentatious and unceasing, which was hers from youth to age. The story of one who kept a stout heart through all the troubles that befell her; who kept her unhappiness to herself, and sought unceasingly to give happiness to all who belonged to her; who never used her pen to strike or to wound, nor took advantage of its power to avenge herself on any who wronged her; and who was, all her life long, the chief support and consolation of her family—must possess some interest for all good people. I do not pretend to reveal personal secrets, and there is, I am happy to say, no slander or even gossip in anything she has left behind her—nothing that can sting or rankle, nothing that is unkind or unjust to her friends. This volume pretends no more than to show the outline of a life deprived of all the stronger solaces of existence, yet sustained by work and by duty, and by the love of a few simple women, in its career of endless exertion; too brave for discontent, too busy for despondency, and with too much to do for others to be capable of egotism. Her contemporaries in general were ungrudging and generous in their acknowledgment of the excellence of her work and the graceful

womanliness of her pen; and I hope the new generation who still read her books upon Art, and find an interest in her poetical criticisms and spontaneous utterances of practical benevolence, will like to know what the fashion of her life was, and with how much courage and steadfastness she went on working, and not faltering, to the end of her career.

I have to thank, above all others, for information and assistance, my aunt Mrs. Sherwin, Mrs. Procter, and Mrs. JAMESON'S most faithful and chivalrous friend Robert Noel, Esq., whose long and carefully preserved correspondence with her has been of the greatest importance to me in the preparation of this little book.

GERARDINE MACPHERSON.

ROME: *September* 1877.

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After this Preface was written, and when the book was nearly through the press, several most interesting letters were received through the kindness of the niece of Miss Sedgwick, the well-known American writer, which Mrs. Macpherson made instant use of, and would, without doubt, have gratefully acknowledged here. Her representative can only do so thus vaguely, not knowing even the lady's name.

# POSTSCRIPT.

THE AUTHOR of this book has not lived to see it through the press; and as there is necessarily much reference in the latter part of the volume to her personal life and story, for that reason, as well as for the touching fact of her death while it was yet scarcely completed, it has been thought right to add a few words in memory of her. She was the eldest of two children, who were the only members of Mrs. Jameson's family in the second generation, and was, from her birth to her marriage at eighteen, one of the chief objects of her aunt's care and tenderness, as will be seen from these pages. At that early age—to the great disappointment of Mrs. Jameson, who had hoped, with that often-renewed foolishness of love which is not unusual among parents, to keep her dear companion to herself for years, Gerardine Bate—a pretty, charming, and accomplished girl—married Robert Macpherson, and settled in Rome. There, many people of all classes will remember the pair in their early prosperity and happiness. He was a true Highlander, of good descent, the nearest male relative of James Macpherson who made or translated 'Ossian'; a man of marked and headstrong character, with all the qualities, both good and evil, of his race; little likely to get peaceably or easily through the world, but always warm-hearted, full of kindness and good offices as long as

they were in his power, and with much charm of manner and social aptitude. His eyes failed him at an early age, and being thus obliged to give up his profession as an artist, a happy suggestion turned him to the art of photography, then new, and seeming to possess greater possibilities than it has ever realised. In this work he was aided vigorously and successfully by his wife, and his photographs were the first and finest that have ever been executed of Roman scenery and antiquities. Their career was very prosperous for a number of years, by means of this occupation which he may almost be said to have invented; and some few pieces of good fortune also fell to their share—among others, the finding of the great picture of the 'Entombment,' by Michael Angelo, which now forms one of the chief ornaments of our National Gallery, and which Mr. Macpherson kept for years in a sacred seclusion, calling it 'Gerardine's fortune.' Necessity, however, compelled the abandonment of this precious reserve, and the picture was sold at a price below its value—a price unfortunately soon swallowed up in the course of misfortunes which clouded his later life.

He died nearly five years ago, in the winter of 1873, leaving his wife to struggle as she could through a sad entanglement of debts and distress, with two young children dependent on her. She had not herself recovered from a long and terrible attack of acute rheumatism, which had lasted for nearly a year, when she was thus left a widow and destitute. It was not in her nature to yield to discouragement or weakness. Without a word of complaint she took up a burden which might well have appalled the

strongest woman; and the record of the years that have passed since, could it be known, would be more wonderful than many a story at which readers weep. She dragged herself up out of her suffering, with aching limbs and heart in which the seeds of disease were already sown, and faced her evil fortune with the courage of a hero. Whatever could be got to do she undertook, brave, ready, cheerful, unhesitating: now giving lessons or readings in English, now working as an amanuensis, now compiling paragraphs for the newspapers, no matter what it was—nor ever grudging the service of the night to a sick friend or neighbour, after she had toiled, from one scantily paid precarious occupation to another, all the day. In the hot summer, when everybody who could escape the dangerous city was out of Rome, she took, on more than one occasion, the post of the correspondent of an English newspaper, who could afford to find a substitute for the deadly season, and worked there through the fierce suns of July and August, too glad to have her children's living secured even for so long. Thus she laboured on, though always subject to excruciating attacks of rheumatism, and to the still more alarming paroxysms of gradually increasing heart-disease, winding herself up for her year's work by a visit, when she could manage it, to the sulphur baths of Stigliano, a wild and primitive place not far from Rome; now and then nearly dying, but always struggling up and to work again, always bright, even gay—never less than a delightful vivacious companion, an accomplished and cultivated woman, through all her toils. Last year this book was suggested to her, as she has herself explained in her

preface, and arrangements were made by which it was possible for her to come 'home,' and collect the materials necessary for it. Here she spent a little more than three months, suffering much, and alarming her friends by symptoms more severe than they had been aware of, but herself expressing no despondency nor fear; and, strong in her indomitable courage, went back again in the beginning of July to Rome, in order that she might not lose her two months' work as deputy-correspondent. During the winter this volume was written, amid many other toils and cares. Lately her sufferings had increased in intensity, and she looked forward with all the eagerness of feverish hope to the fetid sulphuric atmosphere and boiling baths of Stigliano, the only thing which did her rheumatism good. On May 12 she went there, in the country diligence, over the hilly roads, a way of travelling very badly suited to her suffering condition. But by this time her heart-disease was too far advanced to make that desperate remedy possible. She was sent back in a few days 'in an alarming state,' her friends wrote; and within a week, on the 24th, died; keeping her stout heart to the end, writing reassuring letters from her death-bed, talking of 'wearing her eye in a sling'—neuralgia having seized it, in addition to everything else—and keeping up the hearts of those who loved her by this faint echo of pathetic laughter, the cheerful humour that never deserted her, to the end.

It may be added that the references to herself which occur in this book, and which seem to make this record needful, were put in against her will, in deference to the strongly expressed wishes of a friend, who did not think

it right to conceal a very attaching and loveable aspect of Mrs. Jameson's character because of the modesty of her biographer. The only uneasy feeling she had about her book concerned this. Only a few weeks ago she wrote of the passage in which she herself principally figures as being 'out of heart with the last proofs.' 'I feel as if I would so much prefer to be nowhere.'

But now there is no modesty of personal reserve to be offended, and what is true may be said, with an infinite sad satisfaction in the warfare over, though with tears for the woman dead.

Mrs. Macpherson has left behind her, besides two elder sons who are capable of caring for themselves, a girl and a boy, still young and helpless, to the guardianship of God, her sister, and her friends.

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It seems almost impertinent to obtrude another name into this brief and melancholy record; but I am asked to say that the final superintendence of the publication of this book, which I have watched and aided as I could during all its course, for the sake of old friendship, and the profound sympathy and affection I had for its author, has been left in my hands. So that if there is any word too much, any explanation too little, the fault is not hers, but mine.

M. O. W. OLIPHANT.

# CONTENTS.


| CHAPTER | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| I. | CHILDHOOD | 1 |
| II. | YOUTH | 24 |
| III. | AFTER MARRIAGE | 46 |
| IV. | MIDDLE LIFE | 85 |
| V. | AMERICA | 111 |
| VI. | 'I HAVE LOVE AND WORK ENOUGH' | 141 |
| VII. | FRIENDS | 184 |
| VIII. | LABORIOUS YEARS | 210 |
| IX. | TRAVELS AND STUDIES | 237 |
| X. | LATER LIFE | 275 |
| XI. | HER LAST DAYS | 295 |

APPENDIX . . . . . 315

# ANNA JAMESON.

## CHAPTER I.

### CHILDHOOD.

ANNA BROWNELL MURPHY, the eldest daughter of a young miniature painter of considerable talent and popularity, was born in the year 1794, in Dublin, in the midst of all the commotions of one of the most stormy periods of modern history. Her father, at a time when youth everywhere was revolutionary, when the wonderful events in France had stimulated political agitation even where there was less reason for it than in Ireland, had followed the fashion of his day, and was a patriot, and an adherent of the 'United Irishmen' whose tragical attempts at revolution came to so summary an end. Fortunately, however, before the explosion came, the young artist, whose position and peaceful profession and circumstances were little in accordance with so wild an enterprise, was called to England by professional engagements, and thus escaped, by no wisdom of his

own, from the network of conspiracy and betrayal in which Emmett, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and the other leaders of the rebellion, were hurried to destruction. Brownell Murphy had an English wife, and already three small daughters, hostages to fortune, that might well have kept a young head of a family out of mischief—though even such guarantees were not perhaps certain in the case of an Irishman. In 1798, however, before the last struggle began, he came over to Whitehaven with his wife and their eldest child, the little Anna, and thenceforward his life and that of his family was spent in more peaceful regions, and fighting and bloodshed became out of the question, although his warmest sympathies and interest were with the unfortunate members of the revolutionary party, several of whom were his personal friends.

What the inducements were which led to this removal I cannot tell, but it determined all the after life of the family. The two younger children were left behind at nurse near Dublin, and only the little Anna accompanied her parents to the small Cumberland seaport, a place that must have seemed a dreary change from the Irish metropolis, then more of a capital city, and of much greater importance in itself than now. Few records of this early period have been preserved. The young artist and his wife remained for four years in Cumberland, where a

fourth little daughter, Camilla, now the venerable and last representative of the band of sisters, was born.

One little anecdote only do I find of Anna Murphy in this first chapter of her existence. Among the earliest acquaintances made by the strangers in Cumberland was a family of the name of Booth, one of the members of which, so long after as in the year 1853, half a century later than the incident he records, and when the friends had almost forgotten each other, sent to the then famous writer, Mrs. Jameson, a miniature of her mother painted by her father, which had come into the possession of his family, and which became the occasion of a renewal of intercourse. The little girl remembered as an interesting child, after having been so long lost sight of, had been thus brought back to her old acquaintances by her literary reputation. The letter of this gentleman alludes to an incident which no doubt had amused the friendly circle at the time, and which the subject of it recollected clearly enough when it was brought to her mind.

There is a remote period in every one's life (writes this gentleman) that answers in some sort to the half-fabulous period of remote history—to that far-off time belongs all I know of your visits to Mr. Booth; it is little more than a vague impression received through others of the great regard and interest your friends and yourself had excited. You were spoken of as having thoughts beyond your years, and as very ready to ask all sorts of questions that nobody

could answer. You were a somnambulist too; on one occasion you alarmed the house by wandering away no one knew whither, and after a long and anxious search they found you sleeping in an old piece of furniture.

The piece of furniture in question was an antiquated clock-case, and the child had not gone thither in a state of somnambulism, as her friend supposed, but had fled instinctively to a favourite play-place for shelter, during a fit of childish panic. The bedroom in which she slept beside her mother and the baby sister born at Whitehaven having taken fire in the night, Anna fled to her usual hiding-place, and there, child-like, fell asleep in a fancied sense of security.

Speaking of her own childhood in one of her latest publications, Mrs. Jameson alludes to the suffering she long experienced from her exceeding timidity during the night hours, but does not hint at anything like somnambulism. In the absence of other records we must go to her own statements for an account of the influences that chiefly swayed her child life. She tells us that—

In memory I can go back to a very early age. I perfectly remember being sung to sleep, and can remember even the tune which was sung to me—blessings on the voice that sang it! I was an affectionate, but not, as I now think, a loveable or an attractive child. I did not, like the little Mozart, ask of every one around me, 'Do you love me?' The instinctive question was rather, 'Can

I love you?' With a good temper there was the capacity of strong, deep, silent resentment, and a vindictive spirit of rather a peculiar kind. I recollect that when one of those set over me[1] inflicted what then appeared a most horrible injury and injustice, the thoughts of vengeance haunted my fancy for months; but it was an inverted sort of vengeance. I imagined the house of my enemy on fire, and rushed through the flames to rescue her. She was drowning, and I leaped into the deep water to draw her forth. She was pining in prison, and I forced bars and bolts to deliver her. If this were magnanimity, it was not the less vengeance, for observe, I always fancied evil and shame and humiliation to my adversary, to myself the *rôle* of superiority and gratified pride.

There was in my childish mind another cause of suffering besides those I have mentioned; less acute, but more permanent, and always unacknowledged. It was fear; fear of darkness and supernatural influences. As long as I can remember anything, I remember these horrors of my infancy. How they had been awakened I do not know; they were never revealed. I had heard other children ridiculed for such fears, and held my peace. At first these haunting, thrilling, stifling terrors were vague; afterwards the form varied; but one of the most permanent was the Ghost in 'Hamlet.'[2] There was a volume of Shakespeare lying about, in which was an engraving I have not seen since, but it remains distinct in my mind as a picture. On one side stood Hamlet with his hair on end, literally 'like quills upon the fretful porcupine,' and one hand with all the fingers outspread. On the other strode the Ghost, encased in

[1] Her governess.

[2] In the memoir of Sara Coleridge, published in 1873, occurs, at page 25, a description of similar terrors experienced in childhood by her mother, including the special apparition of the Ghost in 'Hamlet.'

armour with nodding plumes; one finger pointing forwards, and all surrounded with a supernatural light. Oh that spectre! for three years it followed me up and down the dark staircase, or stood by my bed; only the blessed light had power to exorcise it. How it was that I knew, while I trembled and quaked, that it was unreal; never cried out; never expostulated; never confessed—I do not know.

In daylight I was not only fearless, but audacious, inclined to defy all power and brave all danger—that is, all danger I could see. I remember volunteering to lead the way through a herd of cattle (among which was a dangerous bull, the terror of the neighbourhood), armed only with a little stick; but first I said the Lord's prayer fervently. In the ghastly night I never prayed. These visionary sufferings in some form or another pursued me till I was nearly twelve years old.

In 1802 the family made another change, going this time to the more important town of Newcastle-on-Tyne. Here it would seem the young painter's prospects became more assured, for the little girls who had been left in Ireland were sent for, and the family reunited. These children, still very young, came from Dublin in the charge of a young lady who was for some years to undertake their education, and who was Anna's first instructress. They settled down in a modest set of rooms over the shop of the chief bookseller of the place, a Mr. Miller, who afterwards came to London, and, setting up as publisher in Albemarle Street, was the immediate precursor of the famous John Murray himself.

Mr. Murphy soon became known and esteemed in this new home, and acquired many friends. At the same time his growing reputation called him frequently away from his house for weeks together on professional visits to his patrons, sometimes, as will be seen, accompanied by his wife. He invariably returned from these expeditions with portfolios full of sketches from nature, done at leisure moments for his own special delight and pleasure, several of which, still in the possession of his family, show great talent, though this was not the branch of art in which he was known. During these interregnums, however, all did not invariably go well with the four little girls and their young governess, a very accomplished and clever, but not, it would seem—at least, in the opinion of her small charges—a very lenient or considerate ruler. She was the daughter of one of the Duke of Leinster's secretaries. Her mother, a Frenchwoman, had educated the Ladies Fitzgerald, and had been permitted to bring up her own child conjointly with her noble pupils. Careful and conscientious even to a fault, Miss Yokely proved an efficient if over-strict teacher; and she had the entire control of Anna's mental instruction for four years. She obtained the respect and obedience that she rigorously exacted, and laid the foundations of firm principles and exact memory; but she never won the child's affection. The recollection of her

instructions excited a certain feeling of gratitude later on in life, when the benefit of always remembering correctly what she had read had become a source of profit and of pleasure to her former pupil; but with the peculiarities of disposition regarding which Mrs. Jameson has herself spoken so openly, it is scarcely strange that no strong tie of love arose between them during those important years of a child's life, from the age of eight to twelve. Mrs. Jameson says herself: 'I had a very strict and very accomplished governess, one of the cleverest women I have ever met with in my life; but nothing of this' (alluding here to her propensity to reverie and an inner life) 'was known or even suspected by her, and I exulted in possessing something which her power could not reach.'

Thus, with the parents often out of reach and the sway of their representative not much beloved by her little subjects, domestic incidents of a thrilling character were apt to happen. Here is one which remains dimly—in its confusion of baby excitement, discomfiture, daring, and distress—in the mind of the last survivor. By age alike and by nature, Anna was the leader of the little troop of girls, and evidently exercised her power with the charming absoluteness of unquestioned and beneficent despotism. They had all gone with their governess to a village called Kenton, during one of

the absences of their father and mother in Scotland, probably for the benefit of the country air. But Miss Yokely in her turn accepted an invitation to visit friends, and the little girls were left alone for two or three days under the charge of the people of the house in which they lived. These temporary guardians interfered to prevent some delightful composition of mud-pies on which the younger children had set their hearts, and the wail that followed the prohibition came to the ears of the elder sister—a visionary princess of less than nine summers—who, fired by the wrongs of the babies, and probably urged on by some private injuries of her own, and a longing for the softer sway of the mother whom all their lives the sisters idolised, immediately conceived a plan of escape. To Anna, as to most other imaginative children, life was *tout simple*; she had not a moment's hesitation in proposing the easy plan that would set all right. It was clear that the tyranny of a landlady was not to be endured. With what flutterings of heart must the bold project have been listened to! But what Anna said was sacred to the little sisters, and not to be contested. She unfolded her plan, after binding them all to secrecy, and the four small conspirators drew close together in breathless awe and excitement. This plan—what could be more natural and easy?—was, that they should all start instantly, that very evening, to join their father and

mother in Scotland. It would be the easiest thing in the world, if once they could get away safely. They must be sure and eat all the bread and butter they possibly could at tea, and stow away in the front and pockets of their frocks whatever amount of slices could be secretly abstracted from the plates; then, each provided with a tiny bundle containing a change for Sunday (it chanced to be Saturday, and the clean things had just come from the wash and were not yet put away, and it did not occur, even to the head conspirator, that the change might be made before they went with less inconvenience), they would start on their journey. As the eldest and strongest, Anna charged her own shoulders with the weight of a many-caped *gig-cloak* (presumably a garment of the period) belonging to their governess, under cover of which they could, she said, all sleep at nights under the hedges; and as for food, when their own slices of bread gave out, they need only knock at some cottage door on their way, and say they were four little children going to Scotland to find their father and mother, and no one would refuse them a drink of milk and a crust, Anna was quite sure.

All went as smoothly as possible, no suspicions were roused, and the little girls stole softly from the house, the nine-year-old leader, with her heavier burden, encouraging the others till their faltering

footsteps broke into a run, and they thus hurried, one after another, down the village street. But the unusual appearance of the party soon attracted attention, and first one and then another 'wondered' to see 'the little Murphys running off by themselves.' Some gossip more energetic than the rest took it upon herself to give the alarm; and, greatly to Anna's chagrin and disappointment, they were pursued and captured before meeting with a single adventure, save that one of the little bundles fell into a ditch, and when fished out again by herculean efforts, one of Camilla's little red shoes proved, alas! to have been lost for ever.

In 1803 the family came to London, where, or in the immediate neighbourhood of which, their permanent home was henceforward to be. Their first resting-place was at Hanwell, one of the prettiest spots on that side of London, where a few soft slopes diversify the flatness of the rich green country and give a gentle picturesqueness to the smooth fields and luxuriant trees. The district must have remained dear to their fancy, for at a later period we find the last members of the family returning to its vicinity and taking up their abode in Ealing. There the governess who had ruled so strictly and conscientiously, yet with so little love, left her little pupils, and by a curious transformation became their aunt, having married Mr. Murphy's brother. In the year 1806 or

thereabout, they transferred their residence to town, establishing themselves in the busy region of Pall Mall. Here Anna's education progressed, chiefly at her own will and pleasure, with an extensive breadth and desultory character as conspicuous as its ambition. Those were not the days of examinations, nor had it seemed to girls as yet expedient or necessary to fit themselves for the same classic tests as have been always considered indispensable to young men. Anna's lively mind and superabundant energy procured for her a simpler but perhaps more characteristic training. She worked hard, but fitfully, at French, Italian, and even Spanish, unconsciously preparing the way for her future labours. A more whimsical part of her studies was that which led her to take the most intense interest in the works of Sir William Jones which were then appearing, and which disclosed to many English readers for the first time the romances of India and Persia, the oldest tales of the world. Anna Murphy was seized with a craze for this new and entrancing revelation of antique lore and literature. It is related by her one surviving sister, that she had a map of India hung in the sleeping-room they occupied together, and that it was a favourite fancy of hers to keep the other little girls in active exercise tracing different routes from town to town across this map, while she herself travelled in imagination

along the eastern roads which these dutiful little pioneers opened up for their enterprising leader. While the others thus worked out her ideal itinerary, she read aloud to the admiring group the passages in the book which described the different points of the journey. These travels of fancy, however, did not exhaust her enthusiasm. The small woman of genius, carried away by her fertile fancy and fervid nature, rushed incontinently into composition. She began to write a story on Eastern subjects which she called 'Faizy,' a story which immediately became the absorbing interest of the nursery. The little audience put their golden heads together with an earnest faith, such as elder readers never quite attain to, over the instalments of this wondrous tale which the author condescendingly read to them as it went on; and we may easily suppose what an unfailing source of interest was this family romance, the father and mother being apparently admitted to a share in the gratification it afforded.

I may add certain further details drawn from her own recollections of her childhood, which show the fanciful girl better than anything that could be written by another hand:

In regard to truth—always such a difficulty in education—I certainly had, as a child, and like most children, confused ideas about it. I had a more distinct and ab-

solute idea of honour than of truth—a mistake into which our conventional morality leads those who educate and are educated. I knew very well, in a general way, that to tell a lie was *wicked*; to lie for my own profit or pleasure, or to the hurt of others, was, according to my infant code of morals, worse than wicked,—it was *dishonourable*. But I had no compunction about telling fictions, inventing scenes and circumstances which I related as real, and with a keen sense of triumphant enjoyment in seeing the listener taken in by such an ingenious concatenation of possibilities. In this respect 'Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, that liar of the first magnitude,' was nothing in comparison to me. I must have been twelve years old before my conscience was first awakened to the necessity of truth as a principle, as well as its holiness as a virtue. Afterwards, having to set right the minds of others cleared my own mind on this and some other important points.

About religion: I was taught religion as children used to be taught it in my younger days, and are taught it still in some cases, I believe—through the medium of creeds and catechisms. I read the Bible too early, and too indiscriminately, and too irreverently. Even the New Testament was too early placed in my hands, too early made a lesson-book, as the custom then was. The *letter* of the Scriptures, the words, were familiarised to me by sermonising and dogmatising long before I could enter into the *spirit*. Meantime, happily, another religion was growing up in my heart which, strangely enough, seemed to me quite apart from that which was taught; which, indeed, I never in any way regarded as the same which I was taught when I stood up wearily on a Sunday to repeat the collect and say the catechism. It was quite another thing. Not only the taught religion and the sentiment of faith and adoration were never combined, but it never for years entered into

my mind to combine them; the first remained extraneous, the latter had gradually taken root in my life even from the moment my mother joined my little hands in prayer. The histories out of the Bible (the Parables especially) were, however, enchanting to me, though my interpretation of them was in some instances the very reverse of correct or orthodox. To my infant conception our Lord was a being who had come down from heaven to make people good, and to tell them beautiful stories. And though no pains were spared to *indoctrinate* me, and all my pastors and masters took it for granted that my ideas were quite satisfactory, nothing could be more confused and heterodox. Educators are not always aware, I think, how acute are the perceptions, and how permanent the memories, of children. I remember experiments tried upon my temper and feelings, and how I was made aware of this by their being repeated, and in some instances spoken of, before me. Music, to which I was early and peculiarly sensitive, was sometimes made the medium of these experiments. Discordant sounds were not only hateful, but made me turn white and cold, and sent the blood backward to my heart; and certain tunes had a curious effect—they became intolerable by repetition, they turned up some hidden emotion within me too strong to be borne. It could not have been from association, which I believe to be a principal element in the *emotion* excited by music. I was too young for that. What associations could such a baby have had with pleasure or pain? Or could it be possible that associations with some former state of existence awoke up into sound? That our life 'hath elsewhere its beginning and cometh from afar,' is a belief, or at least an instinct, in some minds, which music, and only music, seems to thrill into consciousness. At this time, when I was about five or six years old, Mrs. Arkwright—she was then Fanny Kemble—used to

come to our house, and used to entrance me with her singing. I had a sort of adoration for her, such as an ecstatic votary might have for a Saint Cecilia. I trembled with pleasure when I only heard her step. But her voice—it has charmed hundreds since; whom has it ever moved to a more genuine passion of delight than the little child that crept silent and tremulous to her side? And she was fond of me, fond of singing to me, and, it must be confessed, fond also of playing these experiments upon me. The music of 'Paul and Virginia' was then in vogue, and there was one air—a very simple air—in that opera, which, after the first few bars, always made me stop my ears and rush out of the room. I became at last aware that this was sometimes done by particular desire to please my parents, or to amuse and interest others by the display of such vehement emotion.

In addition to these reminiscences, various legends of this fabulous age remain yet in the recollection of the survivor, to whom at eighty the memory of all the doings of the little sisterhood is still so clear. Anna was, as we have said, the leader in all the children did. She it was who settled how long a time was necessary for the learning of the lessons, a process very easy to herself, which, with delightful childish inconsequence, she decided must be equally easy for her sisters. What could they possibly want with longer time? At the word of command from the little despot the obedient and admiring, if sometimes rueful students put away their books and proceeded to the romps which she personally conducted.

But tradition does not say whether Anna bore the penalty when Louisa's or Camilla's little lessons were insufficiently conned, as ought to have been the case in strict justice. That they were all, however, loyally faithful to her and devout in their belief in the elder sister, whose high spirit and boundless imagination inspired the little band, is very evident; and they seem never to have murmured against the scrapes she led them into. 'Faizy' got itself finished sooner or later, though tradition does not say when; and the story, chiefly written at twelve years old, was afterwards retouched and published at a later date when the young author had become known.[1] This precocious study of the visionary East brought the little sketch and its writer under the observation of a not unnotable person in his day, Mr. James Forbes, the author of the 'Oriental Memoirs,' and commonly known at that time as 'Oriental Forbes,' but now chiefly remarkable as being the grandfather and earliest instructor of Count Charles de Montalembert.

The story of 'Faizy' was not, however, the earliest symptom of the literary faculty in the little Anna's life. In looking over the yellow and faded leaves of a packet of old letters, there were found by chance —inscribed in large unsteady childish handwriting

[1] In the collection known as 'Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad.' 1834.

across the back of a letter written by no less fair a hand than that of the beautiful Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, and conveying an order to the housekeeper at Chiswick to admit Mr. Murphy to see and copy some of the pictures there—some verses embodying the most patriotic sentiments; heroic lines which show more spirit than grammar perhaps, and which we are tempted to print as her earliest surviving utterance. The reader could not but smile kindly upon this vague and grandiloquent effusion of childish hero-worship, could he see the evident effort made by those small fingers to write plainly and clearly as became the distinguished subject. It bears date 1805:

With Fame and Victory following in his train,
COLLINGWOOD veiws[1] his native land again!
To songs of praise each joyous harp is strung,
And happiness resounds from every tongue.
E'en I, unskilled in poesy's magic art,
Will sing brave Collingwood's exalted part;
For the first time to him will tune my lyre,
While NELSON shall my humble verse inspire.
Now raised alike in glory and in name—
Britain shall boast another son of Fame,
Who, born each honour from Napoleon's head
To snatch, and deck the galiant Nelson dead,
As yet another champion bold shall rise
And as a hero, claim the exalted skies:
While Victory loud proclaims, though Nelson's slain
Still Britain reigns o'er Neptune's boisterous main.

[1] The mistaken spelling of the childish MS. is retained.

Though first in honour and though first in place,
Though first in favour and though first in grace,
Though Fame shall weave fresh laurels for his head,
Yet still he mourns victorious Nelson dead.
But rise! nor yield to unavailing greif;
Though yet we mourn the dear departed cheif;
'Tis you must snatch from a usurper's hand
Those rights which Freedom gave to every land.
Our second hero every danger braves,
And conquering Britain dares the bellowing waves,
Blesses the place where Collingwood drew breath,
But mourns the hour when Nelson sunk in death.

The other recollections of this early life all carry out the same impression of high spirit and active intelligence. Camilla remembers still how Anna, with her head erect and her blue eyes gleaming, would declaim the well-known verses—

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye;
Thy steps I'll follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky—

till the other feebler voices of the nursery party had learned to lisp them after her, a little awed and wondering at their own heroism. It is evident that this love of independence was no mockery in the case of Anna. And here I may bring in another simple home legend of this period which shows how she carried out, or would fain have carried out, her principles. It is scarcely necessary to say that the artist's family, dependent as it was upon the fruits of his delightful

but precarious profession, had its ups and downs like others; and no doubt when the struggling pair ventured to bring their little children to London, and set themselves up in such an expensive region as that of Pall Mall, there would be many thoughts and talks about economy, and consultations between the father and mother—not unaccompanied by lamentations over those ever multiplying household expenses which oppress poor gentlefolks, and the dearness of everything, a subject of complaint which seems to increase year by year. Perhaps, some evening, Anna, being the eldest and sitting up a little longer than the rest, had listened unnoticed to one of these anxious talks; and, intent as she was on 'following with her bosom bare' whithersoever the noble spirit of Independence might lead her, had been fired by an instant and heroic resolution. Where she may have heard of the lace-making of Flanders we are not told; probably an account in some encyclopædia or periodical of the time had caught her eager imagination and suggested the idea. However that may be, she gathered her sisters together on the first occasion possible, and pointed out to them, with all the eloquence of a popular leader, sure of the faith of his disciples, the necessities of the position. Their father and mother were, she said, anxious about the family means, and striving hard to make ends meet; while here were four girls, from twelve downwards,

eating the bread of idleness. By this time another baby had been added to the band, a tiny Charlotte in her cradle, too young by far to have any heroic plan suggested to her. Such a plan, however, Anna had all ready to lay before the others. It was that she and her sisters should set out for Brussels, learn the art of lace-making, work at it at once successfully, and achieve in the shortest possible time a fortune with which to set their parents perfectly at ease for the future. Once more the proceeding was *tout simple.* She had it all quite clear and easy as on that earlier occasion. The plan now would be to take their course straight along by the banks of the Paddington Canal as far as it went, then enquire which was the nearest road to the coast, and there take ship for Belgium. There was not, however, that unanimity in the council which generally prevailed. Eliza, the next daughter, declared directly that she for one could not be spared; that the mother and the baby could not get on without her, and that she must stay behind. But the others embraced the plan, though somewhat tremulous was the adhesion of little Camilla—she whose red shoe had perished in the previous adventure. The project was fully matured and even communicated to the parents, who seem prudently to have made no effort to restrain the children's enthusiasm, but permitted everything to go on as suggested. Their

bags were packed, and the last evening came. Camilla, timid and always wavering, would willingly have renounced her share in the glorious enterprise; but Anna was eager, and Louisa firm. In this mingled state of feeling the little adventurers put on their evening frocks and their pretty ribbons, and came downstairs to dessert for what was to be the last time. It is easy to imagine the gleam of half fun, half sympathy, that shone in the father's eye as he drew the children about him. Louisa, supposed in the family to be his favourite, had some wine put into her glass. It was a sort of farewell pledge at their parting, 'for there's no telling when we may be together again, my darling,' he said. This, however, was too much for the child, whose heart sank into her shoes at such an address, and whose inspiration was all Anna's, not her own. She gave a loud sob and threw her arms round her father's neck: 'Oh, papa! I will never, never leave you,' she cried. The crisis was too much for a child's courage; Camilla, already so feeble in her adhesion, gave in on the spot; and it is needless to say that Anna, left alone in her valour, did not go forth upon this forlorn hope by herself. The story is very characteristic, and I hope the reader will find it as pretty as I do. How her heart must have swelled with despair at the weakness of the others, yet owned a throb of relief to be saved the parting—that

parting, the bitterness of which can only be understood when it comes near! It was only for a while, however, that she relinquished her purpose of aiding her parents. Brussels on foot, and the hazards of the lace-making, dropped into impossibility to be sure, as the child sprang, delicate yet strong and ever courageous, into early womanhood with all its developments. At sixteen, the little maiden no doubt had learned that some things which looked very easy at twelve had become impracticable; but the generous determination to help, the high-spirited love of independence that prompted the childish plan, was nowise diminished; nor was her resolution less fine because it had to follow a more hackneyed way of working. At that early age she undertook the situation of a governess. Her father, if he had not accumulated much wealth, had acquired many noble friends and patrons, and was popular among them, and great names had been familiar in the artist's house as long as the children could recollect. It was accordingly in a noble household—that of the Marquis of Winchester—that his daughter began her career. This must have been some time in the year 1810, and she remained in the same household for about four years. Thus 'Independence,' which had lured her with 'lion heart and eagle eye,' was at length followed at sixteen, though so many years later than she had dreamed and desired.

## CHAPTER II.

### YOUTH.

Of the period of Anna Murphy's youth there are but few records. The unfinished miniature painted by her father, from which the frontispiece to this volume is taken, shows to what early maturity the artist's eldest daughter, the young *generalissima* of the pretty band of sisters, had grown. She was sixteen when it was painted; the pride and admiration of the household; just about to set out upon the career of independence which she had so long desired, and to carry into practice the high-flown theories which had inspired her childhood. Otherwise it would not appear that there had been at that time any urgent need, such as existed at a later date, for her experiments in the art of teaching, which seem to have occurred intermittently, and with many irregular intervals, through the period of youth. Some kind of absence, yet near vicinity, seems to be inferred in the following pretty fatherly note of congratulation on a birthday, which I find lying without date, addressed to 'Miss Murphy,' among a number of unimportant papers:

MY DEAREST ANNA,

We have no distinction to offer you nor entertainment on your birthday—but your good mother and I on rising this morning congratulated each other on having such an affectionate and good and well-disposed and accomplished daughter—receive our blessing. If you are out to-day call and see your mother

Ever yours,

D. B. M.

I am not aware, however, that Miss Murphy was in any situation as governess, except the early one above referred to, until that which formed the actual though unintentional beginning of her literary career.

In the winter of the year 1820–21, an old north-country friend, Mr. John Harden, of Brathy Hall, introduced to Mr. Murphy and his family a young barrister named Robert Jameson, who was a native of the lake country and a *protégé* and worshipper of the poet, who had made that district famous. He had come to London to enter seriously upon the business of his profession, and was in all the bloom of life and enthusiasm, of agreeable looks, and manners said to have been most fascinating. Anna was at the time living with her parents, and that the two young people thus introduced to each other should fall in love was the most natural thing in the world. But unfortunately the course of true love soon became anything but smooth, and a dawn

ing perception of those incongruities and differences which afterwards clouded the life of both, seems to have very soon disturbed and interrupted their attachment. The story is too remote to be entered into in detail; nor, perhaps, does anyone now living know exactly why it was that the engagement was broken off. But this happened so soon after its formation that in June 1821 Anna, in weariness and disappointment and disgust with the life which had thus been overcast when at the brightest, again left home, and went this time to Italy as governess to a beautiful girl of whom she speaks with the warmest admiration. The *grand tour* was then still a luxury possible only to those who could do it in a leisurely and costly manner, loitering from capital to capital, and taking full time to reap the advantage of all they heard and saw. No doubt this interlude of travel at so critical a moment of her life did much to quicken the natural powers and cultivate the special tastes of the young Englishwoman who wandered so sadly through all the galleries, thinking that she found in every *Musée* and princely collection only the shadow of her own deep-seated sorrow. There are few things better known or more frequently witnessed than that absorption in a disappointment of the heart which seems for the moment to fill life with but one thought and tinge everything with melancholy. Sad as this condition

of spirit is to the sufferer, there can be little doubt that in reality it often adds but a delicacy the more to the visionary intellectual delights of an inexperienced mind fresh launched upon the great and varied and splendid world of art and intellectual beauty, and it is evident that this was Anna Murphy's case. She was a member of what seems to have been a somewhat brilliant party. Wealth was indispensable to such an expedition, and the journey was made *en prince*, according to the old traditions which still haunt and mystify the path of the cheaply-travelling Englishman of the present day. The mother of the family was beautiful, still young, apparently fond of society, and not intolerant of admiration. 'I had once thought of making out a list of our killed and wounded,' Anna writes to a friend from Naples, after recounting the fate of an 'interesting, handsome, elegant, sentimental coxcomb at Rome, who fluttered round Mrs. —— till he scorched his own wings;' and she remarks, with a pleased pride very becoming to a pretty young woman with so many attractions of her own, upon the 'extreme beauty' of her dear Laura, her charming almost grown-up pupil, which attracted all eyes and drew down storms of *confetti* as the party drove up and down the gay Toledo during the Naples Carnival. This journey, however, was to have a record more important than the desultory

fragments of correspondence which may be collected after this long interval of fifty years.

Those were the days when a journal was a necessary part of the belongings of all cultivated and aspiring youth, and when numbers of people in actual life kept not only a record of events such as so many still do, but a detailed record of their feelings and thinkings, such as is very apt to strike the reader nowadays, when fashion has changed, as too elaborate to be really the private history of the mind which it professes to be. So harsh a judgment, however, would be both unjust and untrue, as so many hasty judgments are. We are all familiar with those perfectly genuine journals of religious experience which hold so high a place among the materials of biography; but even these sprang from no more real impulse than the journal of description and sentiment, which suited the habit of the time, and in which the young traveller recorded all her impressions, and consoled herself in the melancholy which pursued her wherever she went. However bright and genial her surroundings, she was yet more or less a stranger in the gay party, which probably possessed no clue to the secret trouble that clouded her spirits; and in the hours of loneliness which were inevitable in her position, her diary was the constant refuge of her leisure. Therein she put down all that she saw, and much that she thought

concerning what she saw; her opinions, often her intuitive criticisms; scraps of her reading; sketches of character, half playful half serious; and sketches also of the beautiful landscapes which drew her out of herself. In after life the little locked volumes which contained this mental record were always at hand upon her table, and were kept up regularly to the end of her life, though jealously preserved from all eyes and destroyed at her death according to her own orders. In the records of mature life no doubt there must always be many things which are too sacred for the general eye; but this is rarely the case in the first half of existence. The secret of youth is an open secret; its sinkings of heart, its despairings, the hopeless melancholy in which it revels, are so often but morning mists, shadows to flee away one time or other, and melt into the light of common day.

Anna's life was in this stage. She was parted from her lover and from all happy prospects. Evidently in her heart she was faithful to his image, and felt the separation from him deeply; and as she travelled she carried her own atmosphere with her, making to herself the most of her own despair, as is so natural, and believing that a veil of darkness enveloped her for ever. This is no unusual sentiment among sufferers from such causes, and many young women have mused and wept as she did; not many

young women, however, have been able to make their sorrows so interesting. It has seemed necessary to make such an explanation in order to show naturally how the pages, which afterwards made so attractive a book, could have been written with no idea of publication. The reader will see presently by what a mere accident it was that they got into print at all; but in the meantime they afford us an animated account of where the party of travellers went, and what they saw, in addition to the record of the writer's own private feelings. The state of melancholy, however, of which it was, in the more personal portions, at once the evidence and the relief, is apparent from the very opening:

When to-day, for the first time in my life (she writes), I saw the shores of England fade away in the distance, did the conviction that I should never behold them more bring with it one additional pang of regret, or one consoling thought? Neither the one nor the other. I leave behind me the scenes, the objects so long associated with pain; but from the pain itself I cannot fly. It has become a part of myself. I know not yet whether I ought to rejoice and be thankful for this opportunity of travelling while my mind is thus torn and upset, or rather regret that I must visit scenes of interest, of splendour, of novelty— scenes over which, years ago, I used to ponder with many a sigh and many a vain longing—now that I am lost to all the pleasure they could once have excited; for what is all the world to me now? But I will not weakly yield; though time and I have not been long acquainted, do I not know

what miracles he, 'the all-powerful healer,' can perform? Who knows but this dark cloud may pass away? Continual motion, continual activity, continual novelty, the absolute necessity for self-command, may do something for me.

Then follow some verses, of which we will not pretend to say that the poetical power is great; but they, too, indicate a crisis past:

It is o'er: with its pains and its pleasures
The dream of affection is o'er;
The feelings I lavished so fondly
Will never return to me more.

With a faith, oh too blindly believing,
A truth no unkindness could move,
My prodigal heart has expended
At once an existence of love.

And now, like the spendthrift forsaken
By those whom his bounty has blest,
All empty and cold and despairing,
It shrinks in my desolate breast.

This was the sad mood in which the journey was begun. Possibly the sorrowful sentiment might be afterwards heightened here and there, to increase the *vraisemblance* of the pathetic suggestion which runs through the diary that the writer is a heart-broken invalid, gradually failing in strength, whose death is the natural end of the piece; but still there can be no doubt that in the main the *pose* is real, and faith-

fully represents the state of mind in which the young traveller set out. The cloud, however, lifted from time to time. A few days after their arrival in Paris, she marvels 'at my own versatility, when I think how soon my quick spirits were excited by this gay, gaudy, noisy place.' In this way the story goes on throughout; whenever she is brought face to face with a beautiful landscape, a fine picture, a noble building, these 'quick spirits' carry all before them, and the lively intelligent observation, graceful remark, and often—inexperienced as she was—just criticism, betraying already the budding of the future art critic, prove with what freshness, notwithstanding her melancholy, she could see and judge. But no sooner has the little involuntary outburst been made than the sentimental sufferer reminds herself of her undying grief, and all is overcast again. We do not apologise for quoting from this early production; it has fallen out of the knowledge of the new generation of readers, and may have got half obliterated from the memories of the old, and it is a picture of things to a great extent passed away. The Paris of the restored Bourbons, the Italy of Austrian domination—how far have both gone from us! the latter almost as far, we might suppose, as the former, so complete is the change. Here is a little bit of Parisian gossip of the period, at once amusing and characteristic:

The rage for cashmeres and little dogs has lately given way to a rage for 'Le Solitaire,' a romance written, I believe, by a certain Vicomte d'Arlincourt. *Le Solitaire* rules the imagination, the taste, the dress of half Paris. If you go to the theatre, it is to see the *Solitaire*, either as tragedy, opera, or melodrama; the men dress their hair and throw their cloaks about them *à la Solitaire*; bonnets and caps, flowers and ribbons, are all *à la Solitaire*. The print-shops are full of scenes from the *Solitaire*; it is on every toilette, every work-table; ladies carry it about in their reticules to show each other that they are *à la mode*. . . . '*Vous n'avez pas lu le Solitaire?*' said Madame M——, yesterday. '*Eh, mon Dieu! il est donc possible? vous! mais, ma chère, vous êtes perdue de réputation—et pour jamais!*'

When the party leave Paris, the writer goes on with ever-increasing delight in all she sees and learns, feeling that she has in a few hours stored her mind with images of beauty and grandeur which will last through her whole existence; and perhaps, too, feeling a little contemptuous of the 'others' who, amid all this bewildering beauty and novelty, can be affected by the petty '*contretemps* and privations' of the journey. 'To me they are nothing,' she cries; 'now I feel the value of my own enthusiasm, now am I repaid in part for many pains and sorrows and errors it has cost me. Though the natural sentiment of that enthusiasm be now repressed and restrained, and my spirits subdued by long illness, what but enthusiasm could elevate my

mind to a level with the sublime objects round me?' A girl of the present day, in the same circumstances, would probably think it right to disguise her enthusiasm, and fill her pages with a comical account of the '*contretemps* and privations,' the missing baths and imperfect arrangements: so fashions change.

The reader of the present day will naturally be less interested in the description of scenes which have been over and over again described, and which so much larger a public than that of 1821 has gazed on for itself, than with the personal glimpses of the writer, lonely though in the midst of a gay party, and sad though often transported out of herself with excitement and visionary delight. The little private expeditions she makes in the mornings and evenings, before the others are astir, or when they are resting from the gay fatigues of the promenade, afford some of the most interesting features of the record. One time she started out—half-pleased by her freedom, half-forlorn in her loneliness—to the nearest church; and, after a little inspection of the pictures, noted one—'a virgin said to be possessed of miraculous powers'—which had been 'decorated with a real blue silk gown spangled with tinsel stars,' and which naturally excited the amused horror of the English spectator, when the following pretty incident occurred:

As I was sitting upon a marble step, philosophising to myself and wondering at what seemed to me such anomalous bad taste, such pitiable and ridiculous superstition, there came up a poor woman, leading by the hand a pale and delicate boy, about four years old. She prostrated herself before the picture, while the child knelt beside her, and prayed for some time with fervour; she then lifted him up, and the mother and child kissed the picture alternately with great devotion. Then making him kneel down and clasp his little hands, she began to teach him an *Ave Maria*, repeating it word by word, slowly and distinctly, so that I got it by heart too. Having finished their devotions, the mother put into the child's hand a piece of money, which she directed him to drop into a box inscribed '*per i poveri vergognosi*'—for the bashful poor; they then went their way. I was an unperceived witness of this little scene, which strongly affected me. The simple piety of this woman, though mistaken in its object, appeared to me respectable, and the Virgin, in her sky-blue brocade and gilt tiara, no longer an object to ridicule. I returned home rejoicing in kinder, gentler, happier thoughts.

Another evening she strolled alone into Santa Croce, among all the relics of the mighty dead; and here 'spent about an hour walking up and down, abandoned to thoughts which were melancholy but not bitter. All memory, all feeling, all grief, all pain were swallowed up in the sublime tranquillity which was within and around me.' Again we find her, newly arrived in Rome—having reached it in the rain and dark of the previous evening—hurrying

out 'before anyone was ready for breakfast,' and running up 'the gigantic flight of marble stairs' leading to the top of a hill. 'I was at the summit in a moment!' she cries, 'and there lay Rome before me—innumerable domes and towers, and vanes and pinnacles brightened by the rising sun. I gazed and gazed as if I would drink it all in at my eyes.' But, alas! coming slowly down from that mount of vision, she 'found letters from England on the breakfast table' which plunged her into troubles as unshared as were her delights. Though there is not one word said throughout the diary from beginning to end which indicates neglect or unkindness, nothing could be more suggestive of the solitude of a young woman of genius in such a position, than these descriptions of the little lonely escapades and unaccompanied wanderings here and there, which were evidently the most memorable features in her life. The sentences in which she describes herself as seated behind backs and wrapped in 'impracticable silence,' are possibly to be numbered among the touches of fiction added afterwards to maintain the character; but there is more evident fact in the amused tribulation with which she records how one of her travelling companions, evidently the butt of the party, a foolish good-natured young Englishman, 'attached himself to my side the whole morning, to benefit, as he said, by my "tasty remarks!"' These

'tasty remarks,' at this early period of her art education, were not always trustworthy guides. As was perhaps natural, she disliked Michel Angelo, and expressed her dislike with vehemence: 'If all the connoisseurs in the world, with Vasari at their head, were to harangue for an hour together on the merits of this picture' (the Holy Family in the Tribune), 'I might submit in silence, for I am no connoisseur; but that it is a disagreeable, a hateful picture, is an opinion that fire would not melt out of me!' she cries with delightful daring. 'But I speak in ignorance,' adds the inexperienced critic, a little overawed at her own audacity. To which acknowledgment, a dozen years later, she adds in a note, 'This was indeed ignorance!'

The journey home is much more briefly recorded, and probably altered more from its original shape in the young lady's diary, than the beginning. The fictitious termination, so loudly complained of when in later years the authorship was acknowledged, involved various alterations, obliterations, and additions.

The expedition thus recorded lasted altogether for about a year, and then Anna parted from her travelling companions, and changed her surroundings altogether. Shortly after she became governess to the children of Mr. Littleton, one of the members for Staffordshire, afterwards Lord Hatherton, and

remained in that family for four years. She was happy in her new position, and became deeply attached to her pupils and to their parents, for whom throughout the remainder of her life she retained the warmest friendship. During this interval, however, the sky began to clear, and the melancholy certainty that all happy dreams were fled changed into such a renewal of confidence and affection that, in the year 1825, the broken engagement having been renewed some time before, Anna Murphy married, and became Mrs. Jameson, the name by which alone she is known to the general reader.

Up to this time, with the exception of the 'Diary,' then reposing peacefully in its little locked volumes, she had written nothing except 'Faizy,' a story for children entitled 'Little Louisa,' a child's vocabulary of useful words, and the comedietta of 'Much Coin, much Care,' a proverb dramatised for her young pupils the Littleton children, afterwards published with other fragments in her volumes of 'Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad.'

Mrs. Jameson's marriage, which, as it turned out, brought her little but misfortune, seems, so far as external circumstances went, to have taken place with every promise of mutual well-being. The new husband and wife were of kindred tastes and accomplishments, fond of literature and of cultivated society, and, though not rich, of suffi-

ciently good prospects to justify their union in a time not quite so exacting in this respect as the present. They began their life, as a couple of equal pretensions would scarcely like to do now-a-days, in a lodging in the unromantic neighbourhood of Chenies Street, Tottenham Court Road. It was during the early confidence and harmony of this beginning that the little book which had been Anna's confidant and consoler during the first pangs of a separation which seemed likely to last for ever, was first revealed to any eye but her own. She began by reading fragments to her husband for his amusement, and also perhaps as a revelation of the tenor of her thoughts at that period upon which both could look back as a trouble past. The contrast must have been piquant. And the manner in which this youthful composition got into print furnishes an amusing incident in Mrs. Jameson's early history.

Among the many friends whom the young couple, both full of talent and accomplishments, collected around them, was one of a very unusual character, with whom Mr. Jameson had made acquaintance in some rambling excursion, or over some collection of old books or engravings—for which he had a connoisseur's affection—an acquaintance that grew gradually into something like intimacy. This was a man of the name of Thomas, who had started in life in no higher position than that of a cobbler, but

whom a love of books and study had brought into contact with people of superior intelligence, and who had worked himself gradually by means of this into a curiously nondescript position, half bookseller, half craftsman, with strong inclinations towards the study of law. The primitive way in which he is said to have begun life is of itself interesting; for his passion for books becoming soon well known among the humbler classes to which he belonged, many who found themselves possessors of an old book or two brought them to the bookworm, willing to take a small price for volumes that sometimes proved of considerable value. Thomas's custom was to buy all that was brought to him for his private reading, and, having devoured their contents, to sell them over again and buy new ones, thus adding continually to his own mental and practical resources at one and the same time. He sold these volumes of course at a profit, having doubtless a more correct knowledge of the value and character of such books than the humble vendors; and after a time he opened a secondhand bookshop on his own account, and began to rise in the world, and even to publish in a small way. But his soaring ambition aimed, as has been said, at nothing less than the honours of the law, and his studies soon took this direction exclusively. Mr. Jameson was sufficiently interested in Thomas to give him the benefit of his counsel

and help in this ambitious desire, and also brought him to his house, and introduced him to his wife. Among other self-acquired accomplishments, Mr. Thomas had mastered the guitar, and obtained some skill upon this instrument. Herself an ardent lover of music, Mrs. Jameson gladly availed herself of the instruction volunteered by their eccentric acquaintance. One evening, while he was with them, it so happened that the visit to the Continent and her 'Diary' was spoken of, and at her husband's desire Mrs. Jameson brought forth the green-covered volumes, and read aloud certain portions of her foreign experiences, criticisms, &c. Thomas at once asked whether he might not have the MS. for publication, and expressed himself willing to take all the pecuniary risk involved in printing and bringing it out. The idea was new and amusing to the inexperienced pair. 'You may print it if you like,' said Mrs. Jameson, adding, half in jest, 'if it sells for anything more than will pay the expenses, you shall give me a Spanish guitar for my share of the profits.'

Thomas accepted the conditions so lightly offered, and the MS., partially revised and considerably curtailed in parts, as we have above stated, was consigned into his hands. It was agreed that the book should be published anonymously, and, the better to maintain the desired secrecy as to its authorship,

a final paragraph was added, which was fiction, *pur et simple.* Herein it was stated that 'the writer died on her way home at Autun, in her twenty-sixth year, and had been buried in the garden of the Capuchin Monastery near that city.'

The work was advertised by Thomas under the title of 'A Lady's Diary,' and, most probably after its success had become apparent to experienced eyes, Mr. Colburn, the publisher, made our enterprising friend an offer of fifty pounds for the copyright, which was accepted, and a ten guinea guitar purchased by Thomas and handed over to the author. A certain number of copies must have been printed off by him under the original title, one of which would appear to have been presented to a most valued friend, Mrs. Basil Montagu, as I have seen a copy bearing the name of this lady on the fly-leaf (title-page there is none), 'Anne D. B. Montagu;' and a few lines below, also in Mrs. Montagu's handwriting, stating that 'this book was published under the altered title of "The Diary of an Ennuyée;" it is written by *Mrs. Robert Jameson.*'

The book, however, was known to the public only by the second title, one probably deemed fitter for the 'ears polite' of British readers than the English synonym proposed by the writer herself in the first page, where she exclaims, 'Here beginneth the Diary of a Blue Devil.'

The success of the volume was prompt and gratifying, and though the public in general is said to have been flatteringly disgusted by the discovery that it had been cheated, as it were, out of its sympathy, and that the author had not pined and died, and was buried in no convent garden, she had no reason to be dissatisfied with her first serious experiment in literature. Though the guitar, which was her only remuneration, was no great recompense, yet the door had been opened to her into the favour of the public, and an important step thus made. Her next productions were announced as by 'Mrs. Jameson, author of the "Diary of an Ennuyée."'

These were the 'Loves of the Poets,' and the 'Celebrated Female Sovereigns'—two works, I have reason to believe, long since out of print, at least in this country, and to which, as essays of minor importance among her more characteristic works, it is scarcely needful to refer.

I may add here a contemporary personal sketch of Mrs. Jameson, dated just after the commencement of her literary life, which may prove interesting at this point of her career. Shortly after her marriage, she had become intimately acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Basil Montagu, and with that gifted lady's daughter and her husband, Bryan Waller Procter, best known, perhaps, as Barry Cornwall, the poet-lawyer. In this distinguished circle she met many

well-known and notable people, with some of whom she formed lifelong friendships; and from one of these, Mrs. Fanny Kemble, we have the following account of her first meeting, in 1828, with Mrs. Jameson, at the Montagus' house in Bedford Square:—'While under the immediate spell of her fascinating book, it was of course very delightful to me to make Mrs. Jameson's acquaintance, which I did at the house of our friends Mr. and Mrs. Basil Montagu.' 'At an evening party there I first saw Mrs. Jameson. The *Ennuyée*, one is given to understand, dies, and it was a little vexatious to behold her sitting on a sofa in a very becoming state of blooming *plumpitude*; but it was some compensation to be introduced to her. And so began a close and friendly intimacy, which lasted for many years, between myself and this very accomplished woman.'[1] Mrs. Kemble afterwards adds the following more elaborate description of Mrs. Jameson's personal appearance and bearing. Anyone who has seen the portrait painted a few years later of her by Mrs. Opie's son-in-law, H. P. Briggs, R.A., will recognise the truth of this pen-and-ink picture.

When first I met Mrs. Jameson she was an attractive-looking young woman, with a skin of that dazzling whiteness which generally accompanies reddish hair, such as hers

[1] In Leigh Hunt's 'Bluestockings' he writes: 'See Jameson accomplished.'

was ; her face, which was habitually refined and *spirituelle* in its expression, was capable of a marvellous power of concentrated feeling, such as is seldom seen on any woman's face, and is peculiarly rare on the countenance of a fair, small, delicately-featured woman, all whose characteristics were essentially feminine. Her figure was extremely pretty ; her hands and arms might have been those of Madame de Warens.

## CHAPTER III.

### AFTER MARRIAGE.

MR. JAMESON'S success in his profession, at least in England, does not seem to have fulfilled the expectations with which he and his wife made even so modest a beginning in life as this start in Chenies Street; after four years spent together, he seems to have sought in a colonial appointment the success which, at the bar, it is often so difficult to secure at home. In 1829 he was appointed puisne judge in the Island of Dominica. It does not seem, however, that there was any idea of his wife accompanying him in what was, at the best, a venture as to climate, comfort, and permanency. He went alone, and she, thus left to temporary solitude, returned to the shelter of her father's house, and to the consolation of that warm and strong family love which was always her stronghold and protection. It would be vain to affect to doubt that the incompatibilities of temper and disposition, which at a later period separated them finally, had already appeared,[1] and

[1] A little anecdote of their early married life has been told me since this work was begun, which, as I do not think it can wound any

made the seeming calamity of this break-up of their domestic life less a trial than a relief; but happily it is unnecessary as yet to touch upon this painful question. They parted to all appearance in perfect amity, and with a natural cause for the severance, which there is no reason to believe either had then decided upon making final. He went to his appointment in considerable uncertainty, as is evident by his letters, as to what his circumstances and duties were

one now living, and as it throws more light on Mrs. Jameson's difficulties as a wife than any vague statements can do, I am tempted to repeat, as it was told to me by an old and intimate friend. The pair were married in the middle of a week—Wednesday, my informant believes—and settled at once in their lodgings above referred to. On the Sunday Mr. Jameson announced his intention of going out to the house of some friends with whom he had been in the habit of spending Sunday before his marriage. The young wife was struck dumb by the proposal. 'But,' she said, 'they do not know me; they may not want to know me. Would it not be better to wait until they have time at least to show whether they care for my acquaintance?' 'That is as you please,' said the husband, 'but in any case, whether you come or not, I shall go.' The bride of three or four days had to make up her mind. How could she intrude herself upon strangers? but supposing, on the other hand, that any friend of her own should come, any member of her family, to congratulate her on her happiness, how could her pride bear to be found there alone and forsaken on the first Sunday of her married life? Accordingly, with an effort she prepared herself and set out with him in her white gown, forlorn enough, who can doubt? They had not gone far when it began to rain, and, taking advantage of this same white gown as a pretext for escaping from so embarrassing a visit, she declared it impossible to go further. 'Very well,' once more said the bridegroom; 'you have an umbrella. Go back by all means; but I shall go on.' And so he did; and though received, as his astonished hosts afterwards related, with exclamations of bewilderment and consternation, calmly ate his dinner with them, and spent the rest of the evening until his usual hour with perfect equanimity and unconcern. No fancy sketch of the feelings of the young wife returning to her lodgings alone need be added to this wonderful but perfectly true tale.

to be; and she remained in England until his prospects should be so far ascertained as to make the re-establishment of their home practicable. If her life was not that of a happy wife, it was at least a composed and not unhappy woman, with many friends and resources, whom her husband left behind him, thinking no more of everlasting melancholy and the sentimental despair of youth, and settling down without complaint to make the best that could be made of a life still holding many elements of happiness.

Shortly after her husband's departure Mrs. Jameson went to the Continent with her father and his friend and patron, Sir Gerard Noel. She gives a description of the calmed and tranquillised state of her mind during this journey in a dialogue published in the volumes entitled 'Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad.'

I thought, not without gratitude (she says), of the contrast between present feelings and those of a former journey. To abandon oneself to the quickening influence of new objects, without care or thought of to-morrow; with a mind awake in all its strength; with natural health and cheerfulness; with sensibility tamed not dead; possessing one's soul in quiet; not seeking nor shrinking from excitement; not self-engrossed nor yet pining for sympathy: was not this much?

'Not so interesting, perhaps,' she continues—doubtless with half a smile at her former self—'as

playing the *Ennuyée.*' This time the party consisted of two ladies and two gentlemen—two fathers and two daughters, one of the latter being a naïve and attractive girl. 'We travelled *à la Milor Anglais,*' Mrs. Jameson adds—'a *partie carrée*; a barouche hung on the most approved principles, double-cushioned, luxurious, rising and sinking on its springs like a swan on the wave; the pockets stuffed with new publications, maps, and guides *ad infinitum*; English servants for comfort, foreign servants for use; a chessboard; backgammon-tables; in short, surrounded with all that could render us entirely independent of the amusements we had come to seek, and of the people we had come to visit.' We may quote from the same record an amusing sketch of the leader of the party:

Our *Chef de Voyage*—for so we chose to entitle him who was the planner and director of the excursion—was one of the most accomplished and most eccentric of human beings: even courtesy might have termed him old at seventy; but old age and he were many miles asunder, and it seemed as though he had made some compact with Time, like that of Faust with the Devil, and was not to surrender to his inevitable adversary till the last moment. Years could not quench his vivacity, nor 'stale his infinite variety.' He had been one of the Prince's wild companions in the days of Sheridan and Fox, and could play alternately blackguard and gentleman, each in perfection; but the high-born gentleman ever prevailed. He had been heir to an enormous income, most of which had slipped through

his fingers *unknownst*, as the Irish say, and had stood in the way of a coronet, which somehow or other had passed over his head to light on that of his eldest son. He had lived a life which would have ruined twenty iron constitutions, and had suffered what might well have broken twenty hearts of common stuff; but his self-complacency was invulnerable, his animal spirits inexhaustible, his activity indefatigable. The eccentricities of this singular man have been matter of celebrity; but against each of these stories it would be easy to place some act of benevolence, some trait of gentlemanly feeling, which would at least neutralise their effect. He often told me that he had early in life selected three models after which to form his own character and conduct; namely, De Grammont, Hotspur, and Lord Herbert of Cherbury: and he certainly did unite, in a greater degree than he knew himself, the characteristics of all three.

Having quoted thus far, I must give from the same lively page a charming anecdote of this wonderful old man. Mrs. Jameson is giving a description of the first German performance of the opera of 'Don Giovanni' which she had heard, and which half displeased and half delighted her:—

On looking round after Donna Anna's song, I was surprised to see our *Chef de Voyage* bathed in tears; but, no whit disconcerted, he merely wiped them away, saying, with a smile, 'It is the very prettiest, softest thing to cry to one's self!' Afterwards, when we were in the carriage, he expressed his surprise that any man should be ashamed of tears. 'For my own part,' he added, 'when I wish to enjoy the very high sublime of luxury, I

dine alone, order a mutton cutlet *cuite à point* with a bottle of Burgundy on one side and Ovid's Epistle of Penelope to Ulysses on the other. And so I read, and eat, and cry to myself.' And then he repeated with enthusiasm—

> Hanc tua Penelope lento tibi mittit, Ulysse :
> Nil mihi rescribas, attamen ipse veni ;

his eyes glistening as he recited the lines.

A great many of the incidents and observations that occurred during this tour will be found in the volumes I have already quoted from, and which will be referred to further on. In the meantime, a bit of more familiar description may be added from the family report addressed from Brussels to the mother and sisters at home :

We have reached this place, one of our chosen stations on the journey, and I am quite delighted with what I have seen of it, and pleased with all my travelling companions, but most of all with Sir Gerard, who is really very amiable and very interesting, and H. J.[1] and I get on capitally together. She is a dear little creature, with some of her father's caprices, much of his talent, and more of his real benevolence. As to papa, he is in excellent spirits, and desires me to tell you that he behaves very well. He goes wandering about and admiring everything he sees ; and he has bought a pair of spectacles for tenpence which are the best in the world, and a pair for mamma, and a lantern for Edward[2] to send up at his kite's tail, with other invaluable things too many to enumerate ; and I think I never saw him so happy or looking better.

[1] Sir Gerard Noel's youngest daughter, born of his second wife, who died at her birth.

[2] His nephew.

The recollections of this journey were probably in Mrs. Jameson's mind when long after, quoting in her 'Commonplace Book' Wilkie's remark that there was 'nothing new to him in the whole country' which Teniers, Rubens, and Wouvermans had illustrated, she adds: 'I had the same feeling when travelling in Holland and Belgium. It was to me a perpetual succession of reminiscences, and so it has been with others. Rubens and Rembrandt were continually in my mind, and occasionally the more poetic Ruysdael.'

The family history had not been without other events during this period, which had been of so much importance in Anna's life. Two of her sisters had married, one in the same year as herself, 1825, and one a year later; and it was with the first of these, Louisa, Mrs. Bate, the wife of an artist, that she took up her abode on her return from her continental journey. Her father and mother, and the two unmarried sisters, Eliza and Charlotte, had taken a pleasant house set in a large garden at St. John's Wood, Mr. Murphy continuing those artist excursions of his, for pleasure and profit, which were the delight of his existence, and which, alas! were now soon to cease for him for ever. In 1830, while at Scraptoft, near Leicester, he addressed the following little note to his 'dearest Anna,' which

throws a slight incidental light upon the family circumstances at the time:

I do not expect you can spare time to write to me, but nevertheless I will write to you, as I think it will please you; but on no account waste your precious moments or your ink to a purpose so entirely unprofitable. I am in earnest, and if the good people in St. John's Wood will only mention you (pleasantly) whenever they write, I will be satisfied. I hear with particular delight that our dear baby is beginning to *look* well, and as if she meant to live after all; and you must for me congratulate Henry and Louisa, and say I wish I could be of real use to them. I am sorry to hear you have no accounts from Jameson lately. I am not surprised at this, as I never had much dependence on your pecuniary aid from the West Indies. Your comforts will most likely in future depend on yourself. How many plates has Wright engraved lately?

This question refers to a series of copper-plates in process of engraving from certain exquisite copies in miniature made by Mr. Murphy of the collection of portraits known as 'The Windsor Beauties,' painted for King Charles II. by Sir Peter Lely, and now collected at Hampton Court. These copies were commenced in 1814 by command of the Princess Charlotte, in whose household, from the year 1810, Mr. Murphy had held the appointment of Painter in Enamel. To the original series had been added, 'by express desire,' several portraits not included in the Windsor series, and among these Nell Gwynn and Louise de la Querouaille. At the time these

miniatures were in progress, an apartment in Windsor Castle was allotted to the artist, and during his stay the princesses, one and all, were wont occasionally to amuse themselves by coming to visit the painter at his work, and conversing with him on the subject of the portraits, in which and in his successful rendering of the likenesses they took the liveliest and kindest interest.

'Mr. Murphy had also the honour,' says an old preface to the publication of the biographical sketches written to illustrate his labours, 'of submitting the first eight portraits of the series, when finished, to the late Queen Charlotte, in a special audience; and she not only expressed her satisfaction in the most gracious terms, but ordered it to be conveyed to him in writing by General Taylor.' Mr. Murphy took the liberty of asking her Majesty whether she recollected a famous picture of Nell Gwynn, known to have once existed in the Windsor Gallery. (It should be observed that Queen Charlotte was suspected of having, from peculiar notions of propriety, removed this picture.) The queen replied at once, that most assuredly, since *she* had resided at Windsor, there had been no Nell Gwynn there!

It is not to be supposed that so proper a person as Queen Charlotte could have intended anything beyond a mere statement of facts by such an

equivocal reply; but it caught the fancy and the memory of the Irish artist, always ready to see a joke, and he carried home the unintentional repartee to his girls with much merriment, as also another little pleasantry of a more straightforward kind. When the whole series of the Lely pictures was completed, and exhibited to the Princess Charlotte herself, *she* could not refrain from a malicious little joke at the expense of the grandmother, between whom and herself existed nothing in common beyond their name. 'Mr. Murphy,' she said, 'I see the set of portraits is not complete.'

'Indeed, I believe your Royal Highness will find that none have been omitted.'

'Nay, Mr. Murphy; "The Windsor Beauties" are not complete. You haven't got my grandmother!'

Before the other portraits that were to complete the series were finished, the Princess Charlotte died, and with her the hopes, fortunes, and happiness of many to whom she had shown kindness. Mr. Murphy was one among those unfortunate persons whose personal affliction was for a time swallowed up in the general grief. He had lost a kind friend and patroness, had lost his appointment, and had received no payment for work that had occupied the greater part of his time during three years, and was now near its completion. After the lapse of a certain time, Mr. Murphy sent his copies, with a

written statement of his claims, duly authenticated, to the proper quarter, with in addition a 'memorial' to Prince Leopold, informing him of the circumstances, and stating that the artist had 'received the commands of her late Royal Highness, the ever-lamented Princess Charlotte, to paint a set of the beauties of King Charles II.'s reign, copied from the originals in his Majesty's collection at Windsor, and from other celebrated pictures in private collections, and that this circumstance is well known to the royal family and those of her Royal Highness's household who possessed her confidence; that on this undertaking much time and a considerable sum of money had been expended, in the certainty of being remunerated by her Royal Highness's munificent patronage; but that when the artist's object was nearly completed, all his hopes were crushed by that fatal event which had plunged a nation into mourning.' The memorial goes on to say that Mr. Murphy had forborne to intrude himself on the notice of Prince Leopold from motives of delicacy—'but hearing that it is your Royal Highness's wish to fulfil as far as possible the intentions of our lamented princess, he ventures to make this appeal to your Royal Highness's justice and munificence; and only requests to know whether he may be permitted to execute his original design under the auspices of your Royal Highness, and with the same hopes and

prospects which her late Royal Highness graciously allowed him to indulge.'

This 'memorial' obtained only the following reply from Sir Robert Gardiner, the prince's secretary, dated Claremont, July 7, 1818:

Sir,—I have laid your letter before the Prince Leopold, and have submitted your drawings (?) to his Royal Highness's inspection. His Royal Highness expressed no wish to become a purchaser, but enquired if I knew the amount you valued them at. If you will inform me of this by this evening's post, it would perhaps prevent your having the trouble of a journey to Esher, in the event of his Royal Highness becoming a purchaser. Do not, however, let me lead you to suppose that will be the case, as he made no intimation whatever of such an intention. When I receive your answer I will make it known to the prince, and lose no time in communicating to you whatever his Royal Highness's decision may be.

The terms were at once made known to the prince's secretary; but any hopes that might naturally enough have been entertained of the result of the application were altogether set aside within a few days by the decision of Prince Leopold, as communicated by Sir Robert Gardiner, who 'takes the earliest opportunity of forwarding to Mr. Murphy the drawings left at Claremont Lodge for the Prince Leopold's inspection, and to inform Mr. Murphy that his Royal Highness does not wish to purchase them.'

This disappointment, it may easily be supposed,

was no small blow to a man depending upon his own exertions. The loss of time and money and work, which every true artist values more than either, was irreparable; and no attempt ever was made to help or to compensate. It was not till ten years later that an effort was made to put so much labour to some use, and the plan was formed of engraving the portraits and publishing them in a book, with illustrative memoirs from the pen of the artist's daughter. The original edition of 'The Beauties of the Court of King Charles II.' appeared accordingly in an expensive quarto volume, illustrated by the portraits. The text accompanying them, 'a Series of Memoirs, Biographical and Critical, illustrating the Diaries of Pepys, Evelyn, Clarendon, and other contemporary writers,' was compiled with spirit and taste; but the outlay necessary for the production of such a work so absorbed the profits that the desired result was not attained. This was the work undertaken and 'published in the hope of affording pecuniary aid to the author's father, then in difficulties,' which is referred to in Miss Martineau's sketch of my aunt's life, published at the period of her death in the 'Daily News;' though Miss Martineau makes the statement erroneously (and somewhat injuriously) with respect to Mrs. Jameson's *first* publication, the history of which has already been given.

Up to this time, with the exception of the book just referred to, Mrs. Jameson's works had been entirely of a personal character: the records of her own wanderings and thinkings, her opinions upon art and artists; her impressions of people she had met and things which she had seen; works taking very much of their value from the delicate thread of individual character which ran through them—the attractive suggestion of a cultivated and graceful companion conducting the reader through many fair scenes and among many notable objects and persons—rather than of a book, an absolute and impersonal thing. Now, however, emboldened by success, and by the graver impulses of a mature intellect, she undertook a more serious book, her first important contribution to literature. This was the work entitled 'Characteristics of Women,' a series of essays on the female characters of Shakespeare—a happy subject, most happily treated. It was a kind of study peculiarly delightful to her own mind, one into which she threw all the fascination of her own enthusiasm for the greatest of poets, quickened by much true and genial insight into womanly character and the light which poetry throws upon its ideal impersonations. The spirit in which this work was undertaken she herself explains in the following words:

These studies were written, not to present a complete commentary on Shakespeare's women; such an under-

taking would have required much more critical learning than I possess, a profounder knowledge of the spirit of past ages, and more acquaintance with the sources whence Shakespeare drew his incidents and materials. I must have dived far deeper into that vast, perplexing chaos of tradition, poetry, history, romance, real life, whence he conjured up spirits of grace, intellect, grandeur, and bade them stand before us, clothed in the aspects and passions of humanity. I could not do this, but I selected a few among the creatures of his art for particular consideration, merely to throw into a pleasing and intelligible form some observations on the natural workings of mind and feeling in my own sex, which might lead to good. More than this I never designed, more than this I never attempted; and what I *have* attempted I sincerely wish I had done better.

The introductory dialogue imagined as between herself and a friend,[1] at once her counsellor and critic, explains yet more elaborately the spirit in which her essays were conceived. In the intimacy which had sprung up between herself and the members of the Kemble family, it was natural that they should be among those consulted with regard to the general plan. Even the less important particular of the name under which the book should appear, would seem to have been referred to these friends, as we

[1] Mrs. Jameson's own copy of this book, now in the possession of her sister, is full of marginal notes, in which something very similar to this dialogue is carried on, another hand making continual remarks and suggestions, which are now and then responded to in her own writing.

see from a letter, dated August 30 of that year, from Fanny Kemble:

I forgot to tell you which name appears best for your book; the fact is, I flew off into ecstasies about the work itself, and gave you, I believe, a tirade about the 'Tempest' instead of the opinion you asked. I agree with you that there is much in the name of a work; it is almost as desirable that a book should be well called, as that it should be well written; a promising title-page is like an agreeable face, an inducement to further acquaintance, and an earnest of future pleasure. For myself, I prefer 'Characters of Shakespeare's Women;' it is shorter, and I think will look better than the other in print.

The first edition appeared in 1832, having a graceful etching by the writer for its frontispiece, representing a female figure seated dejectedly beneath a tall lily bush, a tiny bark vanishing into a stormy distance, and the words 'To Fanny Kemble this little work is dedicated.' In the first American edition, published in New York five years later, this dedication is repeated in her friend's married name, with a few additional words of affectionate recollection. 'I have particular pleasure,' Mrs. Jameson says, 'my dearest Fanny, in once more dedicating to you, by your new name in a new land, this little book, which in its progress you cherished, and which without you would in all probability never have been published.'

Before this work came into being, several other sketches, however, had been written, the greater part

of which were collected in the four volumes of 'Visits and Sketches' already referred to. In 1830, Fanny Kemble alludes to one of these fugitive pieces, telling a friend that 'a series of sketches by Mr. Hayter, from "The Juliet," is coming out, with a species of *avant-propos* by Mrs. Jameson—a beautifully written but too flattering notice of my performance. The original drawings were purchased by Lord Ellesmere.'

The same chronicler describes another sketch, that of Mrs. Siddons, an account of whose career Mrs. Jameson had written a few days after her death.

Mrs. Jameson (writes Mrs. Kemble) at one time contemplated writing a life of my aunt Siddons, not thinking Boaden's biography of her satisfactory. In this purpose, however, she was effectually opposed by Campbell, who had undertaken the work; and, though he exhibited neither interest nor zeal in the fulfilment of his task, doggedly (in the manger) refused to relinquish it to her. Certainly, had Mrs. Jameson carried out her intentions, Mrs. Siddons would have had a monument dedicated to her memory better calculated to preserve it than those which the above-named gentleman bestowed on her. It would have been written in a spirit of far higher artistic discrimination, and with infinitely more sympathy with the woman and with the actress.

Of the sketch that did appear, Mrs. Jameson says:

A misapprehension of the real character of this remarkable woman, which I know to exist in the minds of many

who admired and venerated her talents, has induced me to enlarge the first very slight sketch into a more finished but still inadequate portrait. I have spared no pains to verify the truth of my own conception by testimony of every kind that was attainable. I have penned every word as if I had been in that great final court where the thoughts of all hearts are manifested, and those who best knew the individual I have attempted to delineate bear witness to the fidelity of the portrait, as far as it goes. I must be permitted to add that, in this and the succeeding sketch,[1] I have not only been inspired by the wish to do justice to individual virtue and talent; I wished to impress and illustrate that important truth that a gifted woman may pursue a public vocation, yet preserve the purity and maintain the dignity of herself—that there is no prejudice which will not shrink away before moral energy, and no profession which may not be made compatible with the respect due to us as women, the cultivation of every feminine virtue, and the practice of every private duty. I might here multiply examples and exceptions, and discuss causes and results, but it is a consideration I reserve for another opportunity.

This is an indication, though not the first, how much the special difficulties of women—a subject naturally occupying the attention of female writers at all times—already filled her thoughts.

Mr. Jameson returned from Dominica early in the year 1833, and rejoined his wife at the house of her sister Mrs. Bate. His letters in the meantime had given often a very lively account of the island

[1] That of Fanny Kemble.

to which he had been temporarily banished, and in which his circumstances were not sufficiently comfortable, nor his appointment of a sufficiently satisfactory character, to induce any longer stay than was absolutely necessary, or to offer any inducement to his wife to join him. They remained together in London till the spring, when, having procured another and more hopeful appointment through his wife's influential friends, Mr. Jameson set out for Canada, this time with a full intention on his part to prepare there a home for her, and a promise on hers that she should join him whenever he had become fully acquainted with, and felt fairly established in, his new position. In the meantime literary engagements had increased upon her. She had become well known and popular, her works being of a kind which made their author known to her readers more than is the case with literary productions of a more abstract nature. And before her husband's departure it is evident that she had planned a continental expedition of a more serious and independent kind than heretofore; no longer as a member of a party, but on her own account, and for objects connected with her literary career.

Accordingly in 1833 Mrs. Jameson went to Germany, where she found a kindly welcome among the highest literary and social circles. Her name as the writer of the essays on Shakespeare's heroines was

already familiar there, and the warmth of her reception was enhanced by certain valuable letters of introduction furnished her by a gentleman, then a new acquaintance, but later one of her dearest and most trusted friends.

Previous to Mr. Jameson's departure for Canada, Behnes Burlowe, a promising young sculptor of their acquaintance,[1] brought his friend Robert Noel, a cousin of Lady Noel Byron's, to introduce him. This gentleman had learned to know Mrs. Jameson already through her books, and his admiration for the writer soon warmed into the most chivalric attachment, the truest and most beautiful form of friendship—a friendship fully shared by the young German wife, who soon after made a trio of this pair of friends. I cannot pass over this first mention of Major Noel's name without a grateful recollection of all he was to my aunt for the rest of her life, or at least till the last few years of her life, when she voluntarily resigned, for a sad reason that will be explained later, the friendship which had been a source of so much pleasure to her. He and his wife were as brother and sister to her; constant friends, as friends are seldom found; full of sympathy in all the changes of her lot; helping and helped in perfect mutual confidence and depend-

[1] Burlowe died in Rome of cholera in 1837, owing his death to his indefatigable care of others during the epidemic.

ence; sharing such secrets as she had; appreciating and believing in her always. The survivors now are as faithful to her memory as they were to herself throughout her life. Her letters to this kind pair of friends have furnished, as will be seen, a large portion of the most interesting material I have had at my disposal.

Mr. Noel had lived some time in Germany, and was able to offer very acceptable information, as well as numerous letters of introduction. It must have been soon after her arrival that the following passage occurs in one of her early letters to him:

I intend to work very hard at German. Till I can obtain a command of the language, I am 'cribbed, cabined, confined;' I can do nothing. I was enchanted when I read the name of Tieck in your letter. He has identified himself with our Shakespeare, and his name and fame are so familiar to me, and associated with so many dear pursuits and intimate feelings, that instead of saying, like most people, 'I must learn German to read Schiller—to read Goethe,' I have always said 'I must learn German to read Tieck.' He appears to me one of the least translatable of the German authors of celebrity.

After these words of enthusiasm it is natural that her introduction to Tieck should have been one of the interesting points in her expedition. She gives a description of it in the 'Visits and Sketches,' in which she speaks of him as having succeeded at

the death of Goethe 'to the vacant throne of genius.' 'His house in the Altmarkt,' she adds, 'the tall red house at the south-west corner, is the resort of all the enlightened strangers who flock to Dresden; even those who know nothing of Tieck but his name, deem an introduction to him as indispensable as a visit to the Madonna di San Sisto.' And here is the record of her own visit to him:

It was with some trepidation that I found myself in the presence of this extraordinary man. Notwithstanding his profound knowledge of our language, he rarely spoke English, and, like Alfieri, he will not speak French. I addressed him in English, and he spoke to me in German. The conversation in my first visit fell, very naturally, upon Shakespeare, for I had been looking over his admirable new translation of 'Macbeth,' which he had just completed. 'Macbeth' led us to the English theatre and English acting—to Mrs. Siddons and the Kembles, and the actual character and state of our stage. While he spoke I could not help looking at his head, which is wonderfully fine: the noble breadth and amplitude of his brow, and his quiet but penetrating eye, with an expression of latent humour hovering round the lips, formed altogether a striking physiognomy. . . . His manner is courteous, and his voice peculiarly sweet and winning. He is apparently fond of the society of women, or the women are fond of his society, for in the evening his rooms are generally crowded with fair worshippers. . . . Tieck's extraordinary talent for reading aloud is much and deservedly celebrated. He gives dramatic readings two or three times a week when his health and his avocations allow this exertion. The company assemble at six, and it is advisable to be punctual to the moment: soon afterwards

tea is served, and he begins to read at seven precisely, when the doors are closed against all intrusion whatever, and he reads through a whole play without pause, rest, omission, or interruption. Thus I heard him read 'Julius Cæsar' and the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' (in the German translation by himself and Schlegel), and, except Mrs. Siddons, I never heard anything comparable as dramatic reading. His voice is rich and capable of great variety of modulation. I observed that the humorous and declamatory passages were rather better than the pathetic and tender passages: he was quite at home among the elves and clowns in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' of which he gave the fantastic and comic parts with indescribable humour and effect. As to the translation I could only judge of its marvellous fidelity which enabled me to follow him word for word; but the Germans themselves are equally enchanted by its vigour and elegance and poetical colouring.

I must pause here, at the risk of breaking for a moment the thread of my narrative, to note a curious little memento of this intercourse which exists, of all places in the world, in the British Museum, where may be found (though how it got there I have not an idea) the copy of Mrs. Jameson's 'Characteristics of Women' presented by the authoress to Ludwig Tieck, with pencil notes on the margins evincing the careful perusal given to the volume by the great German critic, and on the first fly-leaf the following in his own somewhat crabbed German text:

Dieses Buch ist mir von der Verfasserinn im Winter des Jahres 1833 gesandt worden. Wegen einer Anmerkung

die mich betrifft (tom. ii. p. 312), war sie in Verlegenheit, und sie hatte ein Blatt über diese Stelle geleimt. Meine Neugier war so ungeschickt, dass sie im Ablösen die Anmerkung selbst fast ganz zerstörte. Um so sonderbarer, weil gerade meine Ansicht über Lady Macbeth ganz mit der verständigen Verfasserinn (gegen Göthe und die meisten Critiken) übereintrifft. —L. Tieck.

(Trans.) This book was sent me by the authoress in the winter of the year 1833. In consequence of a remark concerning me (vol. ii. page 312)[1] she had felt somewhat embarrassed, and had pasted a piece of paper over this portion of the page. My curiosity, however, was so awkward that, in endeavouring to remove the paper, I destroyed the remark itself. And this fact is the more singular, since my opinion regarding Lady Macbeth entirely coincides with that of the intelligent authoress, in opposition to that of Goethe and most other critics.

But Tieck's marginal notes on the pages delineating the character of Ophelia show that he did not always agree with the views taken by the 'verständige Verfasserinn.' At page 257, where the text runs thus:—'The affection of the Queen for this gentle and innocent creature is one of those beautiful redeeming touches, one of those penetrating glances into the secret springs of natural and feminine feeling, which we find only in Shakespeare. Gertrude, who is not so wholly abandoned but that

[1] A foot-note saying: 'The German critic, Tieck, also leans to this harsher opinion, judging rather from the manner in which the character is usually played in Germany than from its intrinsic and poetical construction.'

there remains within her heart some sense of the virtue she has forfeited, seems to look with a kind yet melancholy complacency on the lovely being she has destined for the bride of her son; and the scene in which she is introduced as scattering flowers on the grave of Ophelia is one of those effects of contrast in poetry, in character, and in feeling, at once natural and unexpected, which fill the eye, and make the heart swell and tremble within itself, like the nightingales singing in the grove of the Furies, in Sophocles'—in this passage Tieck has underscored the words 'destined for the bride of her son,' and passed his sentence on the whole thus:—'Dies scheint mir ganz missverstanden.' 'Etwa der Wörte wegen die die Königinn auf dem Kirchhof spricht? Es sind nur Wörte; Trostwörte des Laertes wegen.' On the next page at the words, 'So that, when she is brought to court, she seems, in her loveliness and perfect purity, like a seraph that had wandered out of bounds, and yet breathed on earth the air of Paradise,' the commentator puts against them a double score and quite an angry little note of interrogation! At page 272, where Mrs. Jameson, after giving her reasons, says: 'And therefore do I think that the mighty intellect, the capacious, soaring, penetrating genius of Hamlet may be represented, without detracting from its grandeur, as reposing upon the tender virgin innocence of Ophelia, with all

that deep delight with which a superior nature contemplates the goodness which is at once perfect in itself, and of itself unconscious'—Tieck has underlined the words 'virgin innocence,' and placed two of his interrogations. At the foot of page 274, where Hamlet's madness is thus closely analysed with reference specially to his love for Ophelia : 'We do not see him as a lover, nor as Ophelia first beheld him ; for the days when he importuned her with love were before the opening of the drama—before his father's spirit revisited the earth ; but we behold him at once in a sea of troubles, of perplexities, of agonies, of terrors. Without remorse, he endures all its horrors ; without guilt, he endures all its shame. A loathing of the crime he is called on to revenge, which revenge is again abhorrent to his nature, has set him at strife with himself ; the supernatural visitation has perturbed his soul to its inmost depths ; all things else, all interests, all hopes, all affections, appear as futile, when the majestic shadow comes lamenting from its place of torment "to shake him with thoughts beyond the reaches of his soul." His love for Ophelia is then ranked by himself among those trivial fond records which he has deeply sworn to erase from his heart and brain. He has no thought to link his terrible destiny with hers : he cannot marry her ; he cannot reveal to her, young, gentle, innocent as she is, the terrific influences which have

changed the whole current of his life and purposes. In his distraction he overacts the painful part to which he had tasked himself: he is like that judge of the Areopagus, who, being occupied with graver matters, flung from him the little bird which had sought refuge in his bosom, and that with such angry violence that unwittingly he killed it'—at the foot of this page we read, 'Hier alles oberst lächerlich.'

I do not know whether Mrs. Jameson was aware of the existence of this copy of her book, in its quaint green and gold German binding, of a fashion prevalent in Germany half a century ago, on the shelves of the national library.

The same kind of human interest, more lasting and more varied than that called forth by art itself, is again thrown round the city of Dresden, in which the traveller had already seen Tieck and described him for her readers, by a very lively and animated description of the painter Retzsch, whom she describes as 'this extraordinary genius.' He was one of the many interesting people to whom she was introduced by Mr. Noel.

The professor received us in a room which appeared to answer many purposes, being obviously a sleeping as well as a sitting room, but perfectly neat. He received us with open-hearted frankness, at the same time throwing on the stranger one of those quick glances which seemed to look through me; in return I contemplated him with inexpressible interest. His figure is rather larger and more portly

than I expected, but I admired his fine Titanic head, so large and sublime in its expression; his light blue eye, wild and wide, which seemed to drink in meaning and flash out light; his hair profuse, grizzled, and flowing in masses round his head; and his expanded brow full of poetry and power. In his deportment he is a mere child of nature, simple, careless, saying just what he feels and thinks at the moment, without regard to forms, yet pleasing from the benevolent earnestness of his manner and intuitively polite without being polished. He seems to have received from Nature a double portion of the inventive faculty, that rarest of all her good gifts, even to those who are her especial favourites.

Mrs. Jameson goes on to describe at length various studies which she saw in his studio and sketch-books: one, 'an angel smiling,' a 'most lovely head in which the radiant spirit of joy seems to beam from every feature at once—enough to exorcise a whole legion of blue devils;' another, 'a wondrous face which made me shrink back, not from terror, for it was perfectly beautiful, but with awe'—this was the angel of death; and an infinite collection besides. 'If any one succeeds,' she exclaims with enthusiasm, 'in embodying the idea of a Miranda, a Caliban, a Titania, and the poetical burlesque of the Athenian clowns, it will be Retzsch, whose genius embraces at once the grotesque, the comic, the wild, the wonderful, the fanciful, the elegant.'

She then proceeds to tell her readers of a visit paid some time after to Retzsch's country-house:

Retzsch, who had perceived our approach, came out to meet us, took me under his arm as though we had been friends of twenty years' standing, and, leading me into his picturesque domicile, introduced me to his wife, as pretty a piece of domestic poetry as one shall see on a summer's day. She was the daughter of a vinedresser whom Retzsch fell in love with while she was yet almost a child, and educated for his wife—at least so runs the tale. At the first glance I detected the original of that countenance which, more or less idealised, runs through all his representations of female youth and beauty; here was the model both in feature and expression. She smiled upon us a most cordial welcome, regaled us with delicious coffee and cakes prepared by herself, then taking up her knitting sat down beside us, and while I turned over admiringly the beautiful designs with which her husband had decorated her album the looks of veneration and love with which she regarded him, and the expression of kindly delighted sympathy with which she smiled upon me, I shall not easily forget. As for the album itself, queens might have envied her such homage, and what would not a dilettante collector have given for such a possession! After spending three or four hours delightfully, we drove home in silence by the gleaming murmuring river, and beneath the light of the silent stars. On a subsequent visit Retzsch showed me many more of these delicious *phantasies*, or fancies, as he called them, or, more truly, little pieces of moral or lyrical poetry thrown into palpable form, speaking in the universal language of the eye to the universal heart of man. I endeavoured to persuade Retzsch that he could not do better than publish some of these exquisite *Fancies*, and when I left him he entertained the idea of doing so at some future period. To adopt his own language, the Genius of Art could not present to the Genius of Humanity a more delightful and a more profitable gift.

Tieck and Retzsch were not, however, the only notable persons she encountered on this journey whose names naturally occur here, as furnishing the most pleasant recollections of it. Frankfort, which she describes in one sentence as 'a vision of dirty streets, chilly houses, dull shops, dingy-looking Jews, dripping umbrellas, luxurious hotels, and exorbitant charges,' soon became, on closer inspection, 'on the outside at least, fair, substantial, and consistent.' And it is easy to perceive how the transformation was effected by gradual acquaintance with the place; its charities, several of which are fully and sympathetically described; its theatre, where she first saw, among others, Mme. Schroeder Devrient, for whom she conceived a great admiration; its treasures of art, and its artists. Among her sketches of these, none is so interesting as that of Dannecker and her personal meetings with him. After having discussed his famous 'Ariadne,' she gives a description of his less well known statue of the Redeemer.

This was standing in his workroom when we paid our first visit to him. He told me what I had often heard, that the figure had visited him in a dream there several times, and the good old man firmly believed that he had been divinely inspired and predestined to the work. While the visionary image was fresh in his imagination, he first executed a small clay model, and placed it before a child of five or six years old: there were none of the usual emblematical accompaniments—no cross, no crown of

thorns to assist the fancy—nothing but the simple figure roughly modelled; yet the child immediately exclaimed, 'The Redeemer!' and Dannecker was confirmed in his design. Gradually the completion of this statue became the engrossing idea of his enthusiastic mind: for eight years it was his dream by night, his thought by day; all things else, all the affairs and duties of life, merged into this. He told me that he frequently felt as if pursued, excited by some strong irresistible power, which would even visit him in sleep and impel him to rise from his bed and work. He explained to me some of the difficulties he encountered, and which he was persuaded he had perfectly overcome only through Divine aid and the constant study of the Scriptures. . . . I shall not easily forget the countenance of the good and gifted old man, as leaning on the pedestal, with his cap in his hand, and his long grey hair waving round his face, he looked up at his work with a mixture of reverence and admiration, saying in his imperfect and scarcely intelligible French: 'Oui, quand on a fait comme cela, on reste sur la terre!' meaning, I suppose, that this statue had insured his immortality on earth. He added: 'They ask me often where are the models after which I worked, and I answer "*Here*, and *here*,"' laying his hand first on his head, then on his heart.

Interesting, however, as these sketches are, they do not glow with the same warm enthusiasm which we find in the following tribute to a friend who was henceforward to be one of the dearest friends of her life. When Mr. Noel met Mrs. Jameson in the course of that summer in Weimar, he made her acquainted with the family of Goethe, and with most of the distinguished members of the brilliant society then

forming the little court of the Grand Duke Ernest Augustus. Again it is in the 'Visits and Sketches' that we find the most distinct references to this visit and the friends she then made; especially the one friend, the always dear, admired, and beloved Ottilie, in whom and in whose concerns she took the interest of a sister, almost of a lover, for all the rest of her life. Our extract begins with a reference to Mrs. Austin's 'Characteristics of Goethe.' Mrs. Jameson says:

I came upon a passage which sent back my thoughts to Weimar. I was again in Goethe's house; the faces, the voices of his grandchildren were around me; the room in which he studied, the bed in which he slept, the old chair in which he died, and, above all, *her* in whose arms he died, from whose lips I heard the detail of his last moments. . . . I thought of the daughter-in-law of the poet, the trusted friend, the constant companion, the devoted and careful nurse of his last years.

Going on to account for the influence this beloved Ottilie possessed not over, but in, his affections, she writes:

In her he found truly *eine Natur*, a piece of nature which could bear even his microscopic examination. Conceive a woman, a young, accomplished, enthusiastic woman, who had qualities to attach, talents to amuse, and capacity to appreciate Goethe; who for fourteen or fifteen years could exist in daily, hourly communication with that gigantic spirit, yet retain, from first to last, the most perfect simplicity of character, and this less from the

strength than from the purity and delicacy of the original texture. Those oft-abused words, *naïve, naïveté*, were more applicable to her in their fullest sense than to any other woman I ever met with. . . . Quick in perception yet femininely confiding, uniting a sort of restless vivacity with an indolent gracefulness, she appeared to me by far the most poetical and genuine being of my own sex I ever knew in highly cultivated life — one to whom no wrong could teach mistrust, no injury bitterness; one to whom the commonplace realities, the vulgar necessary cares of existence, were but too indifferent; who was in reality all that other women try to appear, and betrayed with a careless independence what they most wish to conceal.

The attachment that sprang up rapidly between Goethe's fascinating daughter-in-law and the 'liebe Anna' never thenceforth, though put to severest proof, suffered coldness or change. They were dear friends for nearly thirty years, maintaining, through long periods of separation, a faithful correspondence and renewing personal intercourse whenever and wherever possible—in Weimar itself, or in Vienna, Dresden, Venice, Rome, wherever Anna could give or accept a rendezvous with Ottilie.

To return to the time when this acquaintance was yet in its infancy. I quote next from a letter to Mr. Noel, dated Weimar, June 27, 1833.

MY DEAR SIR,—It is a pleasure I cannot deny myself—no less than a debt of gratitude to you—to write these few lines from Weimar. I must thank you in the first place for the kind and cordial reception I have met with. Your

charming friend Mme. de Goethe received me almost with open arms, and from Dr. Froriep and his amiable wife and daughters I have met with the utmost politeness and attention. I am on the most easy terms with them all, and feel as if I had known them months instead of only a few days. I think that much of this is owing to you, to the kind manner in which you have spoken of me, and to the kind feeling you have yourself inspired here, which has apparently stamped a more than ordinary value upon your approbation. I have seen as much of Weimar, of its gardens, environs, library, &c., as could possibly be accomplished in five days, and I need hardly tell you that I have been pleased with all I have seen. After this exordium you will perhaps start to hear that I am on the point of leaving Weimar, although I have not yet spent a week here. The fact is that Mme. de Goethe has persuaded me to accompany her on a tour to Frankfort and the Rhine. There is a pleasant party arranged, and many reasons to determine me. The opportunity of improving my acquaintance with Mme. de Goethe is one, and my sister's[1] gratification is another. She will be obliged to return to England before I do, and I have promised to show her the Rhine. My intention is to return to Weimar after visiting the south of Germany and Vienna.

On September 5 Mrs. Jameson wrote to her father from Frankfort, and mentioned her latest news from her husband, in a letter giving at the same time, amid all the warmth and affectionate effusiveness of her friendships, a strange glimpse into the melancholy chill and frost with which her

[1] Charlotte, the youngest sister, had accompanied her to Germany.

warm heart was bound in the closest relationship of life.

MY DEAREST FATHER, -I have the opportunity of sending a letter free; I hope it will reach you safely and soon. I found at Mannheim a letter from Canada, as usual very well written, very cold and very vague. I do not think he is disappointed in his office. He had seen the Almas, who are flourishing; he has stood godfather to Emily's youngest son; his books and papers have been shipwrecked, which is a real misfortune and no small expense. He has not seen the Falls of Niagara. He finds a party ready formed against him; but the popular opinion is for him, being considered a *Whig* official. No Solicitor-General is yet appointed, so that a double weight of duty falls upon him, and he was just going on the circuit (of more than a thousand miles). This is the epitome of his letter.

Two days later she wrote in a tender, playful spirit, to the dear little sister Charlotte who had accompanied her abroad, but whose return home previously to herself was alluded to in her letter to Mr. Noel:

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,—I have not your letter here with me, to look it over and answer it at full length. I can but thank you for it, dear, and tell you how I have missed you since we parted. I returned to Bonn almost ill with fatigue after two days and one night on board the steamboat. Schlegel became very amiable before I left Bonn, and they tell me it was a complete conquest. Pity I am married! for certainly his stars and his ribbons are very becoming, and as for his wig—I think he only wears one in imitation of his Jupiter. In short, he talked of Mme. de Staël and Bernadotte and Sanscrit, till I

found him quite captivating. I found, on my return to Bonn, two letters from Mme. de Goethe, whom I had accused wrongfully of not writing. I am now staying with her for a few days, and find her just the same as ever. You should have heard her description of Lady Morgan's visit, and of the latter's addressing her in French.[1] 'Ach mein Gott! if she would have said to me "*Cushlamachree*," I would have embraced her!'

There I became acquainted with the celebrated Schlegel, or, I should rather say, M. le Chevalier de Schlegel, for I believe his titles and his 'starry honours' are not indifferent to him; and in truth he wears them very gracefully. I was rather surprised to find in this sublime and eloquent critic, this awful scholar, whose comprehensive mind has grasped the whole universe of art, a most lively, agreeable, social being. Of the judgments passed on him in his own country I know little and understand less; I am not deep in German literary polemics. To me he was the author of the lectures on Dramatic Literature, and the translator of Shakespeare, and moreover all that was amiable and polite.

. . . . . .

For my own part I would rather hear him talk of Romeo and Juliet, and of Mme. de Staël, than of the Ramayana, the Bhagvat-Gita, or even the 'Eastern Confut-yee.' This, of course, is only a proof of my own ignorance. Conversation may be compared to a lyre with seven chords—philosophy, art, poetry, politics, love, scandal, and the weather. There are some professors who, like Paganini, 'can discourse most eloquent music' upon one

[1] Mme. de Goethe held the French in hereditary hatred. Her mother had been one of the ladies-in-waiting of Queen Louise of Prussia.

string only, and some who can grasp the whole instrument, and with a master's hand sound it from the top to the bottom of its compass. Now, Schlegel is one of the latter: he can thunder in the bass or caper in the treble; he can be a whole concert in himself. No man can trifle like him, nor, like him, blend in a few hours' converse the critic, philologist, poet, philosopher, and man of the world; no man narrates more gracefully, or more happily illustrates a casual thought. He told me many interesting things. 'Do you know,' said he, one morning, as I was looking at a beautiful edition of 'Corinne,' bound in red morocco, the gift of Mme. de Staël—'do you know that I figure in that book?' I asked eagerly, in what character? He bade me guess. I guessed playfully, the Comte d'Erfeuil. 'No! no!' said he, laughing; 'I am immortalised in the Prince Castel Forte, the faithful, humble, unaspiring friend of Corinne.'

From Frankfort Mrs. Jameson started, shortly after this date, on the tour through Southern Germany to which she had long been looking forward; and from Munich she writes to her father on October 15:

The accounts I have from dear Louisa this day of your better health and spirits and constant occupation are a great happiness to me. . . . Munich is the most beautiful city I ever saw, except Florence; but I have suffered so much here that I shall leave it without regret. Dr. Martins tells me that almost all foreigners do suffer more or less. The cold is so intense at times, and the air so oppressive, that I long to fly across the Alps. In three days I could be at Milan, in four at Venice! The very idea of sunning myself under an Italian sky, though only

for a few hours, is a great temptation. But all my pursuits and plans carry me to the North once more, and I shall set off for Dresden in a few days, where I am told that I shall be *fêtée*, that is, welcomed like a princess. You can follow me on the map from Munich to Salzburg, to Linz, to Prague, to Dresden. God bless you all! I *must* stop.

But a heavy blow was already pending; a sudden and most unlooked-for sorrow came barely one month later, that put a stop to the pleasant German wanderings and summoned the loving daughter home to watch by what it was apprehended might be her father's death-bed. In the month of November Mr. Murphy had a severe paralytic seizure, and in those days of slow communication and slow travelling Mrs. Jameson was in an agony of fear lest she should arrive too late. At one of her few resting-places during that sad journey home, she commenced a letter to Mr. Noel, then in Dresden, intending to finish it after her arrival in England:

For (she writes) it is due to you, my kind friend, to let you know as soon as possible of my safe arrival, and yet I am haunted by the fearful idea of what may await me there to prevent my writing to you. God knows, I try to keep my hopes in equipoise with my fears, and I have hitherto been strong; but I begin to sink a little and to feel weak. I wrote you a few lines from Weimar, and I remember that at the conclusion I told you that Ottilie was half asleep on the sofa, and as she answered me drowsily, I thought she was so. I was wrong; when I went over to her, I found her weeping quiet silent tears. Dear

Ottilie! with what impatient grief, what bitter regret, I parted from her! O Noel! I am at this moment very unhappy, and in many ways unfortunate. To think of all I leave—all I may meet, all I must meet! But I will bear up, for both thought and action will be needed.

Later on in this long and interesting letter, after messages to dear mutual friends in Dresden, Mrs. Jameson tells her correspondent the thrilling tale told her the previous evening by a young girl, *Betty von Ambos*, her temporary fellow-traveller. This story appears at the close of the introduction to the 'Visits and Sketches.' A few lines from London conclude the letter thus:

I arrived here yesterday, and found my dear father considerably better. His speech has returned, and he is beginning to recover the use of his arm. Such a gleam of joy came over his pale face when he saw me—my mother tells me so continually how he has been pining for my return, and how my presence will contribute to his recovery—I feel so convinced that I have done right in coming, that I cannot repent it. But my reason tells me that I have done no real and effectual good, and can do none; therefore I repent it. When I think of all I have left, and all the consequences which may attend my precipitate return, I could sit down and wring my hands; but as that will do no good, I think it better to use them to some purpose. The physicians agree that my father is recovering as well and as quickly as could be expected. I had prepared myself for the worst, so that my spirits are comparatively light.

## CHAPTER IV.

### MIDDLE LIFE.

MR. MURPHY was never restored to health after this alarming attack, but he rallied for the time and lived for some years in a semi-paralysed condition; so that after the alarm the family soon settled into something of their former tranquillity.

After the departure of her husband, in 1833, for his distant appointment, Mrs. Jameson had continued to make the house of her sister her home, and hither she returned when summoned from Germany. Still in the prime of life, and in so many ways adapted to shine in society, she soon found herself with more engagements on her hands than she cared to fulfil, and in risk of having her time frittered away by the unprofitable success of London drawing-rooms. Her father's invalid condition, however, occupied a great deal of her attention, and she had already begun to bestow all the tenderness of a mother upon her sister Louisa's eldest child, the only one of the second generation then existing—a tenderness most enlightened and anxious, which

ended only with her life. Thus, though separated from her husband and childless in her own person, she lived amid the fondest family ties, and had all her affections in exercise to keep in check those allurements of society which, seductive as they are, were never much to her mind. The first literary work which she seems to have undertaken after her return to England was the collecting and revising of a series of essays on various subjects which had already been published, but which Messrs. Saunders & Ottley wished to republish in a more durable form. These extended to four volumes, brought out, under the title of 'Visits and Sketches,' in the year 1834, and from which I have largely quoted in the previous chapter. The topics were of the most varied kind, ranging from descriptive sketches of German society and biographies of distinguished Germans—such as those from which extracts have been given—to a sketch of the families of Hardwick and Stanhope in commemoration of visits paid to the chief residences of either family; and, again, to a dissertation upon the genius of Mrs. Siddons. Included among these was a new edition of the 'Diary of an *Ennuyée*.' It is a sufficient proof of the popularity Mrs. Jameson's works had attained, that her publishers should have suggested such a collection so early in her literary career. Mrs. Jameson herself explains

in her preface that though she had 'other and particular objects in view which still keep full possession of my mind, and which have been suspended, not without reluctance, in order to prepare these volumes for the press,' she had found, on her return to England after her recent continental expedition, 'that many particulars which had excited my interest with regard to the relative state of art and social existence' (in Germany) 'appeared new to those with whom I conversed;' which was her chief inducement 'to throw into form the few simple memoranda I had made on the spot.' These memoranda, expanded into sketches descriptive and biographic, occupied the first two volumes of the collection; and as comparatively little was known of Germany at that period, when none of the modern facilities of travel existed, and when travellers were comparatively few, and these almost exclusively of the wealthy classes—it will be understood how interesting to many were the graphic and refined yet simple descriptions of German life from many different points of view—its picture galleries, its courts, its quiet homes, its artists and theatres, all so unexplored and little understood by insular readers. About the same time Mr. Carlyle was awakening the interest of the reading world in German literature, and setting up that Goethe worship of which he has been the first and greatest

preacher. What these pioneers have done cannot be repeated. 'Faust' has been reproduced for us in a hundred translations, and no traveller now would venture to dwell, as Mrs. Jameson does, upon his feelings in the presence of the Madonna of San Sisto, which all his acquaintances have seen as well as himself, and of which we have all heard the divine pre-eminence contemptuously disparaged. But in 1834 things were very different, and Mrs. Jameson's modest book opened the breadth of Germany and its yet untrodden ways to many readers as unable to go thither in their own persons as they were unprepared to judge and justly estimate the treasures of art to be set before them there. The author expresses in her preface her 'earnest hope that what has been written in perfect simplicity of heart may be perused, both by my English and German friends—particularly the artists—with indulgence; that those who read and doubt may be awakened to enquiry, and those who read and believe may be led to reflection; and that those who differ from and those who agree with the writer may both find some interest and amusement in the literal truth of the facts and impressions which she has ventured to record.'

No one who reads these sketches will doubt that she possessed a degree of knowledge of the country through which she travelled, and its people,

much surpassing anything which was usual then, or is usual now, with all our external advantages, and was thus qualified to guide her special audience through many an interesting scene. There will also be found in these modest volumes suggestions and anticipations of literary subjects which have since been carried out in works that have acquired lasting fame. There is the story of the 'Niebelungen Lied,' before Carlyle had expounded it to the English world; and of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, before Montalembert brought out all the more exquisite lights of history to transform that legend; besides many indications of the author's own gradually developing taste, and the unconscious currents of influence which led her to the chief works of her life.

This republication, however, seems to have been the only work in which she was engaged at the time, occupied as she was with domestic and with social engagements. That she was not satisfied with this partial inactivity is very apparent from her letter to Mr. Noel, dated from London, January 24, 1834:

For myself I am leading that most abominable life—a life of laborious dissipation. I have suffered myself to be entangled in the machinery of society, and am whirled round as if I were bound upon the wheel of a steam-engine. But it shall not last! Shall I whisper something to you? I indulge a hope of revisiting Germany in the spring. It depends on so many contingencies that I scarcely

dare permit myself to dwell upon it. But if my letters from Canada are definitive, if I can finish the printing of my book, if I can so arrange my money matters as to perform what is right to others and spare something for selfishness, then I shall spread my wings some time in April or May, and you will see me alight on a spring morning among my dear German friends, like a bird escaped from its cage, with its plumage ruffled and torn with beating against the wires. I never liked London, and now I hate it absolutely; this kind of life is not made for me, and solitude were not much better. If I do make my escape, I think I will go to Weimar for a month or six weeks and study German very very hard, and spend part of my time with dear Ottilie; thence I will go to Dresden and to Vienna, but as yet all this is a mere dream.

Your description of Mme. Schroeder Devrient's dinner-party is admirable. Do not lose sight of her, and, without absolutely playing the moraliser and adviser, do what you can to elevate and steady her mind. She wants self-respect, and this is a dangerous deficiency where there is such an excitable temperament. I have prepared one or two *good* friends for her if she comes here; Mrs. Austin is one. This very remarkable woman has one of the largest and *healthiest* minds I ever met with in a person of my own sex; she is now translating Victor Cousin's reports on the system of public education in Prussia, and this she is doing from a pure feeling of duty, a real enthusiasm in the cause.

The lady referred to was one to whom Mrs. Jameson had dedicated several pages in the volumes above mentioned, describing her artistic gifts and accomplishments with that invariable sympathy with genius in all its forms which was one of her chief

characteristics. 'Like other gifted women who are blessed or cursed with a most irritable nervous system,' she says, 'Devrient is a good deal under the influence of feeling and temper, and in the performance of her favourite parts is subject to inequalities which are not caprices, but arise from an exuberance of soul and power, and only render her performances more interesting.' And she adds, in speaking of a special performance—that of Romeo in Bellini's opera—'There was a flush of poetry and passion, a heart-breaking struggle of love and life against an overwhelming destiny, which thrilled me. Never did I hear anyone sing so completely from her own soul as this astonishing creature; in certain tones and passages her voice issued from the depths of her bosom, as if steeped in tears. . . . I was not surprised to learn that Mme. Devrient is generally ill after her performance, and unable to sing in this part more than once or twice a week.'

A fortnight after the letter above quoted, Mr. Noel received the following:

My poor father is worse again. He was bled yesterday, and I greatly fear for him. I have other and peculiar sources of grief, besides the uneasiness I feel about my mother and sisters. Outwardly, I stand in the world an enviable being, so at least everyone tells me; inwardly, it is a hard struggle. Of how many women might the history be comprised in those few words—'she lived, suffered, and was buried'!

I do not like the book which my publishers, rather than myself, *will* give to the world—this collection of all sorts of fugitive things never owned, and the *Ennuyée* included. I have also written some slight sketches of the comparative state of art in England and Germany. Had I remained a month longer in Dresden, I would have made this better; but I have done what I could—thrown out a few thoughts which others must take up and improve. This book, about which I care little, will subject me more than any former one to angry criticism, because I see I have just attained that point of reputation which, by giving a certain weight to my opinions, will provoke contradiction. So be it! However, I must tell you of one thing which consoles me. The other day I had a present of books and a letter from an unknown person in America, telling me that they were printing the second American edition of my writings.

Here is a chapter of egotism, my dear Noel; and how little I feel myself, compared to Harriet Martineau and Mrs. Austin!

The chapter of egotism, innocent as it is, is very soon, however, balanced by another letter, which reveals to us one of those efforts of practical help and kindness into which, when she had the opportunity, she threw herself with her whole soul. The reader will not have forgotten her description, given in the previous chapter, of Moritz Retzsch, the 'extraordinary genius' whose outline illustrations of Goethe, Schiller, Bürger, Shakespeare, &c., had captivated all Germany by their wonderful fresh-

ness, beauty, and ideal grace. Mrs. Jameson's warm admiration and sympathy had not been content with a mere suggestion that these beautiful sketches should not be lost to the English public. She undertook to manage for Retzsch the publication in England, finding the publisher, translating the text, and herself adding an introduction to the English reader, who had already been prepared by her interesting sketch of the artist to give this new volume a favourable reception.

MY DEAR NOEL,—This is post-day, and late. I have but a few minutes to write, but I think better not to delay a moment the acknowledgment of Retzsch's copper-plates, which arrived yesterday. Saunders & Ottley have by this day's post sent off *70l.*, which will be paid to Morris Retzsch on application to Bassange & Co., bankers in Dresden. I hope he will be pleased. The certainty of punctual pay and most honourable treatment must surely be something in his estimation. Will you be so good as to thank him for the beautiful little head he has sent me?—it is charming. I am now going to set to work to translate and explain, and do my best to set forth Retzsch's merits most worthily, and Saunders & Ottley intend to spare no expense in getting up the work in the most elegant fashion.

You must forgive me, dear Noel, these few hurried lines. When I tell you that the arrangement of my father's affairs, and in some measure the providing for my poor mother and my good sisters, has fallen to my lot; and that in the meantime, while my father has been helpless, my mother has been dangerously ill; and that it was necessary,

in the midst of all this, to hurry forward the printing of my poor little book, which will come into the world like a premature child, if not still-born—then you can believe that for seven weeks I have never been in bed before three or four in the morning, and am almost worn out.

Early in this year Mr. Noel had made Mrs. Jameson acquainted with his cousin, Lady Byron, than whom perhaps no woman has been more discussed in the world, with less satisfaction to her critics. Mrs. Jameson's impression of her seems to have been at first more in accordance with the opinion entertained by the friends of the poet-husband, than by the many enthusiasts who bestowed upon Lady Byron's veiled but powerful character, and many and liberal benevolences, a kind of worship. When asked, after their first interview, what was the chief impression her new acquaintance had made upon her, Mrs. Jameson replied at once, 'implacability.' This impression, however, must have been merely temporary, for there soon arose a friendship exceptionally warm and intimate between these two ladies, which for many years pervaded the lives of both, making them of one heart and mind, almost of one being, so close, confidential, and unbroken was their intercourse. The fact that it came at length to a disastrous conclusion after nearly twenty years' uninterrupted affection is one of the strangest of calamities, and one of which I can offer only the briefest

and most unsatisfactory explanation. But it is not necessary to forestall the moment of that melancholy breach. For the best part of a lifetime this friendship was one of the greatest consolations and also occupations of my aunt's existence. The acquaintance made through Lady Byron with the then still famed Joanna Baillie and her sister Agnes, ripened into a friendship that continued up to the period of the death of the venerable sisters. On her part, about this time Mrs. Jameson brought Lady Byron acquainted with one for whom she herself always professed the warmest esteem and admiration. She introduced to her Harriet Martineau. A slight allusion to this occurs in a letter dated London, June 20:

How I wish I could raise the mind of that sweet ——, prostrated as it now is, to look forward for herself and her fine children, particularly little — —! If God had but given me children, I think I could have been blest. Well, I must spare you all this egotism; but as my thoughts flow on, so does my pen. I introduced Harriet Martineau to Lady Byron not long ago. As to Miss M——, I have *seen her* several times, but we are not destined to draw nearer, and if she be *your* adversary, she is *mine* very surely. I am going on Tuesday to spend the day at the Hanwell Asylum, and shall see Lady Byron on my way.[1] Charles Vogel, the painter at Dresden, is here; he spent an evening with me. I had Harriet Martineau, Mrs. Opie, and Mrs. Austin, Hayward the famous German scholar, Briggs,

[1] At Lady Byron's residence of Fordhook, between Acton and Ealing.

R.A., and Eastlake, R.A.—two of our best painters—and an American, the most intimate friend of Dr. Channing.

I have a letter from Retzsch, which, if I did not make allowance for the morbid tendencies of his character, would give me much pain. He is discontented and disappointed; he does not acknowledge the receipt of the money, but leaves me to infer that he has had it; at the same time I should not have supposed so but for your letter. He seems to take the publication of his 'Fancies' as an infliction from heaven, which he must bear with resignation; hopes nothing that is good, anticipates all that is dismal; and the very expression of his gratitude to me is so dismal, I could smile if I were not so sorry for him. I shall go on just as if he had not written. Perhaps he will be angry that my preface is not an elaborate panegyric on him, but that would have been bad taste in my capacity as editor.

This is rather a painful commentary upon Mrs. Jameson's previous sketch of Retzsch and her enthusiasm for him and efforts for his success; but gratitude is the most difficult of all sentiments, and this is not a solitary instance of its failure.

The hope of returning to Germany, though not carried out, as she had desired, in the spring of this year of 1834, came to fruition later. Mrs. Jameson writes, still in June, to Mr. Noel:

I cannot describe to you, my dear friend, with what feelings I think of escaping from London. The whole period since my return has been one of labour, distasteful dissipation, and extreme sorrow. My poor father, though in no danger now, is a miserable wreck; all I could do for

him in his present state *is* done, his affairs arranged, and my mother's comfort provided for. I have nursed my poor Louisa through her confinement; it was a horrid period of danger and agony, and she has not yet recovered the loss of her child. How glad I shall be to leave her comfortably by the sea-coast with her husband and little girl, and fly off to forget for a few months all this pain, and get strength and cheerfulness to bear me through my future! *That future!* Never mind. We will have a ramble together, talk philosophy, enjoy the summer air and the various face of ever lovely Nature—and then to work again.

About a month from the date of this letter, Mrs. Jameson was able to carry out her cherished intention, and set out for Germany with the happiest anticipations of a period of rest and refreshment among her many friends.

This interval of rest, however, though full of variety and pleasure, was soon disturbed by very evident symptoms of a crisis in her personal affairs. Her anxiety about the future is apparent in the letter just quoted, and by this time intimations began to arrive from Canada, that Mr. Jameson was disposed to insist upon the fulfilment of his wife's promise to join him, and all her plans were thus thrown again into confusion. This seems a harsh manner of announcing a husband's very natural desire to have his wife with him; but it is evident that there had been no real union between them for any but a very short

period, and after so much separation the bond that held them to each other had become irksome perhaps to both, certainly to the wife, whose patience had been worn out by long waiting and many disappointments. Mr. Jameson seems to have been one of those strangely constituted persons to whom absence is always necessary to reawaken affection, and who prize what they are not in possession of, and habitually slight and neglect what they have. At a distance he was the most devoted and admiring of husbands, but in the privacy of the domestic circle, cold, self-absorbed, and unsympathetic, and his most affectionate phrases evidently inspired no confidence in the bosom of the woman who had already believed and trusted and been disappointed over and over again.

I have no desire to dwell in ungracious detail upon the incompatibility which is so evident, which does not appear to have involved any moral wrong, but only a something persistently out of tune, a fundamental discord which was not to be set right. Such cases are not uncommon in ordinary life, and often produce nothing worse (if worse can be) than a succession of family jars, and a chilled and unhappy mingling of two existences between whom there is little sympathy. Mrs. Jameson's independent condition, the warm friends she had on all sides, and the high estimation in which she was universally held, and, on the other hand, the fact that her mar-

riage was childless, and the strongest of all secondary bonds non-existent, had no doubt a certain effect upon her mind, and made her all the less willing to revive an experiment which had already failed more than once. She did not see it to be her duty to expatriate herself, to give up all her occupations, in which she was conscious of doing worthy work and being of service to her generation—all her friends, her own family of whom she was the pride and delight, to whom she was often the bread-winner, always the consoler—in order to share the life of a cold and self-sufficing man, to whose happiness she never seemed to be necessary except when the Atlantic flowed between. She did not think it her duty—but once more she yielded in order to make sure that no effort of hers had been wanting to make reunion practicable. And perhaps some gleam of better hope might flash across her mind by times on the receipt of such letters as the following, dated Toronto, October 30, 1834. Words such as those with which it concludes, if believed in by the receiver, would seem almost irresistibly persuasive:

I have not yet acknowledged the receipt of your last letter, dated 4th July, which duly arrived. The tone is more kind and cheering than some of its predecessors. I hope you have received the money safe. I shall send the second part of the bill on London to Henry, perhaps by this packet. Dearest Anna, let me look forward to our meeting with hope. Let me not lose the privilege of

loving you, and the hope of being loved by you. Let me come to my solitary home with the prospect that my daily labours shall, before any very lengthened day of trial, be rewarded by your presence and your most precious endearments. I have no single hope that does not depend on this one. Do not school your heart against me, and I will compel you to love me. I have been fencing in my nice little piece of ground on the banks of the lake, where I am promising myself the happiness of building you a pretty little villa after your own taste. I have set a man to plant some trees and shrubs also, for the place was quite denuded, though by far the finest situation in the town. I have ground enough for a pretty extensive garden, nearly three acres.

In a letter written the following spring, May 1835, Mr. Jameson complains that he has not heard from his wife for months—not since a letter reached him dated from Berlin in September, and received by him shortly before Christmas.

A feast followed by a long, long Lent (he writes), speaking of your intention to proceed to Vienna for the winter, and probable return to England in the spring. Where you have since been, or where you now are, I know not, but I hope in England. Your letters, even more than usually delightful, glitter throughout with such bright names and proof of your high fame among your German admirers, that I sometimes despond for your poor North American savage. . . . My hopes of receiving you in a house of your own have been for the present thwarted—I have not the requisite money. But I have the ground, which I trust I shall not be driven to sacrifice, because I should never meet with so pleasant a situation ; and before

long I trust still to have a nice cottage, at all events, upon it. And then what portion of happiness we enjoy in it depends upon you, dearest Anna; and I think you will not wilfully shut it out of doors, merely because it may be a better fate than I deserve. I have been planting trees, and, as I told you, potatoes, on a princely scale; and often, when I can steal an hour, I go and exercise myself with my spade and pruning-knife, and then I feed my fancy with the idea that you will, before the leaves disappear, be walking there by my side.

I am, however, anticipating the course of events. While these letters were being addressed to her from the other side of the Atlantic, she was cheating her suspense and trying to drown her fears of the future among her German friends. Here is a record of one lovely excursion apparently taken from mere need of repose and peace after the pomps and vanities of Vienna, where she had been for many months. She found the quiet she sought in a sort of hermit existence, in a lone spot on the Gmündensee in Upper Salzburg. Hence she writes in a merrier mood than she had been wont to do to her faithful knight, Robert Noel, on August 16:

Next day (Saturday) I took a boat to Frauenkirchen—found a pretty little deserted cottage with two habitable rooms; got them furnished very tolerably from the inn, and so—to shorten my story—here I am, close to the edge of the lake, with a little garden, and a little summer-house therein, and a clean bed, and a little nook where I bathe every morning—plunge in, frighten all the fishes, and

21476

scramble out again, more frightened myself; with the little antique chapel of St. John perched on a hill above me, and the glorious mountains all around me, and peace, and security, and forgetfulness. Ought I not to be happy?

If you ask me what I do, I do nothing but sit on rocks and glide about in a boat, and make sketches, *i.e.* scratches, upon any scrap of paper I pick up; for, like a wiseacre, I sent the drawing materials I had purchased to Weimar, not knowing where to stow them. Otherwise I might have practised drawing to some purpose, for these majestic forms would inspire the most stupid. The impossibility of doing anything to please myself, however, often stops my hand, and I sit sometimes for hours on a rock or in a boat, motionless, in indolent and deep-felt enjoyment of this beauty and magnificence. I wish you were here. You might be at Gmünden, at the little inn there, and we might have had some pleasures together. Fate owed it to us, and I did half hope it—but now it is too late.

When that dear good Countess Z—— heard I was expected at Gmünden, she wrote immediately to B—— to desire he would receive me, and do for me all that was possible, and desired I would write all my plans about Ischl, &c. I wrote to thank her, to decline Ischl altogether; but, as she had offered to come over and see me, I said I would row over to Ebensee and meet her. But two days after my arrival she and Countess S—— came over early. I had just bathed, and in a very complete, or, as they call it here, most *profonde* undress, was sitting among the rocks, when B—— came up, scrambling and wiping his forehead, to announce my visitors! I had the key of my little abode, so they had stationed themselves in the summer-house; and I shall never forget the countenance of the Z—— as she stood upon the steps and extended her arms; nor that of the good-natured Countess S——, who

was looking over her shoulder, both quite radiant with pleasure and every kindly feeling. They were exceedingly amused at my little arrangements and comical makeshifts.

Mrs. Jameson left the little haven by the Gmündensee, made her tour in Upper Germany, and returned to Weimar before Christmas. The fatigue, bodily and mental, undergone in the interim seems again to have seriously affected her health. She writes on January 11, 1836, the following vivid account of her introduction to Alexander v. Humboldt:

The first time I dined at Court after my illness, I met Humboldt, the celebrated traveller. He was here for two days only, and spent the greatest part of both evenings with Ottilie. He struck me, amused me, interested me, and has half turned my head. Luckily he has a passion for conversation, and talks almost incessantly, but so admirably well that it is a thing for which to thank Heaven (I mean his talking mania). He knows everything and everybody, and has seen all countries and all climes from pole to pole. He speaks all modern languages, is conversant with all literature, and nothing gave me such an idea of the *universality* of his knowledge as the discovery that he knew my name and all I had written. Poor little me! I felt, while I looked at him, quite lost—a molehill beside the Andes. I must confess, however, that I do not agree with his speculations and theories, as far as I could make them out; but for facts and characters he was delightful—a walking encyclopædia, a perambulating picture-gallery, and, to crown all, a most accomplished courtier.

You must know I am in great favour with both the

Grand Duke and the Grand Duchess; but, on the plea of my health, I accept about one invitation out of three, for I have something better to do than to stand dangling in a court circle talking nothings.

The following letter, addressed about the same period to her kind friend Mrs. Procter, contains some further details about her life and friends at Weimar:

You write so kindly that I am sure you will be glad to hear of my plans, and that my return to England is nearly settled for next month. I only wait till the weather is more mild, and till the steamboats have recommenced on the Rhine. I bring with me a half-finished book, which I think will please you better than my last. It is less superficial and broken. How the other volumes succeeded I scarcely know, as I left England almost immediately after the publication; but in spite of many errors they have made me popular in Germany. Here, both in public and private, they make such a spoiled child of me, that it is lucky I am too old to have my head turned, and know too well the limits of my own capabilities to be tempted out of the circle, or to meddle with matters which are too high for me. I am pleased at the idea of meeting Mrs. Butler in England. I did not read her journal till last November, and luckily had not read any of the critiques upon it, either English or American. It is mostly the impress of her own mind—full of genius and power, full of the exuberance of four-and-twenty, with rash and hasty opinions here and there, and expressions and phrases that startle one not pleasantly; but for all that I was enchanted, and read through the two volumes almost without taking breath. I met her brother John at Leipzig; . . . he talked to me

as if he had been soliloquising before the public. . . . But he is handsome, and so like Fanny, with the same dark bright eyes. Adelaide was always a pet of mine, and I am charmed with her success.

I believe that on my return to England I shall be accompanied by a lady of this place, who is going to Scotland to spend the summer with Sir John and Lady Ramsey, and will remain some few days (perhaps a fortnight) in London. Will you allow me to introduce her to you and your mother, and expect your kindness for her? She is a charming specimen of the true German woman, no longer young, that is, not *very* young, nor *very* handsome, nor *very* clever, but well informed, well bred, simple-minded, warm-hearted—an excellent person altogether, with a dash of German romance which I think will delight you, and quite enthusiastic about England; she speaks English extremely well, and is fond of our literature. I have been staying four months in the house of her sister, Mme. de Goethe, and treated like a pet child. To their constant and devoted attention I owe my recovery from a most alarming state of health. You may judge, therefore, how anxious I am to make her short stay in London as pleasant as possible. She has no taste for sight-seeing, but I must of course do the honours of all our theatres.

I long to be introduced to the two new babies, your little E—— and Louisa's *anonymous* production—for would you believe it, I do not even know her name! I thank you from my heart for your little postscript, for so long a time has elapsed since I heard from my dear home, that, but for your kind assurance *that all was well*, I should have been quite unable to share in the gaieties here. The Grand Duke's birthday has been celebrated with great splendour, and I am half dead of dissipation. Another ball to-night, the fourth this week! Luckily the early

hours will save my life, for here a ball, even of the highest fashion, begins at *half-past seven*, and is generally over by one o'clock. The opera begins at six and ends at nine; this I call sensible and rational, though I think I see you smile.

Farewell, my dear friend, and God bless you and preserve to you all you love. Keep a corner of your heart warm for me, against my arrival. I am ever the same,

Affectionately yours,

ANNA.

I never hear a word from Jameson. In the last sixteen months I have had two letters.

During all these travels and encounters, however, the private question what was to become of her and of her life, how it was henceforward to be shaped and how maintained, must have occupied her mind in all the silent hours, and pervaded her every thought. Her husband's letters were not to be neglected or put aside, and a decision one way or the other was imperatively called for. Nothing could be better or kinder in expression, as has been seen, than the repeated letters which called her to his side, nothing more tender than his apparent affection and the anticipations with which he looked forward to their reunion. It is only justice to Mr. Jameson to state this, even at the risk of making my aunt appear somewhat stern in her persistent doubt of the truth of protestations which she had fully

tested in previous years. I do not propose to enter into all the correspondence; but having quoted from Mr. Jameson's letters, which are so apt to prejudice the mind entirely in his favour, I must also quote one of hers, which will show better than anything else the state of grave doubt and anxiety in which these affectionate-seeming epistles left her. It is thus that she, who knew every detail of the question between them, wrote to him, the only other individual perfectly acquainted with the state of matters. The letter is dated Weimar, February 1836, and is in answer to the two letters which I have quoted.

MY DEAR ROBERT,—The feelings of perplexity and uncertainty into which I have been thrown by the whole course of our correspondence almost discourage me from writing to you, and take from me all power to express myself with that flow and openness which were otherwise natural to me. From October 1834 down to this present February 1836, I have received from you *two letters*, dated 12th October 1834, and 14th May 1835, and these two letters contained no syllable which could give me the slightest idea of your social position in Canada; and though you expressed in the last letter a general wish that I should join you, very slightly and vaguely expressed (a *hope* rather than an intention or an expectation), there was not a word which I could interpret into any decision on the subject, no instructions as to my voyage, and no answer to the questions and enquiries with which my letters were filled. Between October 1834 and October 1835 I wrote you *eleven* letters. In August 1835 I received from you a bill of 100*l.*,

and in January 1836 I received from Henry the intelligence that you had sent me a bill of 100*l.*, but *no letter for me.* I wrote immediately to beg for some information concerning you, and Henry by return of post sent me your letter to him. It is a letter of about two pages, in a jesting style, complaining that you never hear a word from me, but not saying that you have written, or giving the dates of any letters you have forwarded to me; not saying anything of your position in Canada, although the state of affairs there, as it is reported in all the papers, English and German, made me expect either the news of your return, or some intelligence from you that should tranquillise me about your situation and movements. You say in the same letter that it is your intention to marry again immediately. My dear Robert, jesting apart, I wish it only depended on me to give you that power. You might perhaps be happy with another woman—a union such as ours is, and has been ever, is a real mockery of the laws of God and man. You have the power to dispose of our fate as far as it depends on each other. I placed that power in your hands in my letter written from England, and had you used that power in a decided manly spirit, whether to unite or to part us, I had respected you the more, and would have arranged my life accordingly. But what an existence is this to which you have reduced us both! If you can make up your mind to live without me—if your vague letters signify a purpose of this kind—for God's sake speak the truth to me; but if, on the other hand, it is your purpose to remain in Canada, to settle there under any political change, and your real wish to have me with you and make another trial for happiness, tell me so *distinctly* and *decidedly*—tell me at what time to leave England—tell me what things I ought to take with me, what furniture, books, &c., will be necessary or agreeable, what kind of life I shall live, that I

may come prepared to render my own existence and yours as pleasant as possible. To the letter from England written before my departure for Germany, containing my own wishes, and certain conditions, on the fulfilment of which I would be really *happy* to join you, I received no answer, though I have every reason to believe that you received that letter.

I came to Weimar completely broken down. I have since been staying with the Goethe family, who have nursed me like a pet sister, and the first physician here has done much for me. Since the beginning of January I have been recovering, and am in hopes that I shall be able to return to England in April or even sooner. There I shall await your next letter, and according to its contents I shall regulate my future plans. Farewell! I expect your answer in July next.

The summons, imperative enough to satisfy all scruples, must have come as anticipated in July, for early in August Mrs. Jameson writes to an intimate friend:

I am going to Canada—that is, my husband has sent over his very peremptory request that I should join him, giving some cogent reasons, and I am much engaged making my preparations. The exact time of my departure is not fixed—I suppose it will be about the 10th September. Still such is Jameson's very peculiar character that I do not myself feel secure of going—his next letter may again defer my voyage.

On the contrary, the next letters came more urgent, more anxious for Mrs. Jameson's speedy

departure. In what was apparently the last letter received before starting, bearing date Toronto, July 30, Mr. Jameson sends careful directions, and winds up with—

Write to me immediately, and say what measure of good is reserved for me. If you come out alone, I will either meet you at New York or make such arrangements that you shall not feel yourself in the least a stranger on your landing in the Western world. Alma vows it is his right to go to New York and escort his patroness to Upper Canada. But it is very possible that it may neither be in the power of one or the other. It is, however, consolatory that the great steamboat communication up the Hudson and by Lake Ontario makes a journey from New York a very different thing from an inland journey of like extent.

## CHAPTER V.

### AMERICA.

WHETHER lured by the attraction of so many tender anticipations and the fond and eager welcome offered to her, or merely obeying the call of duty and her husband, Mrs. Jameson sailed for America in September 1836. It would certainly appear from, if nothing else, the melancholy with which she afterwards records the obliteration of all happier prospects, that there still existed some hope in her mind of a real reunion. Nothing, however, but disappointment seems to have awaited her. She landed early in November at New York, where she expected to find an escort and companion for her further journey. When she reached this city, however, she found no sign that she was expected; neither her husband nor the faithful friend John Alma, whom he had announced as her intended guide in case he were himself unable to meet her; not even a letter to indicate and arrange the best way for her to travel. Thus disappointment met

her the moment she set foot in the new strange country, where indeed, as everywhere, she found friends, but none near enough or warm enough to console her in her loneliness after her dreary winter voyage. She wrote in great depression of mind, as was very natural, on November 11, from the American Hotel, New York, to Toronto, to ask why she had not been met, and for directions as to her further journey. But this letter had as yet elicited no reply when, nearly three weeks later, on November 29 she began a letter to her family in the same painful uncertainty and despondency, not knowing whether she should go forward or return at once to England—alternatives almost equally miserable in her discouraged and weakened condition. She heads this letter 'No. 2,' saying, 'No. 1 was sent by the packet of the 16th; write soon for God's sake!' Her letter is addressed to all the members of the home circle.

My dearest Father, Mamma, and Sisters all,—You will be surprised to find I am still here, and yet more surprised to hear that I have no tidings of Jameson—not one word. I am——Just as I was writing these lines in came a letter from Jameson which had been sent to the British Consulate. It is like all his letters, very well written, very plausible, very kind, agreeing to everything. I shall set off immediately, and have a world of business and packing-up to be done. I had a short but sharp illness of three days, owing to the effects of my voyage, and worry, and suspense. But

except this I have been well. The enthusiasm about me here is very great, even to a troublesome degree, for I have more engagements than I can possibly keep, more visitors than I can see, and more devoted admirers than I can count. I have made an agreement about a new edition of the 'Characteristics,' which is likely to produce five hundred dollars. The two last copies which remained were sold by a bookseller here for twelve dollars each—three times the original price; such has been the momentary run after my books.

I am dying for news from my dear home, and feel too truly and deeply that I am going to Toronto with far more mistrust and fear than confidence and hope. If I could believe all that Jameson writes, I might suppose I was going into an Elysium; but the puzzling thing is, to reconcile his words and his actions, what he is, and what he seems; he is quite past my comprehension.

Among my best friends here are the Duers. When I was ill they wanted me to take up my abode in their house. The two daughters of Duer are nice girls, one particularly who is very like *him*, but my especial favourite is Ellen Duer, his niece, who is singularly clever, intelligent, and independent. Charles Augustus Davis, the author of Major Downing's letters, and his very pleasing wife, are also among my best friends. I dined a few days ago with the widow of the celebrated De Witt Clinton (papa knows all about him, I dare say)—she is quite a character, and amused me exceedingly. She gave me a wampum bag which had been a present to her from an Indian chief. In the way of presents my table is covered with books, presentation copies, poems, and the Lord knows what. I had a long visit yesterday from Washington Irving, who has a most benevolent and agreeable countenance, and talks well.

Of the manner in which the journey was prosecuted, and the state of mind in which she began her life at Toronto, so strange, so new and solitary, Mrs. Jameson has left the most complete record in the book entitled 'Winter Studies and Summer Rambles,' published in 1838; which is, in fact, the history of her life in Canada, with all its discouragements and all its expedients for keeping hope and cheerfulness alive amid the torpor of so uncongenial a place. 'My friends at New York,' she writes, 'expended much eloquence in endeavouring to dissuade me from a winter journey to Canada. I listened, and was grateful for their solicitude, but must own I did not credit the picture they drew of the difficulties and *désagrémens* I was likely to meet by the way. I had chosen, they said (Heaven knows I did not *choose* it), the very worst season for a journey through the State of New York. The usual facilities for travelling were now suspended. A few weeks sooner the rivers and canals had been open; a few weeks later the roads, smothered up with snow, had been in sleighing order; now the navigation was frozen, and the roads so broken up as to be nearly impassable. Then there was only a night boat on the Hudson, "to proceed," as the printed paper set forth, "to Albany, or as far as the ice permitted."' All this was discouraging enough; but necessity, and an anxious desire to know her fate one way or other,

made her strong against all such discouragements. She had the courage at once of ignorance and of resolution. 'I could form no notion,' she says, 'of difficulties which by fair words, presence of mind, and money in my pocket, could not be obviated.' She had travelled all over Europe, often alone, why not here? And, indeed, the voyage up the Hudson was sufficiently novel to produce a new sensation.

At the first blush of morning, I escaped from the heated cabin, crowded with listless women and clamorous children, and found my way to the deck. I was surprised by a spectacle as beautiful as it was new to me. The Catskill mountains which we had left behind us in the night were still visible, but just melting from the view, robed in a misty purple light, while our magnificent steamer—the prow armed with a sharp iron sheath for the purpose—was crashing its way through solid ice four inches thick which seemed to close behind us into an adhesive mass, so that the wake of the vessel was not distinguished a few yards from the stern; yet in the path thus opened, and only seemingly closed, followed at some little distance a beautiful schooner and two smaller steam vessels. I walked up and down from the prow to the stern, refreshed by the keen frosty air and the excitement caused by various picturesque effects on the ice-bound river and its frozen shores, till we reached Hudson. Beyond this town it was not safe for the boat to advance, and we were still thirty miles below Albany. After leaving Hudson (with the exception of the railroad between Albany and Utica) it was all heavy weary work—the most painfully fatiguing journey I can remember. Such were the roads that we were once six hours going

eleven miles. . . . After six days and nights of this travelling, unrelieved by companionship or interest of any kind, I began to sink with fatigue. The first thing that roused me was our arrival at the ferry of the Niagara river, at Queenstown, about seven miles below the falls. It was a dark night, and our little boat was tossed on the eddying waters, and guided by a light to the opposite shore we could distinctly hear the deep roar of the cataract, filling and, as it seemed to me, shaking the atmosphere round us. . . . You may believe that I woke up very decidedly from my lethargy of weariness to listen to that mysterious voice, which made my blood pause and think.

After this the tedious journey was shortened by a fortunate chance, a steamer, contrary to all hope, being found on Lake Ontario, the last of the season. The traveller and her belongings were hurried on board, where, completely exhausted, she fell asleep, and knew no more until the arrival, which she describes as follows with all the intensity of a deeply felt yet quiet despair:

How long I slept I know not—they roused me suddenly to tell me we were at Toronto, and, not very well able to stand, I hurried on deck. The wharf was utterly deserted, the arrival of the steamboat being accidental and unexpected; and as I stepped out of the boat I sank ankle-deep into mud and ice. The day was intensely cold and damp, the sky lowered sulkily, laden with snow which was just beginning to fall. Half-blinded by the sleet driven into my face, and the tears which filled my eyes, I walked about a mile through a quarter of the town mean in appearance, not thickly inhabited, and to me as yet an unknown

wilderness, and through dreary miry ways, never much thronged, and now, by reason of the impending snowstorm, nearly solitary. I heard no voices, no quick footsteps of men or children; I met no familiar face, no look of welcome. I was sad at heart as a woman could be. And these were the impressions, the feelings, with which I entered the house which was to be called my home.

A more miserable beginning to a life from which so little comfort had been expected it would be impossible to imagine, and there would not seem to have been any possibility of illusion in the traveller's eyes, or in fact any sudden delight of welcome, opening with the opening door upon her, as might well have been even after all the accidents of the beginning. Lonely as she strayed through those unknown streets, with the sleet in her face and the tears in her eyes, was she to struggle through this painful episode in her life. The arrival was apparently a fitting preface to the chapter of melancholy existence which followed. Here is again her own description of her feelings when, a little rested from her fatigues, she had time to look out upon the scene around:

What Toronto may be in summer I cannot tell; they say it is a pretty place. At present its appearance to me, a stranger, is most strangely mean and melancholy. A little ill-built town on low land, at the bottom of a frozen bay, with one very ugly church without tower or steeple; some government offices built of staring red brick in the

most tasteless vulgar taste imaginable; three feet of snow all around, and the grey sullen uninviting lake and the dark gloom of the pine forest bounding the prospect. Such seems Toronto to me now. I did not expect much, but for this I was not prepared. Perhaps no preparation could have *prepared* me, or softened my present feelings. I will not be unjust if I can help it, nor querulous. If I look into my own heart, I find that it is regret for what I have left and lost, the absent not the present, which throws over all around me a chill colder than that of the wintry day, a gloom deeper than that of the wintry night.

This is all very dismal, very weak perhaps. Hitherto I have not been accused of looking on the things of this world as through a glass darkly, but rather of the contrary tendency. What have I done with my spectacles *couleur de rose*? The cheerful faith which sustained me through far worse than anything I can anticipate here; the desire to know, the impatience to learn, the quick social sympathies, the readiness to please and be pleased—derived perhaps from my Irish blood, and to which I have owed a world of comfort when I have most needed it, so much of enjoyment when I could least have hoped for it—what? and are all forgotten—are all gone? Yet am I not quite an icicle or an oyster—I almost wish I were! No, worst of all is this regretful remembrance of friends who loved me, this heartsick longing after home and country and all familiar things and dear domestic faces. I am like an uprooted tree, dying at the core, yet with a strange unreasonable power at times of working at my own most miserable weakness. Going to bed in tears last night, after saying my prayers for those far away across that terrible Atlantic, an odd remembrance flashed across me of that Madame de Boufflers who declared, '*avec tant de sérieux et de sentiment*,' that she would consent to go as ambassadress to

England only on the condition of taking with her '*vingt-cinq ou vingt-six de ses amis intimes*' and sixty or eighty persons who were *absolument nécessaires à son bonheur.* The image of graceful impertinence thus conjured up made me smile, but am I so unlike her in this fit of unreason? Everywhere there is occupation for the rational and healthy intellect, everywhere good to be done, duties to be performed; everywhere the mind is, or should be, its own world, its own country, its own home at least. How many fine things I could say or quote on this subject! But in vain I conjure up philosophy—'she will not come when I do call for her;' but in her stead come thronging sad and sorrowful recollections and shivering sensations, all telling me that I am a stranger among strangers, miserable inwardly and outwardly—and that the thermometer is twelve degrees below zero!

This dismal beginning evidently froze the very soul in the new emigrant, and she never entirely recovered that first unhappy impression. Canada, which is so bright in the recollection of most visitors to it, was to her always dreary, frost-bound, colourless. Without denying its many beauties, nay, with frequent admiration of the striking scenery she saw in her wanderings, it was always a country of exile to her, sad and cold as the grave itself—a very curious effect upon so sympathetic a mind, and one so soon roused to enthusiasm and to a kindly fellow-feeling with her fellow-creatures. But there is nothing so icy, so destructive of all beauty and sunshine, as that chill at the heart which she had experienced at

first, and from which no subsequent thawing set her free.

The book from which we have quoted, and which has been stated to be the record of her life in Canada, will convey to the reader the most forlorn yet fine picture of a courageous woman's attempt to render her life liveable, in the midst of a monotony and want of interest which she felt to be killing. After the sketch of her melancholy loneliness given above, she rouses herself and takes to her books; and then follow some chapters of criticism and comment upon German poetry, upon Goethe, and Eckermann, and those topics of art, literature, the theatre, and the genius of the Old World, which were already so familiar and so dear to her—criticisms and reflections, however, very uncongenial to the place and circumstances from which they now came. These angels of art stood by her in her solitude, and helped her to live through the lingering winter, of which she speaks with a fervour of suffering that many people will deeply sympathise with. Perhaps it is only youth to which physical cold is a matter of indifference—at least it requires a special degree of robustness in the constitution, to be able to take to a permanently diminished temperature, with content, after forty.

I could almost wish myself a dormouse (Mrs. Jameson

says) or a she-bear, to sleep away the rest of this cold, cold winter, and to wake only with the first green leaves, the first warm breath of summer wind. I shiver through the day and through the night; and, like poor Harry Gill, 'my teeth, my teeth, they chatter still,' and then at intervals I am burned up with a dry hot fever. This is what my maid—a good little Oxfordshire girl—calls the 'hagur' (the ague), more properly the lake fever, or cold fever. From the particular situation of Toronto the disorder is very prevalent here in the spring; being a stranger and not yet *acclimatée*, it has attacked me thus unseasonably.

Her active mind, however, could not rest, even in the chill of her new life, without some attempt to interest herself in what was going on around. The question of education was one which always interested her much, and on the occasion of a discussion in the Canadian Parliament on this point her spirit was roused.

As a mere party question it did not interest me (she says); but the strange, crude, ignorant, vague opinions I heard in conversation, and read in the debates and provincial papers, excited my astonishment. It struck me that if I could get the English preface to Victor Cousin's report (of which I had a copy) printed in a cheap form and circulated with the newspapers, it might assist the people to some general principle on which to form opinions; whereas they all appeared to me astray, nothing that had been promulgated in Europe on the momentous question having yet reached this. But no; cold water was thrown upon me from every side; my interference in any way was so visibly distasteful that I gave my project up with many a sigh.

But her spirit was not to be driven into lethargy by either ice within, or cold water without; and in the middle of winter we find her starting, glad to have the relief of movement and activity in any form that would present itself, on an expedition to Niagara. 'Five days,' she exclaims, 'of frost and snow;' but her doctor counselled the change as the only way of throwing off the continually recurring fever, and she set out in the end of January in a sleigh, 'absolutely buried in furs.' The description of the journey is minutely given, and, but for the prevailing tints of grey, it would be an attractive one. She describes 'the sublime desolation of winter' with a sympathetic shiver. 'The whole appeared as if converted into snow, which fell in thick tiny starry flakes, till the buffalo robes and furs about us appeared like swan's-down, and the harness on the horses of the same delicate material. The whole earth was a white waste; the road, on which the sleigh track was only just perceptible, ran for miles in a straight line; on each side rose the dark melancholy pine forest, slumbering drearily in the hazy air. . . . A few roods from the land, the cold grey waters (of Lake Ontario) and the cold grey snow-encumbered atmosphere were mingled with each other, and each seemed either.' After various adventures however, overturns in the snow, and other natural incidents of a sleigh journey, she

arrived at her journey's end, and then—had nothing but disappointment for her reward. But the conclusion must be given in her own words. She expresses in dismay her wish that the Falls were like Yarrow, yet unvisited, unbeheld. 'No, it must be my own fault,' she cries—

> The reality has displaced from my mind an illusion much more magnificent than itself. I have no words for my utter disappointment. Oh! I could beat myself! and now there is no help! The first moment, the first impression is over, is lost; though I should live a thousand years, as long as Niagara itself shall roll, I can never see it again for the first time. Something is gone that cannot be restored. What has come over my soul and senses? I am metamorphosed; I am translated; I am an ass's head, a clod, a wooden spoon, a fat weed growing on Lethe's brink, a stock, a stone, a petrifaction. For have I not seen Niagara, the wonder of wonders, and felt—no words can tell *what*—disappointment?

Mrs. Jameson, however, was not alone, her guide and companion assured her, in this feeling; but she does not seem to have taken much comfort from the thought.

Her experiences in Canada were not entirely of this snow-bound and frost-bitten class. The time came at last when all nature changed as if by magic, and when a brighter picture rose before the solitary dreamer's eyes. In May she writes as follows:

> This beautiful Lake Ontario—my lake, for I begin to

be in love with it, and look on it as mine—it changes its hues every moment, the shades of purple and green fleeting over it, now dark, now lustrous, now pale like a dolphin dying, or, to use a more exact though less poetical comparison, dappled and varying like the back of a mackerel, with every now and then a streak of silver light dividing the shades of green. Magnificent tumultuous clouds came rolling round the horizon ; and the little graceful schooners falling into every beautiful attitude, and catching every variety of light and shade, came curtseying into the bay ; and flights of wild geese and great black loons were skimming, diving, sporting on the bosom of the lake ; and beautiful little unknown birds, in gorgeous plumage of crimson and black, were floating about the garden ; all life and light and beauty were abroad, the resurrection of Nature. How beautiful it was ! how dearly welcome to my senses—to my heart—this opening which comes at last, so long wished for, so long waited for !

That the changing season did not, however, change her plans, is evident ; and we must go back a little from this pleasant burst of spring, to show how life was tending with her, and what her final conclusion was. The following letter to her sister Charlotte indicates very clearly the course she meant to pursue :

Toronto, March 15, 1837.

This is your birthday, my dearest Charlotte ; so I send you my blessing, hoping all the time (with true human selfishness) that God will so far bless *me* as to preserve you all in health and prosperity till I see you again and after. I have asked Mr. and Mrs. Hepburn and Mr. Fitz-

gibbon to come here this evening and drink your health, which we shall all do most devoutly, and once again may God bless you, dearest, and spare us long to each other. . . . You will all be glad to hear that Jameson is appointed Chancellor *at last.* He is now at the top of the tree, and has no more to expect or to aspire to. I think he will make an excellent Chancellor; he is gentlemanlike, cautious, and will stick to precedents, and his excessive reserve is *here* the greatest of possible virtues. No one loves him, it is true; but every one approves him, and his promotion has not caused a murmur. The Solicitor-General Hagerman is now Attorney-General, and Draper (the member for Toronto, and a friend of Trelawney's) is now Solicitor-General. The organisation of the new Court of Equity, and the moving into his new residence, will occupy Mr. Jameson and me for a month or two. The house is very pretty and compact, and the garden will be beautiful, but I take no pleasure in anything. The place itself, the society, are so detestable to me, my own domestic position so painful and so without remedy or hope, that to remain here would be death to me. My plan is to help Jameson in arranging his house, and, when the spring is sufficiently advanced, to make a tour through the western districts up to Lake Huron. Towards the end of the year I trust by God's mercy to be in England. These are my plans. I hope you get all my letters. Eliza does not say that any have reached you, except the first from New York. The monotony of the surrounding country, still covered with snow, can scarce afford me a subject to write upon, the only event being the prorogation of the Parliament. The ceremony took place in the hall of the Legislative Council. Sir Francis[1] sat on his throne, his

[1] Sir Francis Head.

hat on his head, and his sword by his side, and gave his assent to all the bills passed during the session; reading the titles only occupied an hour. He then made a very fair speech, which, besides its other merits, had that of being his own composition. I sat, of course, with the official ladies and the grandees, and was rather amused at the whole scene, as it was my *first appearance* in the country, never having gone to any party, any dinner, or any assembly yet. I was sufficiently well stared at, but paid for all this by keeping my bed four days from aguish cold and fever. It is the most hateful climate I ever encountered, but it agrees with some people very well. I have not one companion; besides, my whole heart and soul are occupied. I am too old to cultivate new habits of existence and new affections. If I found in Jameson anything I wished—— but as it is, it would only be a vain, a foolish struggle, a perpetual discord between the inner and outward being. Lady Head has not yet arrived, her voyage having been very long; but she is hourly expected, to the Governor's great joy, and to me it will make no slight difference.

On May 26 Mrs. Jameson writes to Mr. Noel, from Toronto:

Your picture and the Z——'s hang on each side of mine in the little drawing-room where I write, many thousand miles from you both, and, God help me! from all I love in the world. Your wish that I might find here a sphere of happiness and usefulness is not realised. I am in a small community of fourth-rate, half-educated, or uneducated people, where local politics of the meanest kind engross the men, and petty gossip and household cares the women. As I think differently from Mr. Jameson

on every subject which can occupy a thinking mind, I keep clear of any expression (at least unnecessary expression) of my opinions. He is now Chancellor of the Province, and, having achieved the first judicial office, can go no higher; he has much power, and also luckily much discretion, and a very determined intention to keep well with all men, and lead a peaceful life. Is not this wisdom? It is not exactly my wisdom, but I shall not contend with what cannot be altered; neither will I endure what neither duty nor necessity require me to endure. I shall be in England about October or November next. The winter has been beyond measure dreary and lonely; but one of the objects of my coming will be, I think, accomplished, and my future life more easy, and my conscience clear. It was worth the sacrifice to purchase all I. *can* have of peace and independence for the rest of my days, and what we do from a principle of duty turns out well surely. So I put my trust in God and my own firm will, and 'will not fear what man can do unto me.'

Having thus made up her mind, the coming of summer was doubly pleasant to her, as the moment of enfranchisement. She describes the sudden outburst of the genial season with characteristic grace and enthusiasm:

We have already (she says, June 8) exchanged the bloom and ravishment of spring for all the glowing maturity of summer—we gasp with heat, we long for ices, and are planning Venetian blinds; and three weeks ago there was snow lying beneath our garden fences, and not a leaf upon the trees! In England, when Nature wakes up from her long winter's sleep, it is like a sluggard in the morning; she opens one eye and then another, and shivers

and draws her snow coverlet over her face again, and turns round to slumber more than once before she emerges at last, lazily and slowly, from her winter chamber. But here, no sooner has the sun peeped through her curtains than up she springs like a huntress from the chase, and dons her kirtle of green, and walks abroad in full blown life and beauty. I am basking in her smile like an insect or a bird.

Without laying aside the books which had helped her through the long winter, she began to find that Canada, too, hitherto so dreary, had a beauty and interest of her own, and even to find that, without knowing it, she had found friends in the uncongenial society which seemed so tedious in its first aspect.

It would be pleasant verily (she says) if, after all my ill-humoured and impertinent tirades against Toronto, I were doomed to leave it with regret; yet such is likely to be the case. There are some most kind-hearted and agreeable people here who look upon me with more friendliness than at first, and are winning fast upon my feelings if not on my sympathies. There is considerable beauty around me too. . . . Ontario means 'the beautiful,' and the word is worthy its signification, and the lake is worthy of its beautiful name—yet I can hardly tell you in what the fascination consists. . . . The expanse of this lake has become to me as the face of a friend: I have all its various expressions by heart. I go down upon the green bank, or along the King's Pier, which projects about two hundred yards into the bay; I sit there with my book, reading sometimes, but oftener watching untired the changeful colours as they flit over the bosom of the lake. . . . I am meditating a flight of such serious extent that some

of my friends here laugh outright, others look kindly alarmed, others incredulous.

This was the journey into the least known regions of Canada, the homes of the Indians, which she had resolved upon making as a sort of compensation at once to herself, and to the public at home, for her banishment, before leaving the American continent. The alarm with which her friends regarded this strange resolution, probably unaware of all the inducements which weighed so strongly with her, and the want of love and sympathy which made her house a place which she could not learn to look upon as her home, seems to have been mingled with admiration of her courage and high spirit in the undertaking; and a week later, having just set out on the journey, she repeats her more favourable verdict upon the people she was quitting.

In these latter days (she says) I have lived in friendly communion with so many people, that my departure from Toronto was not what I anticipated—an escape on one side and a riddance on the other. My projected tour to the west excited not only sincere interest but much kind solicitude, and aid and counsel were tendered with a feeling which touched me deeply. The Chief Justice, in particular, sent me a whole sheet of instructions and several letters to settlers along my line of route.

When just on the point of starting she was introduced to an interesting member of the race with

which she was so anxious to become acquainted, an educated Indian woman married to a missionary, whose home was on the far-distant Sault Ste Marie, a place of which Mrs. Jameson says, 'I dare hardly think of as yet; it looms in my imagination dimly descried in far space, a kind of *ultima Thule*;' and this acquaintance she accepted as a happy augury. Then, 'with blessings, good wishes, kind pressures of the hand, and last adieux and waving of handkerchiefs from the door,' she took her leave of Toronto. She had spent about six months in the place in much despondency, loneliness, and suffering; and when we consider how she was going away—alone, with a final conclusion put to all chances or hopes which might ever have been, of a happier personal life, with henceforward nothing but loneliness before her, and this painful chapter of existence painfully over—the few words in which she describes her feelings at this strange moment speak volumes at once as to the relief of this absolute conclusion, and the elasticity and courage of her disposition through whatever trials.

I have not been happy enough in Toronto to regret it as a place, and if touched, as I really was, by the kind solicitude of those friends who but a few weeks ago were entire strangers to me, I yet felt no sorrow. Though no longer young, I am quite young enough to feel all the excitement of plunging into scenes so entirely new as were now opening before me; and this, too, with a specific

object far beyond mere amusement and excitement, an object not unworthy.

The expedition lasted two months, during which Mrs. Jameson penetrated to the depths of the Indian settlements, explored Lake Huron, and saw a great deal of life, Canadian and Indian. The journey is too long, and its adventures too detailed, to be more than mentioned here, especially as the whole story of it may be found in the book on Canada already so largely quoted. The 'Summer Rambles' occupy more pages in this interesting work than the 'Winter Studies;' but these voyagings, so rude, fatiguing, and solitary, are mingled with many a delicate piece of thinking, many a reference to the literature she loved, many a poetical description and interesting incident. One most remarkable and engaging feature I may be permitted to point out; which is, that this journal of travel is from beginning to end a record of my aunt's friendly interest in all about her, made delightful by the happy knack she had of winning confidence and affection in return. Not a homely cottage innkeeper on the rough road, not a driver, be it of 'baker's cart' with or without springs, be it of more ambitious 'wagon,' but has his niche in her memory, and most frequently his story in her pages. The chance emigrant whom she meets in the stage-coach at once secures her atten-

tion, receiving from her a letter of introduction to some one whom she thinks likely to serve him, and an invitation to let her know how he fared. This perpetual stream of human interest brightens the country wherein she moves. It becomes full, not only of beautiful landscapes, but of a strange and novel life, of faces and firesides which we learn to know. Things no doubt have altered much in Canada as elsewhere during the last forty years. But the emigrants and the Indians of those days are all as lifelike in this work as if the story were one of the present day.[1]

During this journey, while moving about among so many new scenes, with so many gleams of pleasure among her fatigues, arrangements were going on for her final separation from her husband, and the establishment of her future independence. I cannot be clearly certain whether she returned to Toronto at all, though there seems a likelihood that for a short time she did so; but from the time when she left that town no further personal communication took place between the ill-suited pair. All their intercourse thenceforward was carried on by correspondence, which grew less and less frequent, until it became the merest matter of form, and ceased altogether some years previous to Mr. Jameson's

[1] In 1852 Messrs. Longman published a reprint, revised, and I believe curtailed, of this book, under the title of *Rambles among the Red Men.*

demise in Canada in 1854. Before her final departure from America early in the year 1838, legal papers had been drawn up, assuring to Mrs. Jameson an allowance of three hundred a year; and in a letter dated Toronto, September 21, 1837, in reply to her request for a letter from her husband, specifying that it was with his full consent and acquiescence that she left Toronto to reside at a distance, and exonerating her from all blame or reproach in the matter, Mr. Jameson wrote:

MY DEAR ANNA,—In leaving Canada to reside among your friends in England or elsewhere, you carry with you my most perfect respect and esteem. My affection you will never cease to retain. Were it otherwise I should feel less pain at consenting to an arrangement arising from no wish of mine, but which I am compelled to believe is best calculated for your happiness, and which therefore I cannot but approve.

While these negotiations were pending, Mrs. Jameson was staying in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, with Miss Sedgwick at Stockbridge, and among other American friends dearly cherished in memory long after her return to Europe. On December 12 she writes to a friend:

I have been on the eve of departing for Europe during the last six weeks, but delayed by some legal papers and writings which are to settle my future fate and income, &c. and which are to be signed and sealed before I depart. When your letter reached me I was spending a few days

at a most beautiful village in New England, Stockbridge by name, with the most distinguished woman as writer and moralist America has yet produced—Miss Sedgwick. She is one who is working gently but courageously for her sex and for humanity, but her best works being calculated more particularly for this country are not likely to be popular elsewhere. Thence I went to Boston, where I spent nearly a fortnight very pleasantly, and saw much of Dr. Channing, the good, the wise, the great. Don't you envy me? We will have everlasting talks of him when we meet. I heard him preach—like an apostle! Of all the places I have yet visited in this wide land, Boston pleases me best. It seems to have pleased Harriet Martineau least. There are fine things in that book of hers, are there not? Though some of the people here would, I believe, burn her alive at the stake, there are others, the most conscientious and the best informed, who allow all its value and all its truth.

I may here put in an interesting little episode about one of the local preachers of original character and primitive eloquence, so characteristic of America, whom she met on this visit to Boston.

When I was at Boston I made the acquaintance of Father Taylor, the founder of the Sailors' Home in that city. He was considered as the apostle of the seamen, and I was full of veneration for him as the enthusiastic teacher and philanthropist. But it is not of his virtues or his labours that I wish to speak. He struck me in another way—as a poet; he was a born poet. Until he was five-and-twenty he had never learned to read, and his reading afterwards was confined to such books as aided him in his ministry. He remained an illiterate man to the last, but

his mind was teeming with spontaneous imagery, allusion, metaphor. One might almost say of him—

> He could not ope
> His mouth, but out there flew a trope.

These images and allusions had a freshness, an originality, and sometimes an oddity, that was quite startling; and they were generally, but not always, borrowed from his former profession—that of a sailor.

One day we met him in the street. He told us in a melancholy voice that he had been burying a child, and alluded almost with emotion to the number of infants he had buried lately. Then, after a pause, striking his stick on the ground and looking upwards, he added: 'There must be a storm brewing when the doves are all flying aloft.'

One evening, in conversation with me, he compared the English and the Americans to Jacob's vine, which, planted on one side of the wall, grew over it and hung its boughs and clusters on the other side, 'but it is still the same vine, nourished from the same root.'

. . . . . .

In his chapel all the principal seats in front of the pulpit and down the centre aisle were filled by the sailors. We ladies and gentlemen and strangers whom curiosity had brought to hear him were ranged on each side; he would on no account allow us to take the best places. On one occasion, as he had been denouncing hypocrisy, luxury and vanity, and other vices of more civilised life, he said emphatically: 'I don't mean you before me here,' looking at the sailors; 'I believe you are wicked enough, but honest fellows in some sort, for you profess less, not more than you practise. But I mean to touch starboard and larboard there!' stretching out both hands with the fore-

fingers extended, and looking at us on either side till we quailed.

The friendship referred to on a previous page, which my aunt formed with Miss Sedgwick at this period, was one of the warmest of her life. The few letters of their correspondence which have fallen into my hands are full of expressions of affection, and show a confidence on Mrs. Jameson's part in her friend's interest in all that concerns her, which proves how entirely their sympathy was mutual. The first I find is the following, dated from Philadelphia, where she was awaiting a summons to New York. It is dated 'from Fanny's[1] writing-table this 22nd of December,' and bears testimony to the rapid growth of the friendship which was maintained intact through a long series of years between Anna Jameson and Catherine Sedgwick:

I cannot allow your niece (Miss Watson) to go to New York without a few lines from me. Though the lines must be few and not worth much—not worth postage at least—yet they will tell you that I love you and think of you, and never do think of you without feeling glad and grateful to have known you, to have you to think of and talk of—for we talk of you, Fanny and I, with cordial sympathy, and wish for you. My visit here, a visit to be long remembered, is drawing to a close. I only wait the arrival of some papers from Toronto, retarded by the late

[1] Mrs. Fanny Kemble.

events in Canada, to return to New York and embark for England. I was going to say for *home*, but I have no home. And yet I have; for where my sweet mother is, there must my heart be also, and there my home. . . . We are just going to town, and here is the carriage, and so farewell, and God bless you; keep me a little wee corner in that good heart. How full it must be, how crammed and crowded, unless it has an india-rubber capacity of extension—has it? Put me somewhere, stick me behind the door, anywhere; but let me in, *et puis nous verrons.*

From on board the 'Quebec,' late in the month of February, Mrs. Jameson again wrote to Miss Sedgwick:

I told you, my dear friend, that if during the voyage I could hold pen or pencil or scribble a word, I would send you my blessing from the midst of the great deep; and from the deep of my heart I do send it you. When I think of you, and of all I gained in your affection, and all I lost in your society, my heart alternately swells with gratitude and sinks with regret. Oh, come to England! but don't come in February. Our voyage is likely to be short, but it has been one of unmingled suffering; first we were driven half-way across the Atlantic in a gale of wind, varied only now and then by a hurricane—not merely what we landsfolk call such, but what the captain himself styled a 'hurricane, blowing awfully, blowing like fury'; without a single sail, for two sails had been blown to tatters, we drove on before the blast at the rate of ten to eleven knots an hour. It was fearful. Yesterday and to-day I am able to lie on the sofa, and just write these words from the corner you in some sort consecrated to me. I am obliged

to lay down my pen and paper at the end of every line, and make but a bad hand of it.

The last time I was on deck was the day on which I parted from you. About four in the afternoon, when the sickly lethargy was fast creeping over me, I was told we were just losing sight of the American shores; so I crawled up and took one last look as they faded away under the western sun, and *in my heart* I stretched out my arms to you for a last embrace, and blessed that land because it was *your* land. Of the next fourteen days I shall say nothing. . . .

God bless you for thinking of 'Rory O'More'! It is delicious. As to its merits as a work I cannot speak, not having my critical wits about me. I only know that I enjoyed it when I could have read nothing else, when, as Rory himself would say, 'the laugh and the life and the spake were out of me quite entirely.' At least the laugh and the life were brought back. I do not enter into all the merit of the 'Pickwick Papers.' I understand the humour and the merit without sympathising with either, and, though I laugh, it is not the heart's laugh; while in the extravagant fun and real racy Irish wit of 'Rory O'More,' there is something which stirs my Irish blood and moves my Irish sympathies in spite of all its sins against taste. As for this Yankee book, 'Sam Slick the Clockmaker,' it is of a very different class; it has amused me infinitely, and displeased me sovereignly. I dislike the spirit in which it is written, it plays discord upon mine; yet surely it is a clever book. Now to-day I have finished the 'Letters from Palmyra,' which have really delighted me. It is an elegant and an eloquent book, but elegance is its chief characteristic; there is rather a want of power and pathos. . . . I only detected two *americanisms*, shall I call them so? Who is this Mr. William Ware? I must ask Mr.

Dewey to tell me something about him. You see I cannot help thinking aloud to you, though I can scarce hold the pen.

*March* 1.—God be praised! we are on the English shore, but I am so ill yesterday and to-day I cannot go on deck. We have what is expressively called 'English weather,' that is, a dull leaden sky, a foggy atmosphere, and a drizzling rain. It reminds me of one of Marryat's stories of an old quartermaster, who, returning from a three years' voyage to the East Indies, and approaching the English shore in weather such as this, looked up into the dull sky and hazy atmosphere, and, sniffing up the damp air and buttoning his pea-jacket over his chest, exclaimed with exultation, 'Ay, this is something like—none of your d——d blue skies here!'

Oh, horrible! within twenty-four hours of Portsmouth and a dead calm—we are motionless. But to-morrow night at farthest we hope to land.

Mrs. Jameson reached England early in the spring. The best account I can give of her condition and state of mind will be in her own words, from a letter addressed to Mr. Noel from London, on May 26, 1838:

I left America in great anxiety about my father, but have found him living and not materially worse, although declining gradually. After my return I was ill for some weeks; I am now as much recovered as I can ever hope to be, but my existence is no more the same. Not that I mean to sit down and despair, but there is nothing left to think about, or hope for, or care for as regards myself; however, I *must* care for my sisters, and help to support

my father and mother, so I work. I brought with me from Canada a diary I kept there about all manner of things—notes on my German studies during the winter; the politics, society, and scenery of Canada; the Indian natives, and my adventures on Lake Huron—all jumbled together. My intention was to have used these notes only as *material*, but I have been persuaded to print the diary in its original state, only with a few omissions; and after a little struggle with myself I acquiesced. The truth is, I have not time, courage, heart, or spirits to write a sensible well-digested book; so they may just take my scraps of thought, and make the best or worst of them. How contemptible, frivolous, old-fashioned, superficial, it will appear to your deep-thinking Germans—they who thought De Staël commonplace and superficial—and what am I to her? Well, never mind, it must go.

## CHAPTER VI.

### 'I HAVE LOVE AND WORK ENOUGH.'

MRS. JAMESON returned to the house of her sister, Mrs. Bate, on her arrival from Canada. The following letter addressed to her beloved American friend, and which indeed is a little antecedent in date to the one given on the previous page, is interesting both on account of the conversation recorded in it, and as giving a glimpse of her own domestic life:

7, Mortimer Street: April 18, 1838.

No, I cannot let this packet sail without a few lines from me, though it be only to tell you that as yet I have not one line from you; and as Miss Fitzhugh has a letter from Fanny Butler of the 9th of March, in which you are not mentioned, what am I to think? Are you not yet with her? Where are you? How are you? I will believe all that is most improbable and impossible, but I will never believe that you have forgotten me. I have heard from all my friends except yourself—my *dearest* friend in that far-off New World—and should better endure any other exception. *Do* write to me. I am now settled with my sister Louisa in Mortimer Street, and am trying to busy myself about my book; but I find it difficult to get my mind together for a continuous effort.

The other day I saw Joanna Baillie; she spoke of you with a kindness and respect which was delightful to me, and looks forward to the pleasure of seeing you when you come to England. She spoke of the pleasure she had received from 'Redwood;' and I am to send her in all haste your last works. I was glad to find her looking better and younger than when I left England. As I had been crying my eyes out over the last volume of Scott's Life, our conversation turned naturally on that subject. She said she was glad the public would at last do some justice to Lady Scott; she said that at the time Scott married, he was not in person a man to please a lady's eye, and had written nothing except one or two ballads. He had neither fortune, fame, or personal advantages, yet Lady Scott, then young, very pretty, and very much admired, had sense enough to distinguish him, love him, and marry him! 'She was no common-place woman,' added Miss Agnes Baillie; 'she managed his house admirably, and made it agreeable to his friends; she was an *excellent* wife.' All this it gave me pleasure to hear from such a source. You have now, I suppose, read the whole work; there is not such a biography in the world. They say Lockhart is going to be married again to a Miss Alexander; but I do not give you this as certain. I am living on quietly; as yet it requires an effort—a strong and painful effort—to go into society, nor have I been anywhere yet, except last night at Mrs. Fitzhugh's to meet Mr. and Miss Sully, whom I think I shall like. My niece, little Gerardine, talks as familiarly of *Miss Sedgwick* as if she had known you all her life. She thinks you must be so good to send her and her little sister such nice books. I wish you could see the riot they make on my bed in the morning, when Gerardine talks of Richard the First, the hero of her infantine fancy, whose very name makes her blush with emotion; and little

Dolly Dumpling (by baptism and the grace of God *Camilla Ottilie*) insists upon reciting 'Little Jack Horner,' who is *her* hero. They are my comfort and delight. Give my love to your dear Kate and all, *all* of you. My heart must be *kilt* quite entirely, as cold as death can make it, before it forgets the Sedgwicks. O, come to England! I am getting some books together to send by Captain Huttledone, whom I know personally; if I do not send a package by one I know, I am afraid you will have to pay duty, and it is not worth while. Now dear friend, dear Catherine, farewell. Perhaps some of these days, if you have patience with me, I shall be able to send you a letter worth reading, but meantime do write to me. ANNA J.

The following letter, addressed to the same correspondent, is interesting from its reference to the most important public event of the moment:

London: June 30, 1838.

Yesterday I saw your friend Dr. Potter, and had at least an hour's talk with him; he has made a very agreeable impression on us all. I have seen several Americans within these two days, and am much amused by their remarks on the coronation of our young Queen. The deportment of the people, the excellent order, the good feeling prevalent everywhere seem to have struck your countrymen; the police, as vigilant as good-humoured, were present to protect, not to coerce, and the military added to the splendour of the spectacle without infringing on the liberty of the people. My heart was with the mob all day. As to the Queen, poor child, she went through her part beautifully; and when she returned, looking pale and tremulous, crowned and holding her sceptre in a manner and attitude which said 'I have it, and none shall wrest it from me!' even Carlyle, who was standing near me, uttered with

emotion a blessing on her head, and *he*, you know, thinks kings and queens rather superfluous. All the rest, if you feel any curiosity on the subject, you will learn in the newspapers; only one thing which has not yet reached these seems to have made a strong impression. The premier Baron, old Lord Rolle, is more than eighty-five, and on ascending the steps of the throne to do homage he stumbled from age and agitation. The Queen, forgetting her dignity and her royal state, started from her throne and stretched out both her hands to help him. This little action against all rule of court etiquette called down a thunder of applause. You see what it is to be a queen! A woman with the common feelings of courtesy and kindness is nothing less than an angel!

Notwithstanding the courage with which she faced the loneliness of her life and the failure of all her hopes of personal happiness, it is evident that the period after Mrs. Jameson's visit to America was full of the disturbed and restless pain of a soul scarcely able to reconcile itself to the burden which it is forced to resume, yet too proud and highspirited to acknowledge its trouble save in the deepest confidence of friendship. A record of this time of despondency will be found in the following letter, also addressed to Miss Sedgwick :

Windsor : August 20, 1838.

On the very day I left London to take up my residence here, Mr. Putnam brought me your letter. You are the dearest, kindest creature in the world—*that* is most certain—thus to find time to write to me in the midst of your

anxieties, distresses, and avocations; but I believe that I am grateful; and then your letters, no matter how short or how long, are sure to contain some word or words which lie on my heart like balm for hours and days afterwards. You have this instinct of benevolence and affection in a degree that no other possesses, no other that I have ever known; how can I but love you dearly? . . . I cannot go to Germany to Ottilie, because my duties keep me here at present. Mrs. Austin, whom I respect and love, and in whose society I find pleasure and sympathy, has the health and interests of a hypochondriac husband and the education of a daughter on her hands. I have no right to her time and thoughts; . . . and, worse than all! *you* are on the other side of the Atlantic, and I have known you only to feel how hard it is to be without you; yet do not think I repine, for in truth I do not. I am not so insensible or ungrateful . . . a more affectionate and devoted family no one could possess. . . . In London, with a large and brilliant circle of acquaintance, I led a distracted heartless life. I thought it right to go on trying to keep up certain social interests and tastes, and I tried in vain; my heart seemed to be drying up and withering away; so I reflected for a week or two, and came here to Windsor. I thought at first of going to Hampstead and taking a house near Joanna Baillie, but I could not find one; and moreover, as they say the little cat that has been scalded dreads fire and water, so I dreaded, with an absolutely morbid terror, any new interest, any new object, and any new *liaison*, which might become habitual, and therefore Hampstead was too near London, and too near that excellent Joanna Baillie, and too near one or two other people who are flatteringly partial to my society while I do not care for theirs. So I cut my tether, and I came down to Windsor, where I have taken a little lodging on the verge of the Great Park, and at the foot of

the hill on which the Castle stands. It is in a very small house, or rather cottage, kept by a superlatively tidy and obliging woman; and here I dwell, work, write, speculate, and am better certainly than at any time since my arrival. And so much for my autobiography—enough of self for the present. I am glad that I can fancy you, with all your present surroundings. The little view of your brother Theodore's house, 'The house in which Catherine Sedgwick was born,' is before me; also the little view of the hills from the window of the inn at Lenox, where we used to sit, and the two pretty views which kind Mr. Minst gave me; and I look at them often, and think how much I have gained in knowing you all, dear people that you are. When you come to England, may not I also help to minister to your brother's comfort? Among the visions to which, child-like, I sometimes yield up my fancy when alone I look up to those vast towers of our kings, is *one* especially, of having you all here at Windsor. To come down as strangers do, to take a hasty dinner and see over the state rooms and pictures, is not to be thought of. Windsor is like nothing but itself in the world. And though you *are* a democrat, the gods have made you poetical. Imagine our pretty young Queen, with all her courtly suite, pouring out of the great gates of the Castle, on most beautiful horses, and sweeping through the avenues and glades of the forest here, the 'Windsor Forest' which is the classic ground of our Shakespeare as well as our Edwards and Henrys. It sounds well, does it not? and really it is a most splendid sight. As to the Queen, she really plays the part to admiration, 'poor little girl!' as Carlyle calls her. I never look at her but with an interest in which some pity is blended. She is, after all, but a pageant, an anomaly; and with so much of kindness of heart and sensibility, what is to become of her? A

great many anecdotes of her *intérieur*, which reach me privately, give me the highest idea of her heart and sense.

I can give you no literary news, for I read nothing, and my pleasure in reading is not what it was. I have no curiosity nor sympathy yet, but it will come back, I suppose. I began to read Prescott's 'History of Ferdinand and Isabella,' which is admirable. With what do you now amuse your dear brother? What are you doing yourself, or about to do? Have you yet begun the tale you mentioned to me, which is to be next in your series? Can I make any arrangement with my publisher for you, by which you might have some share of the profits of the English editions of your books? You are *very* popular here. I sent you, or rather Kate, the third edition of one of them, for I thought it would please her; dear sunshiny Kate! I wish I had her to run over Windsor Castle with me. How I should like to see what impression these things, consecrated in our imagination, foolishly perhaps, would make on a young, fresh, pure, and reflecting mind like hers! What you tell me of F—— pains me; send me better news of her. Why, my dearest friend, should this fair earth of ours be a prison for a spirit like F——'s? There is so much to enjoy, to do, '*to be*,' though much (how much) to suffer. But F—— will and must have trials; and if they are proportioned to her strength and her spirit and her almost unequalled gifts, what then? 'I see, as from a tower, the end of all.' My love, my kindest love to all your dear circle, chickens and all.—Your affectionate

ANNA.

In a letter to her valued correspondent, Mr. Noel, written from Windsor, we find the melancholy and somewhat disturbed solitude of her retirement

varied by negotiations and arrangements of a less personal character. Her friend had lately married an Austrian lady, and the letters written subsequently to this marriage contain a constant record of mutual kindnesses and unfailing sympathy, my aunt having apparently constituted herself a sort of London agent for the young couple to whom she had so much attached herself, sending them newspapers, books, and private news, consulting with them about their prospects, and occasionally lending her aid to some literary undertaking. Nothing could be more delightful than the evidence faintly shadowed forth in these letters (for Mrs. Jameson was as much the reverse of what is commonly called 'gushing' as it is possible to imagine) of the mutual sympathy, support, and constantly interchanged good offices of this trio of faithful friends. Just at this time Mr. Noel had occupied his leisure with a translation from the German, for the publication of which Mrs Jameson entered into treaty with the publisher of her own popular volumes. This and her own Canadian book appear in her correspondence with Mr. Noel in the later autumn of this year.

Saunders & Ottley will, if you like it, publish the paper on Rubens (under the title of 'Peter Paul Rubens, his Life and Genius, from the German of Dr. Waagen, author of "Art and Artists in England"') in a series of articles in the 'Metropolitan;' and if in this form it attract attention, they will subsequently publish the whole at their

own risk, dividing the profits, if any, fairly with you. I would look over and correct it for the press, but after January 20 I shall be busied with my preparations for Germany. I write in haste, for I am going to leave London to-day, and do not return till January 16 or 17. I am going down to Lord Hatherton's.

My book, entitled 'Winter Studies and Summer Rambles,' is out this month, and, I am glad to say, my success is entire, and I have never been so popular as now. There have been one or two most brutal attacks upon me personally from personal motives, which have only called forth stronger expressions of sympathy and approbation. One of the most beautiful letters I have received is from Lady Byron, who, poor soul, is suffering very much.

Another pleasant letter on this subject my aunt received from Miss Martineau, who writes with friendly enthusiasm :

I feel so deeply the support and delight of your sympathy, as shown in your Canada book, that I acknowledge your right to all my thoughts on that set of subjects. I am always recurring in thought to that book. When will your 'Princess Amelia' appear ?

Another tribute of approbation came to her in the charming old-lady letter of Joanna Baillie, dated Hampstead, December 17, with its pretty formality and stateliness :—

MY DEAR MADAM,—A friend of mine sent me the first volume of your 'Winter Studies, &c., in Canada,' thinking I should be gratified by the flattering and friendly notice taken of me in its pages ; and truly she thought right, for

I am very much gratified, and I thank you with all my heart for speaking a good word for me in my old age. Some days after that, a copy of the book was sent to me from Cavendish Square, where it had been lying I don't know how long; there is no writing upon it of any kind to say who sent it. I dare not think it came from yourself, for you have so many friends who have a far better right to expect such a mark of your favour, that it would be quite unreasonable to do so. But I may at any rate thank you for the agreeable amusement of the curious and interesting information we have received from it. You make the reader, both as to your internal world and external, live along with yourself, and an excellent companion we find you. Your book did my sister a world of good, and your animated observations and descriptions delighted her. I have been delighted too as far as I have read, and feel that I have much pleasure still in reserve. Again let me thank you heartily, and believe me very truly and gratefully yours, J. BAILLIE.

Upon the same subject, which evidently occupied much of her thoughts, is the following letter, written from the neighbourhood of Windsor, to her sister Charlotte, thanking her

for the letter dictated by my dear father, and the additions from yourself. It gave me real pleasure. Papa's approbation is expressed with as much elegance as affection. Mrs. Procter writes me that the book is universally relished, and says, 'A fig for reviewers.' 'The men,' she says, 'are much alarmed by certain speculations about women; and,' she adds, 'well they may be, for when the horse and ass begin to think and argue, adieu to riding and driving.' Her letter is very amusing and comical. I

was going to Miss Mitford last week, but I had an express to say her father was seized with a sudden and dangerous illness. I am afraid the good old man (who is seventy-eight) will certainly die, and as she has been his sole companion and support for years, I am very sorry for her.

I may conclude the record of this year by another letter addressed to Miss Sedgwick, and marked by that lady as 'noteworthy.'

Sunninghill, Berkshire: December 15, 1838.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your letter (dated October 23) reached me December 5. I am thankful that it reached me at all, considering what tempests it encountered on its way; but when I look at the date, it is with a sort of pang at the idea of the time and the distance which separates us. I can truly say that the hope of seeing you in England has become the single bright spot in my clouded future; there is nothing else to which I look forward with absolute unmingled pleasure; everything besides is in some way mixed up with doubt and pain. I read your dear kind letter during a sojourn in London. I was there about three weeks, as restless and unhappy as heretofore, and glad to return to my little lodging at Windsor and my solitude. After a fortnight spent alone, I came over here to spend a week or ten days with a family of rich people, who have a fine place in a lovely country; but here I am again a prey to the same painful influences, and all is so uncongenial around me. But pray do not think that I voluntarily throw up the game of life; indeed I do not, and you shall see when you come over how cheerfully I *can* look upon the world. Only I do not like what is called society. You have written me a dear sweet homily, so like yourself. I read it, almost fancying your kind eyes looking into mine.

What shall I say now of myself? You beguile me into most intolerable egotism. At this moment I have fame and praise, for my name is in every newspaper; and I have a dear family who truly love me, and some excellent friends and a list of acquaintance anyone might envy; but in the whole wide world I have no companion. The two or three with whom I could have *companionship* are removed far from me. All that I do, think, feel, plan, or endure, it is *alone*. Now this unhealthy craving after sympathy, with a fastidiousness which makes me shut up from all sympathy which is not precisely that which I like and wish for, is, after all, one of the phases of disease, and as such I must treat it. You think I am not religious enough. I fear you are right; for, if I were, God would be to me all I want, replace all I regret thus selfishly and weakly, and more, if to believe and trust implicitly in the goodness of God were enough; but apparently it is not, and my resignation is that which I suppose a culprit feels when irrevocable sentence of death is pronounced—a submission to bitter necessity which he tries to render dignified in appearance, that those who love him may not be pained or shamed. I am afraid it is thus, and not what it ought to be; only, my dear, dear friend, pray believe that I am not cold or bitter, nor negligent of such duties as are around me. *All* your letter is delightful, like *all* your letters; may they be remembered, every word of them, with your good deeds, for you have given comfort when it was most needed. God knows I have reason to be grateful, in the strongest, holiest sense of the word gratitude.

It rejoices me to hear such a good account of your dear brother; give my kindest love to him, and tell him I will get a budget of news together for him and write him, but he must not think to trouble himself with answering all my effusions, and I will be content to hear through

you, dear Catherine, of his well-being. I am sure a tour in England and a change of scene will do him good. All you say of Fanny is most interesting; the gipsy did not read to me the whole of her tragedy, only a part of it, and that was beautiful, and affected me very powerfully, as I remember. I have a letter from her since her return to Philadelphia, in which she mentions her Georgia winter with no great pleasure. Adelaide Kemble is at Trieste, and poor Mr. Kemble's health so bad that John Kemble and his wife have gone off to him in a hurry. I shall set off for Germany about the end of January, please God, and will go to Adelaide if I see cause. She is a fine, noble creature. Here I am at the end of my scanty paper, and not one of the thousand things said which are in and on my heart. Must I try your eyes by crossing the lines?

The fragment which follows is probably the postscript, not crossed, but written on a separate sheet, to the same letter:

I spent a pleasant morning at the Palace, had luncheon with the lords and ladies in waiting, and the Queen very graciously permitted me to see all the private apartments, and desired Lady Tavistock to show me the picture which Leslie is painting of her; it is the moment of consecration, when she is kneeling at the feet of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and is a very beautiful beginning. It will be exhibited this year. Another artist, who is rather a favourite with her, wished to paint the scene which took place when she was called out of her bed at four in the morning and told that she was Queen of England. He sent a very beautiful sketch of his design, and a petition that she would sit for him. The Queen, after a little struggle with her own good nature, refused, but begged

that he would ask anything else; she added with emotion (to her lady in waiting), 'He may paint such a picture if he likes, but I cannot sit for it; it was too sacred a moment.' I heard many anecdotes, which pleased me much. She seems to be really a right-hearted,[1] thoroughly good little creature. Spring Rice told a friend of mine that he once carried her some papers to sign, and said something about managing so as to give her Majesty less trouble. She looked up from her paper, and said quietly: 'Pray never let me hear those words again; never mention the word trouble. Only tell me how the thing is to be done, to be done rightly, and I will do it if I can.' I do not know whether these little anecdotes will interest you, but surely, though you are so democratical, you will feel for this poor little woman, placed in such an awful position in such awful times. I was afterwards presented to the Duchess of Kent, and had some conversation with Lord Melbourne, who said many pretty things to me about my book. I go to town to spend Christmas Day with my people, the first time for five years; then I am going down to stay at Lord Hatherton's in Staffordshire, and then to Germany, and in April back to England to meet *you*. Such are my projects. Trusting to hear from you, dearest, whenever you can write, and with all kind remembrances to your whole circle, and best love to your dear bright Kate, I am always, your affectionate ANNA.

Early in January 1839, Mrs. Jameson writes as follows from the house of Lord Hatherton, Teddesley Park, Staffordshire, to Mr. Noel:

[1] It must be recollected, as an excuse for this familiarity, that Her Majesty, so long looked up to by a new generation of faithful subjects, was in 1838 a very young and interesting girl, naturally looked upon by older people with an almost pathetic realisation of her inexperience and youth.

The day before I left London, I received your letter of December 19, and brought it down here to answer it forthwith. But a fortnight has since elapsed, and I have not been able to put pen to paper. Several months of harassing work and great anxiety made the change and the perfect leisure of a country life in a house full of agreeable people only too pleasant, and I have abandoned myself to a sort of indolent indifference to all earthly things except the amusement of the passing hour. This does not sound like me, does it? Nevertheless it is true.

I am staying at present with Lord and Lady Hatherton. We have had a large aristocratic party—the Wilmot Hortons, the Earl and Countess of Cavan,[1] the Lady Lambarts and junior Bentincks, Vernons, Bagots, all very gay; but my chief delight has been the society and affection of my *ci-devant* pupil, Hyacinthe Littleton. My book has made me very *notorious*, and I have been praised and abused *à toute outrance*. It is to me already a thing quite past. I have ceased to think of it, and have turned my mind to other things. I see by the papers that I am reviewed in the 'British and Foreign,' but how and in what spirit I know not. Some late articles in that review, particularly that infamous tirade against the Custody of Infants Bill, displeased me mortally.

I saw Lady Byron the very day before I left town, and had a long talk with her. She was more than kind, and her approbation of my views and efforts on some moral points she expressed in a manner that went very near my heart.

The article in the 'British and Foreign Quarterly' had appeared in the January number, and was of a favourable and friendly character. The writer takes occasion to observe that 'Mrs. Jameson

[1] Third daughter of Lord Hatherton.

has always stood alone among the parti-coloured crowd of authoresses, but her fate is in some respects singular. Unlike the generality of those enjoying a solitary and select reputation, she has hitherto passed along her literary career unscathed by contemporary petulance or ill-will. For the credit of human and literary nature, let it be hoped that one cause of an exemption so rare in these days of slander and acrimonious personality lies in the sincerity of mind and purpose everywhere visible throughout her works. . . . There is an instinctive power by which a sincere tongue impresses all sincere hearts with affection, and overawes falsehood into silence or harmlessness; and thus, whether we judge from our own convictions or from popular report, we can fully believe Mrs. Jameson when, in her prelude to her "Characteristics of Women," she tells us that out of the fulness of her own heart has she written; and again when in introducing her "Visits and Sketches" she says: "There is in the kindly feeling, the spontaneous sympathy of the public towards me, something which fills me with gratitude and respect, and tells me to respect myself, which I would not forfeit for the greater *éclat* which hangs round greater names; which I will not forfeit by writing one line from an unworthy motive, nor flatter nor invite by withholding one thought, opinion, or sentiment which I believe to

be true, and to which I can put the seal of my heart's conviction." '

Ample quotations from the work reviewed are given, which need not be repeated here. The whole critique is written, not in an exclusively laudatory, but a carefully appreciative tone. Mrs. Jameson's 'Studies and Rambles,' her winter series of short essays and biographical outlines, and her Indian summer's experiences, are alike recommended to such among the public as may be glad to turn from the harangues of Lord Durham, and the plots of Wolfred Nelson, to rest their minds upon the contemplation of the relics of aboriginal life, and of the scenery of lake, forest, and mountain—a grandeur, antiquity, and extent before which all human strivings and aspirations are rebuked into nothingness. 'It is for such readers,' adds the critic, 'that we have written, and to their best graces do we sincerely commend this last and most variously amusing work of an eloquent and graceful authoress.'

Neither the activity of her mind, however, nor her circumstances, permitted any long interval of quiet to Mrs. Jameson; and very soon after the publication of her Canada book she began to plan another visit to Germany for various motives, one of which was of the kind which appealed to her most warmly—the trouble of a friend. This induced her to make arrangements for setting out at

a very early period of the year, though not without many uncomfortable recollections of the colonial journeys of which she had had so severe an experience. She explains in a letter dated November 24, 1838, her reasons for not delaying her departure until later:

I hope to be in Germany in the beginning of February, and shall be in Dresden for a week or ten days. I have two reasons for undertaking this journey in the winter season (though, indeed, I shiver at the thought). In the first place I must be in London in April next, and the rest of the year is completely cut up by engagements, so that I must either see my German friends in winter or not at all; which last alternative does not suit me in the least. I can never do any good for my poor ——, but I may prevent some evil perhaps. It is quite a hopeless affair, but even for that very reason I cannot, and must not, and will not give her up. I shall spend some little time at Weimar, and then go on to Dresden. I have undertaken to translate the dramas of the Princess Amelia[1] into English for a certain purpose, which you will understand some of these days, for I cannot now explain it. This is the *second* reason for my going to Germany this winter. My poor father yet lives in precisely the same state as when I came in all haste from Dresden five years ago, to see him die, as I then supposed. How much, dear Noel, has passed since then—how many events—how much have I seen! Strange world, is it not? But that I preserve yet, under circumstances and feelings which have gone nigh to crush me and break me down utterly, the cheerful and hopeful temper of my mind, is a thing to thank God for, which I do.

[1] Of Saxony.

In the spring of 1839, during Mrs. Jameson's brief absence in Germany, the family moved from the pretty old-fashioned villa in St. John's Wood to a house in the then new quarter of Notting Hill. On her return, her home continued to be chiefly here with her parents. But her mind was again troubled about many things in connection with pecuniary and family business, as will be apparent from a letter written from London in July to Mr. Noel:

Since I returned to England I have done nothing, made no progress in my own affairs, but have been suffering a martyrdom of vexation and care on account of my family. All has been going wrong, and the exertions and the sacrifices I must make to bring all right again exceed anything I could have anticipated. However, I must go through with it, and with God's blessing I will. I still indulge the hope of seeing you and Germany again next summer. But I must struggle hard for it. England does not suit me, or more properly the way of life to which I must submit in England. The circumstances with which I am surrounded do not suit me, are all against the wants of my individual nature. Never was party feeling so bitter as at this moment, never since the time of the French Revolution. All benevolence, all moral perceptions and feelings seem annihilated by this vile spirit of party. Even this subject of national education is made a party question. I recollect the apathy, public and private, with which this question was regarded six years ago, and am therefore comforted by the manner in which it is now discussed in every circle. All agree that something must be done for the general education of the people, but the Churchmen

wish to keep it as an instrument in their hands, the others insist that it should be the business of the State. What the House of Commons enact, the Lords reject; and I cannot help anticipating the possibility of the Commons voting the Lords useless, as in Cromwell's time. Attention is also drawn to the position of the women by several late publications that have taken up the matter very much in my own way. One beautiful little book has appeared with the title of 'Woman's Mission,' which is, however, so far defective that it considers women *only* in the light of mothers, whereas they have other relations with society. I believe I shall enter the field one of these days. The true position of the woman is the queen of her home, but *home* must become in the eyes of men more sacred than it is now. In short, there is so much to be said that I must not go on.

My American friend, Miss Sedgwick, has been in England, and has made a most favourable impression. Lady Byron in particular was very kind to her.

We are all horror-struck at this moment by the riots in Birmingham—houses burned, people killed. Rather alarming times these! There is an angry spirit among the lower classes in this country, which, united to their brutality, ignorance, and real wrongs, makes me a little apprehensive. But I hope much from the good sense and large amount of property appertaining to the middle classes. I wish myself back in Germany with all my heart. Here I have no leisure to think.

Miss Sedgwick's visit to England, which Mrs. Jameson had looked forward to with so much pleasure, was now over. When she proceeded to the Continent after spending some time in London, Mrs.

Jameson, although not long returned, would willingly have again left England with her had circumstances permitted. But this proved impossible, and the interrupted correspondence was resumed as follows on August 14:

For myself, I am just beginning to collect my strength to work again, for it has been a sad harassing month. I am going down to Richmond to Mrs. Austin for a few days, and also to Mrs. Grote's, in Buckinghamshire. One of the persons I have seen most of since you left me has been Lady Byron, whose fine and truly noble character improves and opens upon me. I feel as if I could love her very much; but it were a bad calculation, for our paths in life are so very different. She speaks of you always with deep respect and interest; and I—certainly it requires all the consciousness of a first duty done to console me for what I lose in not being with you. But I will not be thankless. We had some pleasant hours together, and in my heart rests the conviction that our meeting in London has strengthened and confirmed a friendship which I accept from God as a peculiar mercy, sent to me when I most needed it.

In November Mrs. Jameson writes from Notting Hill to her friend at Florence with a spirited defence of herself from some accusation which cannot now be explained. It referred apparently to her faithful support, in doubtful circumstances, of a friend.

I have not stirred from home for nearly a fortnight until yesterday, when I went to town on business. I have

been correcting the last sheets of my new book, which is to appear soon. I despond about it terribly. . . . As soon as it is published I will rush off to Paris, and leave the cry of criticism behind me. The letter you wrote to me from Frankfort I have never received. I have one from Mme. K——, in which you are mentioned with great distinction. What has she been saying about me or my friends to make you doubtful or anxious on my account? 'What feminine tale hast thou been listening to?' But I can guess, knowing Mme. K—— well. My dear friend, where I am concerned, let me trust that you will listen to your own heart and *to me*, and not to such people as Mme. K——, for whom I have a sincere respect within her own small sphere. Within the bounds of her own mental vision (about the length and breadth of Frankfort) I trust to her judgment and her clearsightedness; beyond those bounds what is she? the merest worldling. Then you add something about my being the champion of my sex, and shadows falling over me. Am I then here to scribble and speak pretty words about women, and what I consider to be the duty of woman to woman, and then, if I see a woman perishing at my feet morally and physically, not stretch out a hand to save a soul alive? And this for fear of *shadows*, of what the Mme. K——s of this world might say of me? Trust to me, dear Catherine, and love me, and never believe I can confound the virtue I honour with profligacy, levity, and folly.

Well! we are all well settled in our new abode, and things go on pretty well; you and yours are ever remembered with pleasure and affection by us all, and your reminiscences of poor St. John's Wood touched my father and mother to the heart. Mrs. Grote, Mrs. Austin, Henry Reeve, Mrs. Procter, Lady Byron, and Carlyle and his wife are among those whom I have seen

lately who speak of you and enquire about you, as if I *ought* to know all concerning you. Lady Byron I have seen frequently, and the more I know her the more I admire her, and would, I think, love her much, for she has a rare heart and mind. But it would not do; a new friend to me is not a new possession, but a new pang, a new separation. May God only spare to me what I have left, and may I not pass my whole life in *absence*, for that seems my fate. My friends, in the proper sense of the word, are very few, and I am doomed to live in separation from them.

Before the year drew to a close Mrs. Jameson's book on Canada was brought out in New York, together with an American edition of the 'Characteristics of Women.' In England appeared a third edition of the 'Visits and Sketches,' but the only fresh literary work Mrs. Jameson had in hand seems to have been what proved to her a pleasant task—the translation of the domestic dramas by the Princess Amelia of Saxony, published the year following under the title of 'Social Life in Germany.'

Meantime her intimacy with Lady Byron increased daily, an intimacy that was to colour her life for years to come. She wrote from Notting Hill, November 24:

Lady Byron and I go on very well indeed; she is most kind to me, and we have long arguments and discussions, sometimes agreeing and sometimes not. We are so different in structure that complete agreement were impossible. It is with her as with every one else I know; my sym-

pathies with her are more entire than hers with me. I dine with her on Friday to meet Dr. Lushington, a man I have long wished to know.

Again, writing of Lady Byron some three weeks later, Mrs. Jameson says:

We go on charmingly together, and I am very much struck by the singular powers of her mind and her very uncommon character. I begin to understand her, and there is scarcely any subject on which I would not speak to her openly, except those of a personal nature. I should not be afraid of startling her by putting cases before her of a questionable nature, and discussing any point whatever in faith and morals.

I am thinking of Italy with hope and also with misgivings. Two things may yet detain me—my poor dear father's increasing illness, and the want of sufficient money. I am hoarding what little I have, but the large sums I have paid for my family this year will cripple my resources next year. My poor father is very weak. I dare not hint at the idea of going away for any time. He is now accustomed to have me near him, and does not like me even to leave the room.

Notwithstanding all which apprehensions and difficulties she did leave England in the following February, with the intention of proceeding direct to Italy; but she got no farther than Paris, whence she was again summoned home by fresh fears for her father's life. She writes from London on March 15, 1840:

When I wrote to you I was on the point of starting for Italy. I was recalled just as I was leaving Paris for Lyons, called home on my poor father's account much in the same manner as at Dresden, and after a painful struggle submitted to fate and duty, for in this world our duties must be our destinies. I am come home in truth to see my poor father die, for I believe there is little chance of his rallying again, though this painful and protracted sinking of all the faculties together may last some weeks longer.

My position is very embarrassing and painful. I am, of course, with my mother; my home is melancholy; I cannot but feel regret for all I have abandoned, though God knows I do not repent.

And a month later there is still the same uncertain state of things:

At present I hardly know what my destiny is like to be; it must wait upon my duty. My wish, my project, is always the same; for you know how tenacious I am when once I rouse myself up to *will* anything strongly. I wish to go to Germany this year, and take my darling little Gerardine with me, but do not see that I can leave my mother while my poor father exists, and how long he is to linger thus is doubtful. He has recovered from a most dangerous attack, which only a week ago left me with little hope of his surviving beyond a few days, and we were prepared for the worst. It is but a reprieve, but he is so wonderfully better that he may go on thus for months. Meantime, though there is much to be done and endured, I cannot say I am unhappy: my mind is very serene, and I am so engrossed by the affairs, and interests, and sufferings of others, I have no time to think about myself. Besides

I have just undertaken a new book, a laborious thing, which will pay me well, and must be finished as soon as possible. . . . Another work of a much more important kind, which has been in my head for four years past, I shall probably finish in Germany.

You may possibly have heard that Charles Kemble has been in town till now, detained by the Queen's command, who wished to see him in some of his principal characters. He has acted admirably, and is at the same time in the very first society in London. I went with Lady Lovelace to see him play Hamlet, and was wonder-struck by the vigour, the grace, and the exquisite truth of the personification.

The laborious work to which Mrs. Jameson alludes in the latter part of this letter was the compiling of an elaborate *catalogue raisonné*, or companion and guide to the various private art collections to which the public obtained admission in London, such as the Ellesmere and Grosvenor Galleries, and the collections of the Queen and Sir Robert Peel. Although this was the first of her contributions to art-literature, the name of Mrs. Jameson as an earnest student and connoisseur was already sufficiently well known to insure her every possible facility and consideration on the part of the noble owners of art collections. In the course of the year 1841, the 'Companion' appeared in separate and collected form, and was, I believe, a successful speculation for the publisher. A few letters are still extant referring to this work, having a special

interest belonging to them, and which I therefore venture to insert here; taking first in order, although not first in date, a letter from the Hon. Amelia Murray, dated Buckingham Palace, August 2, 1842 :—

MY DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—I sent down a petition after you left me yesterday, that the Queen might give me an opportunity of speaking to her in the course of the afternoon. Although much hurried, she saw me for a few minutes, and listened with evident pleasure to the little explanations which you wished made respecting the catalogue, and read your few words in the title-page with one of her sweetest smiles. She then said, 'Pray thank Mrs. Jameson for me *very much*.' She stood for a few minutes quietly turning over the leaves, and glancing her eye over some of the descriptions. I then remarked that, Her Majesty having been so gracious in her frequent permissions to me to take Mrs. Jameson into the gallery, I was particularly anxious to present the fruit of those visits with my own hand. 'Ah, exactly!' she said, and, making me a graceful kind of half bow, half curtsey, which she sometimes does when she is pleased almost in a playful manner, she ran lightly off with the book in her hand, as if she was going to show her treasure to the Prince.

I describe this little scene exactly, and I am sure you have every reason to be gratified by the *manner* in which your offering was accepted. With the Queen everything depends upon the expression of her countenance to those who know how to read it. She endeavours to receive what is offered to her in a right spirit graciously, but when it is only the *intention* and not the gift which has any value to her, she says a few kind words with an unconscious look

of indifference at the article she has to receive; *so* she regarded a certain diamond necklace and ornaments I once saw brought to her from the Imaum of Muscat, but I was gratified to see that your catalogue elicited one of her beaming smiles, such as are rarely bestowed save upon her own husband. Few are yet sensible what a fascinating creature she is! The perfect truth and simplicity which are united to such depth and strength of character give an interest to every look and a charm to every word she utters. But I must stop. If I once allow my feelings full vent in speaking of my dear young mistress, I know not how to stop; and most people believe me but a courtier after all. But I think, my dear Mrs. Jameson, you know me well enough to believe that it is indeed 'out of the fulness of the heart' that the pen writeth, and that only a hearty appreciation of the character could make me admire my Queen as I do.

This letter should, perhaps, have followed rather than preceded the next in due regard to dates, as it alludes to the royal reception given to the complete work, whereas these are letters written while the catalogues were in progress. The translation of Dr. Waagen's 'Life of Peter Paul Rubens' by Mr. Noel, with Mrs. Jameson's introduction and notes, had appeared in the spring, and Sir Robert Peel's letter refers to this work also:

*Whitehall, May* 5, 1840.—Sir Robert Peel presents his compliments to Mrs. Jameson, and is much obliged by her kind attention in sending to Sir Robert Peel the work on Rubens, which Sir Robert Peel has read with great interest and satisfaction.

Almost every picture of the Dutch and Flemish school in Sir Robert Peel's collection (indeed he believes every one) is described in the work of Smith and Waagen. He will send Mrs. Jameson the references to the pages of Smith's work in which his pictures are referred to, and thus probably save Mrs. Jameson some trouble.

He will send also an account of the portraits he has by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which are not mentioned by Smith.

Mrs. Jameson shall have every facility of access to the pictures, and as Sir Robert Peel may probably again leave town with his family for a few days, he will apprise Mrs. Jameson of the period, as she would then incur no risk of being interfered with. If Mrs. Jameson should wish to see them at an earlier time, he can easily make arrangements for the purpose.

Lord Lansdowne writes :—

MY DEAR MADAM,—I have, since I had the pleasure of seeing you, made two very pretty acquisitions, the last I mean to indulge in for some time to come; and if you happen to come into town any morning, one of them, I am sure (being a 'Leonardo da Vinci,' and as true a one at least as any that exists in this country), you would consider, cataloguing apart, as repaying you for the trouble of a call.

I shall be in town and at home about eleven o'clock every morning for the rest of the week, but will leave directions, if I am out, for you to be shown the 'Leonardo' and the 'Both.'

I have been favoured with the following memorandum from Mrs. Grote, in which an account is given

of a journey taken in the interest of this work. I quote this little contribution as it stands, though only a portion belongs to the real course of the narrative, as an additional testimony of regard from one of my aunt's distinguished contemporaries.

*Memorandum concerning my Ancient Relations with the late Anna Jameson,* née *Murphy. Feb.* 8, 1878.

As far as my memory serves, my acquaintance with Mrs. Jameson must have begun somewhere about the year 1837. She was then living with her sisters, at their house on Notting Hill. Mrs. Jameson was introduced to me by the Kemble family, Mr. Henry Reeve, Mr. Henry Chorley, and Mrs. Procter being our common acquaintances. She was then employed in literary composition of various kinds. Mrs. Jameson devoted her talents more to art than to any other subject at the time I am speaking of. She had a superior understanding, was possessed of great energy of character, and was a favourite with us all.

Mrs. Jameson was not fortunate in her marriage—in fact, she and her husband never lived together. He occupied a comfortable position as Attorney-General of Canada, allowing his wife a small annuity.

Feeling desirous of promoting her views in connection with the literature of art, I invited Mrs. Jameson to accompany me in my own postchaise on a journey of 150 miles which I was about to make, in the summer of 1840. The object of this journey was to pay a visit to my friend the Rev. Sydney Smith, at his parsonage in Somersetshire; but I intended to take the opportunity of seeing several collections of pictures which lay on my track to the West. I first halted at Wilton House, to pay my respects to my old friend Lady Pembroke, and Mrs. Jameson profited by

this good chance to look attentively over the pictures contained in that noble mansion.

After leaving Wilton, we travelled to Stourhead, putting up for two nights at the pleasant little inn adjoining the grounds of Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart. Several hours were spent in looking through the collection of pictures and antiquities at this well-known country seat, Mrs. Jameson making notes of the most interesting portions for future use.

We proceeded next to Combe Florey (the chief object of my journey, as has been said), Mrs. Jameson going to stay with a friend not very far from Taunton, and rejoining me at Mr. Sydney Smith's after my week's visit. We posted thence to Bristol, for the purpose of seeing the fine collection of pictures at Leigh Court, the residence of Mr. Miles.

From Bristol we proceeded by the great Bath road to Chippenham, in order to visit thence the collection of the Marquis of Lansdowne, at Bowood, which visit afforded Mrs. Jameson, as well as myself, great pleasure and instruction. Mrs. Jameson always felt and expressed a lively sense of my kindness in affording her these valuable opportunities of adding to her artistic experiences; and I must confess that her conversation and cheerful temper added sensibly to the enjoyment of my own excursion. Mrs. Jameson was much at our house in London during the years 1840, 1841, 1842, and 1843. After this date our intercourse became less frequent, from various explainable causes, though I never had reason to alter my opinion of her merits. She was always at work, striving to promote the comfort and welfare of others; and, after the death of her father, her strenuous endeavours were mainly directed to the maintenance and education of her niece, Gerardine, to whom she was fondly attached.

Mrs. Jameson became intimately connected with the late Lady Byron, and was so engrossed with that lady's family and concerns that she ceased to maintain several of her old social connections for some years. I myself almost lost sight of her, and scarcely recollect any particulars of her personal course beyond the publication of her work on Sacred Art. She passed a long time in Italy about that period, I believe.

I hope some suitable memoir may be forthcoming, ere long, of this clever, amiable, and benevolent woman, of whom no one could ever speak in any other terms than those implying admiration of her talents and esteem for her personal character.

H. GROTE.

P.S.—I regret to have destroyed all Mrs. Jameson's letters to myself (and that within the last five years), along with many other letters far less interesting.

That, notwithstanding all such sympathy and encouragement, the actual labour demanded by the task undertaken was almost too much for the strength of the compiler, is evidenced by the following letter written from Notting Hill on November 17:

I believe I told you that I had undertaken a new book called a 'Companion to the Galleries of Art.' It has proved a most laborious affair; the research and accuracy required have almost beaten me, and I am not easily beaten. It is a sort of thing which ought to have fallen into the hands of Dr. Waagen, or some such bigwig, instead of poor little me. Add that being at some distance from town, and without any near assistance, sympathy, or

companionship, my difficulties have been much increased by circumstances. I am to receive 300*l.* for it (one volume), and I expect it will be finished by next February. The printing has begun, and what with preparing MS., hunting dates and names through musty ponderous authorities, travelling to the British Museum, wearing out my eyes over manuscript or ill-printed catalogues, and correcting the press to keep up with the printers, the most irritating thing possible, I have never one moment of leisure in the week. I am hunted by care from the moment I rise till I go to rest. Then I must devote some part of my day to my poor father, who still drags on a sort of half-existence; and my family in other respects are a source of deep anxiety. I do not tell you all this, dear Noel, by way of complaint, but simply of excuse. No reason have I to complain. My health is excellent in general, except that I suffer from my eyes. My mind is quite serene; and if I have ceased to live for myself, or think of happiness, I have not ceased to hope; and my first hope, that to which I hold fast through everything, is to go to Germany for a couple of years. This, if I live, I will do, and so much for my own history—finis.

Lady Byron, I grieve to say, is yet at Paris, where she has been very ill. I miss her inexpressibly. She has taken to me kindly, and the more I know her the more I love her. It is one of the most singular minds and characters that ever fell under my contemplation, and the effect which retirement from the world and sorrow have had on the original texture, is to me a perpetual source of interest.

In the following year Mrs. Jameson undertook for the columns of the 'Penny Magazine' a series of articles on the early Italian painters that attracted

much attention to, and rapidly increased the circulation of, that periodical at the time, and, when published in 1845 in one small volume, became one of her most popular works. The 'Athenæum' of August 16 of that year has an article on this little book, highly commending its price (one shilling) and its scope—the artistical education of the masses.

Later, when the copyright passed into Mr. Murray's hands, Mrs. Jameson revised the whole, and editions were published in 1858 and 1859; and again in 1868, years after the active pen of the writer was stopped for ever, another edition was found advisable. I believe this to have been the only work of my aunt's translated into the French language. In 1862, Messrs. Hachette, of Paris, published 'La Peinture et les Peintres italiens,' rendered into French by M. Ferdinand Labour. The translator's preface concludes with these words:

La critique anglaise, quelquefois un peu dépourvue d'imagination, est presque toujours empreinte d'un rare bon sens; souvent érudite, elle méprise le clinquant et entre dans des détails pratiques et techniques fort utiles.

C'est persuadé d'avoir trouvé ces qualités sérieuses dans le livre de Mrs. Jameson, que j'ai entrepris la traduction de la 'Vie des Peintres italiens.' Mrs. Jameson parle des arts en Anglaise qui examine tout avec scrupule, en femme qui aime passionnément la peinture, en touriste qui, ayant beaucoup vu et beaucoup voyagé, n'est nullement exclusive; en érudite qui, ayant immensément lu, com-

pare les opinions de tous avant de faire valoir les siennes. Cependant la réunion de ces différentes qualités ne ferait pas encore du livre de Mrs. Jameson un livre d'une lecture facile et agréable, commode à consulter dans un salon, tel enfin que bon nombre de personnes qui, sans être artistes, aiment cependant les arts sans trop vouloir les approfondir, avaient le droit de l'exiger, si Mrs. Jameson n'avait été avant tout un écrivain d'un tact exquis, d'un goût parfait, qui juge les peintres en véritable connaisseur et en parle en femme de monde.

The series of dramas illustrative of 'Social Life in Germany,' published under that title, and translated from the German of the Princess Amelia of Saxony, came out this year, but was not, I believe, a success, pecuniarily speaking; nor did any of the plays, however in themselves pleasing and characteristic, prove to be adapted, as Mrs. Jameson had been encouraged to expect, for the tastes and requirements of an English audience.

The success of the 'Companion to the Private Galleries' induced Mrs. Jameson to arrange with Mr. Murray for the issue of a work in similar form under the title of a 'Handbook to the Public Galleries in and near London.' This came out in January 1842, and the 'Athenæum' early in the following month dedicated its leading article to a favourable review of Mrs. Jameson's 'Handbook,' giving abundant extracts and a large meed of praise, and concluding by describing it as 'one of the best

executed works which has been turned out in these days of broken literary promises and unperformed literary duties.'

The autumn of 1841 Mrs. Jameson had spent in Paris, studying early art in all its forms for the work above alluded to, and also with an eye to the more important work still, which had been for years in contemplation. To her sister Charlotte she wrote :

The great event of my life here has been the meeting with Rio.[1] I have introduced him to Mrs. Forster, and to her son-in-law, M. de Triqueti, and all parties are so delighted with each other that I have had cordial thanks on both sides for being the means of making them known to each other. M. de Triqueti is a fine artist, a sculptor, and altogether an admirable creature. He had previously fallen in love with Rio's book, and now I think it will prove an eternal friendship. I am in the Louvre every day *at least*, studying, and that so carefully that I am not yet beyond the Italian school in the *Salle des Tableaux*, nor beyond the first room in the *Galerie des Dessins*, and I have not set foot in the Gallery of Sculpture. I have twice been at the Louvre with Rio and De Triqueti at my elbow, and have profited accordingly. I have only been to the Opera once, and I am going to see 'Rachel' to-night, and this, I think, comprises my whole history since I have been here.

Of M. de Triqueti Mrs. Jameson also wrote about this time to her friend Noel, saying :

[1] Author of *La Poésie chrétienne.*

I have made the acquaintance of a sculptor here, who more than any other being I ever met with, one excepted,[1] fulfils my idea of an *artist*; nay, he is *more* artist, perhaps, but less robust in mind, and with a narrower circle of faculties, but as an artist exquisitely endowed. His name is Henri de Triqueti; he is happily married, has children, is independent, exists but for his art and his affections. You will hear of him some day; he has done such beautiful things! This artist, and a very agreeable and accomplished literary woman, Italian by birth, are my only new acquisitions. I do not like new things of any kind, not even a new gown, far less a new acquaintance, therefore make as few as possible; one can but have one's heart and hands full, and mine are. I have love and work enough to last me the rest of my life.

I have read the accounts of your somnambulist, and am much interested; but I am still incredulous, because I have not yet seen anything which has forced conviction on me, and in this case nothing but seeing is believing. No experiments on myself have succeeded, and none that I ever witnessed have satisfied me. When I am with you at Rosawitz, we will enter on the subject, and you shall convince me, for I am open to conviction. The mere contemplation of the subject, with all its possible bearings and results, strikes me with perplexity, wonder, and awe.

Mr. Noel has appended a note to this letter, in which he states that the somnambulist above referred to was a so-called *ideo-somnambulist*, and had

[1] I believe she here alludes to their mutual friend, the sculptor, Henry Behnes Burlowe, whose career had been cut short during the fearful cholera season in Rome, 1837, and whose remains were interred in the Protestant cemetery there.

never been subjected to experiments. When at a later period Mrs. Jameson was made acquainted with the singular phenomena which had been observed, she was very much interested in the case.

One more letter of hers I have found of this date, addressed to her favourite youngest sister, her dearly loved 'little Charlotte,' giving, as usual in all her charming home letters, details that bring her inner simplicity of life and character before us:

A thousand thanks (she writes) for your most welcome comfortable letter! I go on much more quietly, and mind my business more effectually, when I am at ease about my dear home, though, in the excess of my self-conceit, I wonder how papa can possibly exist without 'his little Anna.' I begin to be uneasy about my letters, those which are lying at home for me; and if, dear Charlotte, you *could* take them down to Mrs. Montagu, and ask her if she could forward them by Count de Revel, it would be a comfort to me. I think they might be made up into two packets, and so forwarded; but to pay ten or twelve shillings postage I cannot afford, for my money is going fast, and I must keep what will take me home. My time goes, as usual, in the Louvre, and making notes, and buying old books about the saints and the Fine Arts, in which only I have been rather extravagant.

Monday last I went to Versailles, breakfasted there with M. and Mme. Rio, and then spent the day at the Palace, walking through it rather than seeing anything particular. I must go again and examine more carefully the historical portraits, of which there are five hundred or more.

Can you find out when Adelaide Kemble makes her *début* at Covent Garden?

After this period of study and research, Mrs. Jameson returned to London for the Christmas of 1841. The words from her own letter, which I have ventured to place at the head of this chapter, describe the actual condition of things with her better than any other words could possibly attempt to do. The work was incessant and laborious, but the love was of that gentle domestic kind which makes little show of itself, and is in very few instances so complete a sustenance for the heart as it proved in her case. To few persons well on in the course of middle life would the clinging affection of mother and sisters, the adoration of a sick and sometimes exacting father, to whom this woman, already conscious of the pressure of years on her own head, was still his 'little Anna,' be 'love enough' to console for all the deprivations of fate. But it is well to have an instance now and then that family affection is capable of bearing even such a test. Literary women have had at all times a large share of the easy ridicule of the inconsiderate, and have been often held up to the admiration of the world as 'emancipating' themselves from common ties. How many among them have been the support and stay of their families, the one bread-winner upon whom many helpless or disabled relatives depended, it is not

for me to say; though I believe the number is out of all proportion to that of family benefactors in any other class. But I may be permitted, as a member of this individual family in question, to say how entirely it hung upon this one gifted daughter, who loyally stood by every member of it in all their difficulties, and kept the household roof sacred, and had nothing so much at heart as to secure its happiness. This was my aunt's first thought at all times, and with all the recollections which my memory cherishes of her love and tenderness, the sense that amid the impoverishments of her life she still had 'love enough' to strengthen her for the heat and burden of the day is to myself inexpressibly touching, and cannot be without interest, it seems to me, to all sympathetic minds.

This family life, however, was about to receive a melancholy check and change. The father, who had been a source of so much anxiety for many years, and whose danger had already more than once called her from the midst of serious occupations and interests, which she had never hesitated to resign at this call, had now reached the end of his lingering malady, and died a few months after her return from France, in March of the year 1842, leaving the mother and two sisters altogether dependent upon Mrs. Jameson's care. Of a loss so natural, so long expected, and now so far back in the

mist of years, there is very little more than the fact to record; but I may quote here a letter of Miss Martineau's on the subject, which gives a gratifying tribute to my grandfather's powers as an artist, and at the same time represents the writer herself in a more friendly and amiable light than her posthumous reflections upon all her friends have left upon her memory now. The letter is written from her sick-room, before the cure which made so much noise in the world, and is dated March 26, 1842:

For weeks I have wanted to write to you, but I have been too ill to write to anybody, except necessary notes in pencil. When I mention blistering and salivating, I shall have said enough. I hope I am at last rising to my usual state, but I should have waited much longer if I had not heard, first of your increased distress about your father, and now of his release. I cannot but hope that you will all soon feel peaceful because he is at rest. Long, long has been his and your suffering, and your present blank will soon be filled up with a grateful sense of rest for him and for yourselves. I and mine had an interest in him besides his being your father. He knew from us how everlastingly obliged we felt to him for the precious likeness he made for us of our most beloved brother, who died in 1824. Mr. Murphy was interested in him, as everybody was, and proved it by presenting his very soul in the portrait. Never was there a truer likeness; and the comfort and pleasure it has been to all of us ever since, no words can tell.

I hope Mr. Murphy was able to know of the success of your 'Handbook.' How pleased I was to see the

'Athenæum' notice of it, and some others! It must be about as difficult a work to do well as one could set himself to, requiring a variety of powers of knowledge, and thoroughly good judges seem to think you have done it.

Yet, in spite of Miss Martineau's congratulations on the success of the 'Handbook,' her sympathies were not heartily with Mrs. Jameson's art labours at any time. Art was no weakness of hers, and in a letter dated shortly before, she had written *à propos* of this very work: 'Do have done with your mechanical work as soon as you can, and give us more of your own mind. Till then I rest on your Canada book, which is very dear to me.'

The only other record I find of her father's death is contained in the following letter to Miss Sedgwick, who by this time had returned to her home in Massachusetts.

It is long since I have written to you, dearest Catherine, long since I have heard from you. One might as well have one's friend in heaven as across the Atlantic. I know not what has come over me of late. I try to be cheerful and see things from a bright point of view; but do you remember what I once, and more than once, have said to you, that absence and partings have been the curses of my existence? I am afraid I have neither religion enough, nor philosophy enough, nor youth enough, nor life enough, to exist through faith in the absent and the distant and the invisible; and when I take up the pen to write to you, I am so painfully struck by the hopelessness of our separation in this world, that I could almost throw

it down again with an '*à quoi bon?*' And then the past comes over me again, and I see your kind, affectionate face before me, and I feel that I cannot *afford* to be forgotten by you, my good and dear friend.

When I wrote to you last, my father's life was fast hurrying to a close. About a fortnight later he died. You know all this, perhaps, and you ought to have heard it from myself. But—I know not why or how it was—I *could* not write. I had prepared you for it, and I knew you would hear it. There was terrible previous suffering, a long, gradual agony; but the last few hours were peaceful and without pain. He was conscious, and his mind and affections alive, till within twenty-four hours of his death. I have since had much to arrange, and am now in the midst of trouble and perplexity; but all will be clear before me soon.

Of our mutual friends here Mrs. Grote has spent the winter abroad, and returned home only within these few days, looking thin and worn, but her mind full to overflowing, and her heart as warm as ever. Mrs. Austin is settled at Dresden. My principal comfort through all the misery of the last six months has been in the constant kindness and affection of Lady Byron. When I run over thus the list of my friends, and add my mother and family, can you not imagine with what feelings I contemplate the expediency of going to Germany? The parting with Lady Byron will cost me most it will be a pang, a wrench, like an uprooting.

## CHAPTER VII.

### FRIENDS.

MR. MURPHY'S death made several family changes possible and expedient. Her mother and sisters became now Mrs. Jameson's chief care. The house which they had occupied at Notting Hill was given up, and the family established themselves in a smaller house at Ealing. During all this time her own desire to go abroad for some years had never been abandoned, as the frequent allusions, and, indeed, perpetual plans and preparations, show; and the new habitation was chosen rather for the comfort and quiet of the family than for her own. Possibly the near neighbourhood to Lady Byron's house, Fordhook, had suggested the choice of the then small village of Ealing as a residence to which she herself might come to rest from time to time.[1] But her fixed plan was to go to Germany and Italy. She had, indeed, many inducements for

[1] Lady Byron quitted Fordhook for Esher in the course of this year.

this much-desired journey; not only the desire to meet once more friends to whom she was warmly attached, but the intention of preparing more adequately for the work she had been for a long time turning over in her mind, the series of volumes that proved the most important undertaking of her life, her books upon 'Sacred and Legendary Art.'

But delay after delay intervened, and the scheme of travel she had at heart was not even commenced till three years later.

I will endeavour here to give some idea of the friendships which were the solace of my aunt's life at this period of her career. By right of age, and because of the great reputation as a poet which was once so willingly conceded to her, and which it is now so difficult to realise, the first is Mrs. Joanna Baillie, from whom (in addition to the one already given) I may quote one or two letters, in which the kind, courteous, sensible old Scotch gentlewoman is more apparent than the poet. On one of my aunt's visits to Hampstead, shortly after this time, she took me, then a child, and just beginning to enter upon the privilege I afterwards enjoyed more fully of going with her wherever she went, as her companion.

The idea of going to see the authoress of 'De Montfort' and 'Basil,' the tragic verse that had fed my childish fancy for the mysterious and poetical, was in itself somewhat awful. But when

we reached the little house in which the sisters lived, I am not sure that the relief with which I found myself nestling to the side of a gently-smiling, white-haired old lady, whose dignity could condescend to amuse her child-visitor with tales of the second sight and thrilling ghost stories which she had heard from Sir Walter Scott, all-puissant authority to her small listener, was not slightly tinctured with disappointment. It was a disillusion to an imaginative child, fed upon poetry from her earliest years, to find one whom she had heard spoken of as a great poet, only, after all, a kind old lady, though one of the kindest of the kind. The other old lady of the house, the Sister Agnes, to whom Mrs. Joanna devoted her tenderest care, and who sat by the fireside, wearing, always, the quaintest of black bonnets, was a bewildering figure, and occupied a large place in the confused recollections of the visit so much looked forward to.

*Now*, indeed, the fact of having spent a day at Hampstead with Joanna Baillie, comes back to the memory as one of the pleasantest recollections of a lifetime; the simplicity, in itself heroic, of the poet and her surroundings, can be appreciated better than at that early age when the ideal appeared somewhat trenched on by the real, and the tragic muse in domestic life suffered some loss of starry effulgence.

The letter which I quote is dated November 1842, and shows us something of the other friend to whom both the writer and her correspondent clung so affectionately, and of their feelings towards her:

MY DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—I thank you for your very kind note received yesterday, along with a short despatch from Lady Byron, and some very mournful letters from America, informing me of the death of Dr. Channing. I would scarcely write to you now, were I not afraid that you might have left Esher if I delayed. The verses you have been kind enough to transcribe for me are beautiful,[1] and were they found among any new version of Wordsworth's poems, they would be very much admired. The leading thought that runs through the whole is true and striking, and, I think, original. Yet I have verses of hers that I like still better. She is, 'take her for all in all,' a very extraordinary creature. The lines on your portrait by your father I shall be very glad to see, and in looking at the miniature itself I will take my chance of all the changes you threaten me with. A looking-forward face has the advantage no doubt in expression, but your looking-back face has gained in variety what it may have lost in eager anticipation, and we have no right to find fault with it at all.

I must now return to what has for hours past most occupied my thoughts, the loss we have all sustained in the death of that highly gifted and excellent man. He has done the present generation much good, and, had he been spared in the world, might have done much more.

[1] This refers to a little poem by Lady Byron.

The brightness of his character had a sweetness belonging to it akin to the beings of a better world, to which he was constantly pointing the way. Miss Sedgwick has given me some account of his last illness, and it was very kind in her to write, for her eyes are so weak she is forbid to do so, and she has had great affliction from deaths in her own family.

The account you give of your friend Miss Martineau is very interesting, and one cannot but admire her more than ever, bearing up so nobly under circumstances that would have depressed almost everyone else. I feel myself greatly flattered by her kind remembrance. Little did I think during that last short visit how much suffering lay before her, and that we (for so it must be) should never meet again.

I have already referred several times to the enthusiastic friendship which had sprung up between my aunt and Lady Byron. Almost all the leisure she had from her many occupations was spent with Lady Byron, either at Esher, from which favourite residence the pretty pair of chestnuts came often to the nest at Ealing to carry back Mrs. Jameson across the quiet country roads, or in London, or at Brighton; and in the intervals of personal intercourse an incessant correspondence was maintained between them. The remarkable woman of whom the world has heard so much, and knows so little, had evidently seized upon Mrs. Jameson's imagination as well as her heart. Lady Byron's character was a source of unfailing and unceasing wonder and admiration to her,

claiming the interest of an intellectual problem, as well as the love of devoted friendship. At first beginning it was, perhaps, the interest rather than the warmer tie between them that chiefly shows itself in the constant references to Lady Byron in Mrs. Jameson's letters; but the affection grew more absorbing as time went on, and at the period (1844) which we have now reached, it was in its fullest tide. The sphinx-woman, so continually wondered at in her lifetime, so unhappily betrayed after her death, to whom at first my aunt does not seem to have been attracted except by the curious interest which a character so impenetrable always awakens, had so far unfolded herself as to win the warmest sympathy and tenderness of a mind so attuned to friendship.

What amount of confidence there was between them on subjects only too painfully discussed since then, I am happily unable to say. Mrs. Jameson was singularly free from all inclination towards the miserable investigations of social scandal. Her friend, afterwards her neighbour, the noble lady, so distinguished as the poet's wife, so impressive as the poet's widow, mysterious in attraction and repulsion, an historical character though a living woman, was to myself one of the awful but beneficent deities to whom youth looks up with instinctive dread, yet with dumb criticism. Her name

cannot be passed over without a word. That, at least, her strange fate has secured her, whether or not the veil that is over her life may ever be fairly and honestly withdrawn.

There is scarcely a letter of this period which has not some allusion in it to 'Lady B.,' whose share in everything Mrs. Jameson was doing or thinking seems to have been taken as a matter of course.

And it was during the course of this summer that Mrs. Jameson made the acquaintance of Miss Barrett, I believe through the good offices of Mr. Kenyon, their mutual friend. Mrs. Jameson was at the time staying with Miss Caroline Kindersley, at 51 Wimpole Street, next door to the house in which Miss Barrett resided. This early period of their acquaintance produced a multitude of tiny notes in fairy handwriting, such as Miss Barrett was wont to indite to her friends, and which are still in existence. Some of these are most charming and characteristic, and illustrate the rise and rapid increase of a friendship that never faltered or grew cool from that time up to the death of Mrs. Jameson.

One of the first which I have found addressed to 'dear Mrs. Jameson,' a name speedily changed, as circumstances brought them into closer intercourse, for one more endearing and familiar, play-

fully discusses the writer's loss of voice, which was one of the occasional troubles of her invalid condition:

I am used to lose my voice and find it again (Miss Barrett writes), until the vicissitude comes to appear as natural to me as the post itself. . . . You are not to think that I should not have been delighted to have you in a monodram, as I heard Mr. Kenyon one morning when he came and talked for an hour, as he can talk, while the audience could only clap her hands or shake her head for the yea and nay. I should have been delighted to be just such an audience to you, but with you I was too much a stranger to propose such a thing, and the necessary silence might have struck you, I thought, as ungrateful and uncomprehending. But now I am not dumb any longer, only hoarse, and whenever I can hear *your* voice it will be better for me altogether.

Amid all these new relationships, however, the most constant and lasting of all, my aunt's intimacy with Mr. Noel and his wife, continued fervent and faithful as ever—a friendship full of mutual good offices, as will be seen from the following letter:

Do not send me any German translations which are not your own, and, above all, no *tales*. Letters or essays which should give some account of art or literature might be available, or, indeed, any information on which I could depend, however expressed, would be welcome to me; but there are in London such a colony of translators and small literati—Americans, Germans, English, there is no end!—and I cannot mix myself up with them. It is a scramble,

a competition, to supply the cheap libraries, periodicals, &c., which exceeds everything heretofore known.

Have you heard that Combe has written an article on 'Phrenology,' applied to the Fine Arts? It reminds me sorrowfully of those no more, of the past—but neither on this will I dwell. There is another book of which a new edition is published, which has a great interest for me, 'The Anatomy of Expression,' by Sir Charles Bell, the famous surgeon. Do you know it? I am living here quietly, but only within these few days have I been capable of anything. I am engaged on a book which describes and explains the literature of the Middle Ages, as illustrated in painting, &c. This is not in your way at all, and is even contrary to all your cherished views and pursuits —this looking backward instead of looking forward. But such are my tastes. Art in all its forms is my only consolation. I leave philosophy and philanthropy to you and Lady B.

To resume, however, in something like chronological order—the beginning of the year 1843 was full of the same ever repeated, but for the most part impracticable, plans. The year that had just come to a close had been clouded with considerable anxiety and doubt as to the prospects of the family and her own capability of steering them safely through the storms and troubles of the moment—doubts which, however, were always conquered by cheerful courage and labour, in neither of which does she ever fail. Her own letters will sufficiently show the state of her mind and circumstances after all she had gone through:

*Ealing, January 2,* 1843.—The first letter I write this new year shall be to you, my friends; and I pray God bless you both with all my heart, this year and every year. One of the best wishes I could form for myself would be that we may meet. I can but do my best, for a heavy responsibility lies on me. Very glad am I to see the end of old '42, and thankful to stand firm upon my feet in this working-day world, for I have had some severe struggles this past year. But they are over, thank God, and my view into the next year is not discouraging.

I have not seen Lady B. for some time, a fortnight or three weeks; but I hear from her constantly. I can tell you, for your comfort, that since her very serious illness in August and September, which frightened me in earnest, she has been gradually improving in health and looks, and is now better in every respect than I have *ever* seen her. I think her greatest care is Lady Lovelace's health. She is far from well or strong. They are very happy together.

Early in March Mrs. Jameson writes:

My own situation is not at present very happy, except in this, that I have done all I set myself to do last year. I must confine myself for this next year to the most rigid economy, in order to meet the demands on me, and then I am free. I calculate that towards the end of this year I shall have paid every debt of my father and sisters, and have insured my life for 600*l.* When this is done, I am a free woman, but not till then. My mother's health is not good. I am living with her in a little cottage in which our grandest room is perhaps some twelve feet square. We are about seven miles from town. I go occasionally for a day or two, but most of my time is spent in writing and study.

And a few weeks later she says:

I go on much as usual, thinking with a sigh of all my German projects, of you and Rosawitz, of my dear Ottilie. But one must do one's duty, and from England I cannot go yet. My position is not a happy one, but neither is it unhappy. I take interest in my work of every kind, and have many things in hand.

In this year it was that Mrs. Jameson first took a part in those politico-moral discussions, specially on subjects affecting women, which called forth so warm an interest in her mind in after years. That she had already thought much on the subject is sufficiently apparent from many eloquent passages in her published works, and in the striking reflections upon home life and the special characteristics of women in various countries with which her readers were already familiar. But she had not yet dared the dangers of popular controversy, nor shown herself in a field where women in general meet with but little mercy, and often scant justice. Her attention, however, had been attracted by the report of the commissioners specially appointed to investigate the subject of the employment of young children in the mining and manufacturing districts, and she could no longer keep silence, but added her indignant protest to the facts there recorded. The same report had been the inspiration of the poem called the 'Cry of the Children,' written

by Elizabeth Barrett, whose fame was then yet at its dawning; and at the same time had stirred the hearts of all reading and thinking women throughout the country. Mrs. Jameson took up the subject of the condition of the women and female children, with all the earnest fervour and broad Christian courage of expression, that such a topic invariably inspired her with, then and thereafter. The article itself was published in the columns of the 'Athenæum.' She speaks of this in one of her letters to Mr. Noel with much earnest feeling:

> There was a paper of mine in the 'Athenæum' last Saturday on the condition of the women of the lower classes in England, which I should have liked you and Louisa to have read. We are in a strange condition in this country; things are ripening (or rottening) into a change of some kind.

In the autumn, Mrs. Jameson went away from London for a couple of months' rest from her daily toils and anxieties. She was tempted to prolong her absence for a longer period than she had contemplated, and gives a *résumé* of her experiences in a letter to her favourite correspondent, in the latter part of which will be found a little outburst of her Irish patriotism.

*Ealing, December 7*, 1843.—My journey to Scotland was accidental. I left town on account of my health and my eyes, much overworked and tired out. At Malvern I

met Lady Byron and Mrs. Harry Siddons, and spent a week there; then went to the Bracebridges and to Lord Hatherton's; and then my friend Lady Monson caught me up in Staffordshire, and took me into Berwickshire. There I spent a quiet month at a lovely spot called Carolside, in the neighbourhood of Abbotsford, Dryburgh, Melrose, the Lammermoors, and other scenes of ballad and romance. Thence I went to Edinburgh, and spent a week with Mrs. Harry Siddons and her daughter. I had never *known* Mrs. Siddons before; you, dear Noel, will be pleased to hear that we are become fast friends. I found her all I had liked to fancy her from your description and Lady Byron's—gentle, refined, *good* in the inmost foldings of her heart, one who had looked on life thoughtfully; while the artistic colouring which her profession and pursuits had shed over her mind and character was to me an additional charm. I took leave of Mrs. Harry with a sad feeling, for it is too true that her health is failing, and more rapidly than those who most love her are aware of. But she is herself prepared for all things.

On my return to London a fortnight ago, I found Lady Byron looking rather better than usual, and her mind principally occupied by cares for her grandchildren, whom she has taken on her hands till Christmas, I believe.

It has struck me that the enclosed letter may be of use to you, that a translation or *rédaction* of it might be published in Germany. It was written by Harriet Martineau, and is addressed to the sympathisers with Repeal. It appears to me to be a very clever *résumé* of the state of Ireland with regard to parties, and would enable German sympathisers, and those who read Mr. Kohl's very clever and amusing but rather superficial book of travels in Ireland, to judge better of the present state of things. I must observe, however, that though I do not myself wish

for the disunion of the two countries, my feelings are with O'Connell and the people. There is an old Scotch proverb which says, 'Mint at a golden gown and ye'll get the sleeve o't'—in other words, cry out 'Repeal' (or rather '*Repale*') and you'll get some of that justice and redress which has been for centuries withheld from you. And then the moral courage which the people have shown, their self-denial. Admirable, generous people! I am really proud of my countrymen. Miserable, ignorant, ragged though they be, they are the only people in Europe now who are acting simultaneously on a high principle; among whom poetry is not a thing of words, but of act and deed.

To this same journey north refers a letter from Joanna Baillie, dated Hampstead, November 3, replying evidently to some slight animadversions on her beloved native land, frankly indulged in by Mrs. Jameson, who had found herself in Edinburgh for the first time, of all days in the year, on the anniversary of the General Fast. I give this letter of my aunt's venerable friend in its entirety, though I am warned by friends of my own that Mrs. Joanna's opinions about Scotch contemporary history—opinions confessedly formed on hearsay—are not much to be relied upon, and show no very profound understanding of the subject involved.

MY DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—Next to enjoying the varied views of a beloved and romantic land with one's own eyes, to think that a friend is enjoying them is the greatest pleasure, particularly one so well fitted to describe them as

yourself. I was thinking of you in the meantime as with your family at Ealing, or wandering with some friend along the coasts of Kent or Sussex. But you have been better off (don't be offended with me for saying so), and I am much obliged to you for your friendly and reviving letter. I may well say reviving, for we have been stationary on the Hill ever since we last saw you, while the greater part of our intimate neighbours have been scattered about on the continent and watering-places nearer home. The latter part of the time, too, has been passed in a confusion of note-writing and applications to get a poor boy elected into the London Orphan Asylum, and truly we are quite tired of it. My sister took the most active part of the business, and I am thankful to say it has not done her any harm. We are both as well as usual.

You will hear about Lady Byron from Mrs. Henry Siddons, who was much with her in the north of England not long ago. I am very glad to hear from you that her malady, in the opinion of her medical adviser, may yet be grappled with and overcome. I heartily agree with all your good wishes for her. She is a most respectable as well as agreeable woman, and has conducted herself through a life of many cares and troubles in a very exemplary manner. Pray offer her my kindest remembrances when you meet.

I feel mournfully what you say of the moral state of my country, contrasted with its beauty and grandeur. You have come to it at an unhappy time, when people are all quarrelling about religion, and everyone thinks himself or herself wiser than their neighbours; and the lay patrons of the various parishes are replacing the clergy who have seceded with others as wrong-headed and bigoted, to please the people. So I hear from an intelligent friend who generally views these subjects with great calmness. I

remember well in old times the stillness of a Fast-day, but it was a stillness of solemnity, not of form; and the sacrament being given in most parishes as a yearly commemoration of the greatest event that ever took place upon earth, the people received from it a deeper impression than we may suppose they do in this country, where it is administered every month.

I now take my leave, dear Mrs. Jameson, wishing you much joy of what remains to you of your Scotch excursions, and giving you many thanks for so kindly thinking of me in your visits to the mountains and the muirs. Come back well, and accept my sister's best wishes and love along with mine.

Affectionately yours,

J. BAILLIE.

After these allusions to my aunt's visit to Scotland, I cannot refrain from quoting here a beautiful scrap from her 'Commonplace Book,' embodying the reflections of a summer Sunday at the place named in her letter to Mr. Noel, Carolside:

This present Sunday I set off with the others to walk to church, but was late; I could not keep up with the pedestrians, and, not to delay them, I turned back. I wandered down the hill path to the river bank, and crossed the little bridge and strolled along, pensive, yet with no definite or continuous subject of thought.

How beautiful it was, how tranquil! not a cloud in the blue sky, not a breath of air. 'And where the dead leaf fell there did it rest;' but so still it was that scarce a single leaf did flutter or fall, though the narrow pathway along the water's edge was already encumbered with heaps of decaying foliage.

Everywhere around the autumnal tints prevailed, except in one sheltered place under the towering cliff, where a single tree, a magnificent lime, still flourished in summer luxuriance with not a leaf turned or shed. I stood still opposite, looking on it quietly for a long time; it seemed to me a guardian Dryad would not suffer it to be defaced. Then I turned, for close beside me sounded the soft, half-suppressed warble of a bird, sitting on a leafless spray which seemed to bend with its tiny weight. Some lines which I used to love in my childhood came into my mind, blending softly with the presences around me:

> The little bird now, to salute the morn,
> Upon the naked branches sets her foot,
> The leaves still lying at the mossy root,
> And there a silly chirruping doth keep,
> As if she fain would sing, yet fain would weep;
> Praising fair summer that too soon is gone,
> And sad for winter too soon coming on!

The river, where I stood, taking an abrupt turn, ran wimpling by; not as I had seen it but a few days before, rolling tumultuously, the dead leaves whirling in its eddies, swollen and turbid with the mountain torrents, making one think of the kelpies, the water wraiths, and such uncanny things, but gentle, transparent, and flashing in the low sunlight. Even the barberries drooping with rich crimson clusters over the little pools near the bank, and reflected in them as in a mirror, I remember vividly, as a part of the exquisite loveliness which seemed to melt into my life. For such moments we are grateful; we feel then what God *can* do for us, and what man can *not*.—*Carolside, November* 5, 1843.

In the meanwhile, though Mrs. Jameson says little about it, and only one allusion to it in a letter to Mr. Noel will be found among the quotations I

have made, her mind was occupied with the great work commenced in 1842, though planned long previous to that date, and 'often laid aside and resumed,' which was to increase her reputation so greatly, and upon which, indeed, at the present it may be said chiefly to rest. It would not be easy to over-estimate the varied and careful study, the minute research, the strain of observation and recollection, which such a work made necessary. For years past her collection of notes and tracings of the multifarious subjects which were found indispensable to illustrate the work, had been carried on steadily, whatever might be the minor labours which occupied her. Though she had been tempted towards the field of philanthropic politics, it was still true, as she herself says, that art was her only consolation, and without any diminution of interest in the public questions which at a later period occupied so much of her thoughts, the first and favourite topic for which she had shown so much instinctive taste in her very earliest productions, before her art education could be said to have begun, always held the mastery. She has herself recorded 'the pleasure I took in a task so congenial,' and has described her studies as 'a source of vivid enjoyment.' At all times she speaks of her interest in her work as one of the greatest satisfactions of her life.

In October news came from Germany of a

terrible sorrow that had come upon the Goethe family. Mrs. Jameson's dear friend Ottilie lost her only daughter—a lovely girl of seventeen—by a sharp and sudden attack of malignant fever. In a letter to Mr. Noel, dated October 21, Mrs. Jameson speaks of this unexpected affliction, and goes on to say:

This must be a melancholy letter. About ten days ago Mrs. Henry Siddons came up from Cheltenham to London for the purpose of enduring an operation.[1] She bore it most serenely, and for a time all seemed well. But a day or two afterwards there was an unfavourable turn, and for the last week we have been in the most painful anxiety. There is no hope of ultimate cure or return to health. At the moment I write this she is a little less *souffrante*; our best hope is existence protracted, without much pain, perhaps for a few weeks. She is the most gentle of human beings, one of the best and purest natures I ever mēt with, and true to her character to the last. Lady Byron was with her during the operation, supported her through it, and has ever since been at hand. I am in a manner with both, for Lady Byron requires almost as much watching as her friend; and what will be the issue of so much emotion and fatigue, and the horrible London atmosphere, I dread to think.

The anxiety felt concerning Mrs. Henry Siddons terminated in her death about a week later; and early in December Mrs. Jameson writes to the same correspondent:

[1] For dropsy.

The date of your last letter (Oct. 31), dearest Noel, was the day on which Mrs. Henry Siddons was buried in the Grey Friars Church at Edinburgh. She died in London after ten days of suffering, and her death was worthy of her life. The serenity, the tenderness, the unselfish sweetness of her character, the same to the last; resigned to all, thoughtful of others, grateful for every proof of affection; the lofty tone of her mind unimpaired through the long days of pain and suspense—thus she died.

Mrs. Mair (Lizzie) and her good husband arrived from Edinburgh while she was yet sensible. Lady Byron and myself and another devoted friend, Emily Taylor, were near her. Though my *intimacy* with her was comparatively recent, I do not and cannot recover from the impression left by her last moments. I had strongly attached myself to her, and felt the full value of the high moral tone, the gentle benignity, the poetical refinement, of her character.

All the world is talking of Harriet Martineau's cure by mesmerism. I say nothing because everyone is saying too much, and her last letter in the 'Athenæum' is imperfect as evidence. I hardly know what to say at all, for she is my friend, and a wonderfully gifted woman.

Of this 'cure by mesmerism' Miss Martineau herself wrote a succinct history in a letter to my aunt—a letter full of the vigour of new life, and strangely contrasting with letters sent a few months previously, breathing indeed resignation, but unillumined by one ray of hope for the future. I may quote a paragraph or two from one of these cheerful but entirely invalid letters, as contrasting

with the confidence which filled her mind after her cure :

How delicious (she writes) this July is ! flowers strewing my rooms, mowing and haymaking going on on the downs, and the sea all diamond-glittering, and my little nephews shrimping, promising me fifty-four shrimps for tea, as we had yesterday. It is a new idea to me, *counting* shrimps, but it sounds grander than 'a gill.' The little fellows have grown so handsome since they came to me, as brown as gipsies. And our talk is high as heaven, by moonlight when their day's pranks are over.

Speaking, too, of the thoughtful kindness of many friends, of the present sent her by one among these—

Mrs. Reid, dear soul ! has sent me the best present any good genius could devise for a prisoner—a fine stand telescope. I range many miles over sea and land, and spy among the stars. I see every net the fishermen draw, and the sailors on the yards, and the flags of all nations, and every cove and cavern along the shore, and the reapers in the field, the lovers on the rocks, the sportsmen on the heath, the cattle in the farmyards, for miles ; and the town of Shields (whenever I chance to look that way) ; and, what is very pretty, ships going out of harbour with their cheering crews, and their sweethearts on the wharves. I see the daisies and dandelions on the down, and the pranks of all the boys and goats in Tynemouth. I spend hours at that telescope !

With all the consolations and pleasures so pleasantly described, it is evident that the writer was

looking forward to nothing beyond a continuation, for the remainder of her existence, of the 'life in a sick-room' she had already rendered familiar to her readers.

Miss Martineau's disapproval of the publication of letters is well known; and I have hesitated as to the printing even of the following, selected from among her many communications to my aunt. But perhaps, as the letter itself is evidently written with the intention of being handed from one to another of a band of friends, and as in her recently published biography there has been no apparent restraint in the production of letters, it seems unnecessary to act rigidly upon a wish which Miss Martineau's representatives have not themselves respected. The letter is specially interesting as showing the warm bond of friendly feeling among the different members of this literary circle, as well as for its account of the much-discussed 'cure.' 'I am more and more bewildered by the whole subject,' Miss Barrett had written. 'I wish I could disbelieve it all, except that Harriet Martineau is well.'

Tynemouth.

DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—On Monday I charged Mrs. Grote with my whole story for you. I had been quite uneasy not to tell you and Lady Byron; but I heard you were both wandering, and Mrs. Grote promised you should hear it all. (Ask her anything you like.) Meantime, as

I sent it to Emily Taylor through her sister, I hoped it would reach you.

The word 'recovered' is much too strong *at present.* The rest, as in your note, is true. It surprises me less than you. I long ago *knew* mesmerism to be true. But I never supposed I could try it here. My good doctor himself brought over the mesmerist who first proved me susceptible; and I hear from him to-day that he has announced to his colleagues at the Newcastle Infirmary his intention of introducing trials of mesmerism there, in preparation for operations to test the truth; to which they all assented. So now something more will be proved.

The first trial was on the 22nd June. From that day I have been regularly mesmerised twice a day by my maid Margaret till three weeks since, and now by a benevolent lady who is with me for the purpose of seeing how far the experiment can be carried. (As in all such cases, without fee or reward.) I first recovered appetite and lost the sickness, then gained sleep, nerve, and spirits. The total cessation of local and *marking* pains, and of the 'distress,' some three weeks after I had left off all medicines (except the rapidly diminishing opiates), made me request my doctor to examine whether some change had not taken place in the disease itself. You remember the main mischief—that which confined me so closely and caused the chief suffering—was that the diseased part was distorted and displaced, and fastened by morbid growths, so that no force could move it. Well, it had given way, was moveable, and had risen two or three inches. This was really turning the corner. It continues to rise very gradually, and my mesmerist and I are quite sure it is much diminished in size. My waist and body are reduced, while I have gained flesh elsewhere. I have no feeling of illness, eat heartily, sleep all night, walk three-quarters of a mile with-

out fatigue, and am free from nervous excitement, and was so, quite, on the very first occasion of going out after four and a half years. Everybody who comes remarks on some decrease of my deafness; but of this I am not aware. Take to-day—I rose at eight, after seven hours' sound sleep, breakfasted before nine, was mesmerised for an hour, went out alone without *any* opiate, walked round the castle-yard, and down to the . . . : and up again; dressed to receive Lambtons and Greys; talked with them for two hours; dined well; read for above an hour; am now writing to you; am to have my kind mesmerist to tea; shall sit up (which I am practising) for two hours at work, dictating letters; shall have an hour's mesmerising; read an hour; to bed, and asleep before my head reaches the pillow, —and all without ache, pain, or weakness, only infirmity. *There is no reaction after mesmerism.* All is calm and refreshing and invigorating. I feel it a sensible *feeding of my life*, from day to day, and the principle of life thereby, I suppose, becomes victor over disease. I have never had one moment's doubt or misgiving from the first trial, the visual evidences and peculiar sensations having never once been absent. The sleep has never come, but it is not necessary, though it quickens the process, and I fancy it will come when the opiate effects are completely worn out. I now take only four or five drops of laudanum per day, and shall soon have diluted that modicum to nothing. Lady M. Lambton, who knew all, and had high expectations, was surprised at my looks to-day. To the primrose has succeeded a salmon-colour—on the way to carmine, let us suppose!

The only drawback is the lapfuls of letters—I mean the inability to answer them. We don't know what to do. Will Lady Byron, and also Lady Monson, accept this through you, as to themselves? We serve the sick first,

but a mountain of correspondence remains untouched. I kept the matter pretty close, *for mesmerism's sake*, till we had proof that the disease was really reached, and that the improvement was thorough.

The chief pleasure has been, and continues to be, finding sober serious belief on every hand, and, where that is not yet attained, a grave candour which I never should have dreamed of finding so extensive. Of my own immediate family three were serious believers before, and a fourth quite open-minded, leaving only one to be convinced besides my mother. The immediate evidences, every day, are as clear to me as stars in the sky, as certain as warmth from the fire. All who have seen me will avouch that I am under no excitement. In truth, except for the vivid pleasure of open-air wandering and the comfort of ease at home, I could almost forget my whole illness.

My mesmerist friends are sanguine about *cure*. To me this still seems a vast work to do. Yet it would not be reasonable to deny the possibility. My expectation, or rather my conjecture, however, is, that it will remain a case of infirmity, of no great inconvenience, and always limitable by mesmerism.

I am sure I need not tell *you* how very serious, how solemn, the subject is to my mind. It always was. I see in it, as I did a year ago, an agency by which human transactions will be as extensively modified in the future as outward modes of living will be by such discoveries as Faraday's. Of course we keep close and full journals of the case; and anything that can be done by my experience to enlighten men shall be done at any cost to my own feelings.

Lady Mary to-day said I must go to Lambton some day. Probably; but my mesmerist and I are like Siamese

twins, and must be for some time. This place is all I want, but I dare say I shall be at Lambton some day.

Good-bye! My love to you and Gerardine. How you *will* like this note!

Yours affectionately,
H. M.

To these brief notices of Mrs. Jameson's many friendships I will add only the following letter, which describes some few particulars of another little expedition to the North during the summer of 1845, written in July from Ealing:

I am just returned from Edinburgh, where I have been staying with Major and Mrs. Mair. I came back by Ambleside, where I saw Harriet Martineau looking wonderfully well, alert, full of life and spirits, walking seven or eight miles a day, and most enthusiastic about mesmerism. I saw also Wordsworth, Mrs. Arnold, the widow of Dr. Arnold, and her family, and other friends. Then I came on to Leicestershire, and spent three short happy days with Lady Byron at Kirkby. She is lodged at one end of a farmhouse opposite to C. Noel. She has fitted up a little establishment for herself, and there I found her busy with tenants', schools, game-laws, and manifold projects for the benefit and happiness of others. You can believe I was not there without thinking much of you, dear Noel. I liked your brother and his gentle wife; and, though I could not think that fat flat country interesting, I was charmed with my visit.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### LABORIOUS YEARS.

In the month of August 1845, Mrs. Jameson accomplished her long desire, and went abroad. She stayed some six weeks in Germany on her way to Italy, Italy being ever the goal of her desires. From Rosawitz, Mr. Noel's place in Bohemia, she writes home on August 17—the birthday of her mother and of her eldest sister—a letter telling her own story since the time she had left them:

My dearest Mother and Eliza,—I cannot see this day rise without beginning it with a letter to you, to show you at least that I am thinking of you. God bless you both, and send you yet many happy years! I wish I could know something of home, but it will be at least a fortnight more before I can have a letter, and in the meantime I try to profit by the opportunity of learning much in a thousand ways, and so strive to keep anxiety away from my mind. Yesterday I dined at the Castle with the Thun family, and was very glad to renew my acquaintance with them all, though the absence of Count Franz made it less agreeable than it would have been had he been there. Ottilie is at Weimar, and I remain here for some days longer before we proceed to the south.

The country here is wonderfully beautiful. You will have an idea of it if you look in my sketch-book for the view of *Tetschen.* There are reasons which make me wish inexpressibly that Gerardine were here, under the sweet influence of Mrs. Noel, for no day passes in which she does not rise in my estimation. Such a guide, such a friend for my child, would be inestimable. But I shall alter no arrangement, for change can only do mischief. Next year we shall see what may be done, if I get on in the world.

*Dresden, August* 27.—I have been kept in a good deal of suspense by delays of post and other accidents. I am now expecting Mme. de Goethe, her mother, and Ulrica,[1] and I am sorry to say it is decided that we go round by Vienna. It will cause me some loss of time and some expense, but there is no avoiding it. I have written to Munich to desire that all letters shall be forwarded to Vienna; but God knows when I shall get them, if ever, and my mind is beginning to be anxious.

I left Rosawitz with great regret. It is really a most lovely spot—a place to *attach* oneself to. Luckily I have many things to do. Since I came here I have been very busy. I go to the Gallery every morning, to the library, to the royal collection of prints, and am *picking up* everywhere and making notes. I have been introduced to Countess Hahn, and drank tea with her last night, and found her very agreeable and ladylike.

*August* 28.—I shall close my letter to-day and post it. Ottilie arrived last night, and our plans are at last settled. On Sunday we leave Dresden for Tetschen, going up the Elbe in a steamboat. On Monday we leave Tetschen and proceed to Prague. On the 4th we shall be at

[1] Mme. de Goethe's sister.

Vienna, and on the 8th at Venice. You must direct Poste Restante, Venice, *viâ* France. How much I wish to hear of you all! God grant I have good tidings of you all in the letters I *hope* to receive at Vienna! And so, my dear ones all, dear Louisa and Camilla and Geddie included, I am your affectionate ANNA.

This time there was no sudden and painful recall home; Mrs. Jameson carried out her plan of crossing the Alps, and thus broke through the sort of spell that had previously seemed to forbid her realising her chief desire. She made but a short visit, however, to her dearly loved Italy, and on her way back wrote to Mr. Noel from Paris:

Now as to my own biography. I can only give you a sketch. After leaving Venice, the beautiful, the wonderful, with a regret which seems quite childish when I look back, I made a rapid flight across Italy for purposes connected with my intended book, seeing Padua, Mantua, Cremona, Pavia, Milan, Brescia, Bergamo, and Verona. At Verona I saw a balloon ascend from the interior of the ancient amphitheatre, crowded with 15,000 people—a spectacle which I shall always remember as one of the most magnificent I ever beheld in itself, and from the inevitable associations connected with it, and the comparison between ancient and modern times. For example, they carried on the chemical processes for preparing the gas and filling the balloon in the very receptacle from which the wild beasts used to spring out upon their victims. Leaving Verona, I crossed the Brenner and came by Innspruck to Munich. From the time I had left Venice I had not exchanged a word with any human being except innkeepers and officials, and

had been absolutely alone. I was glad to find myself again among friends. Yet Munich made, on the whole, a very disagreeable impression, and the sudden change of climate made me almost ill, or rather quite so. Paris has at present no charms for me. I am pursued by a haunting gnawing wish to return home and be at rest.

Among the earliest letters written after her return was one to Catherine Sedgwick, giving a succinct account of her visit to the Continent.

I went abroad, somewhat suddenly, on July 23. My purpose was to see, and, if I could, to comfort, my friend Mme. de Goethe. She lost last year her only daughter, a blooming girl of seventeen, of typhus fever, and the blow fell heavy on her. I went by Frankfort to Nuremberg, where we met and spent about ten days absolutely *tête-à-tête*, and in some respects, in spite of sorrow, happily. We then parted for some days; she went to Weimar to visit the Grand-Duchess and settle some affairs for her sons; I went to Tetschen to see my friends the Noels and the Thun family, then met Ottilie again at Dresden, went with her to Prague and Vienna, thence to Trieste and across the Adriatic to Venice. Did you visit Venice? I forget. In the world there is nothing like it. It seems to me that we can find a similitude for everything else, but Venice is like nothing else—Venice the beautiful, the wonderful! I had seen it before, but it was as new to me as if unbeheld; and every morning when I rose I was still in the same state of wonder and enchantment. But then came pain and sorrow. Letters came to Ottilie that her son Wolf was ill at Naples, and she went off at once to him. I could not go; I had duties in England which made it impossible for me to winter in Italy. On my return I found

my family well, the cottage home flourishing, but my dear friend Lady Byron just recovering—or, as it seemed to me, trying to recover—from one of her terrible fits of illness, looking more white and tremulously weak than I had ever seen her. I was shocked and more apprehensive than I had ever felt about her. She has since been slowly gaining, at least not losing, ground, but how I dread the winter for her! Of all human beings she is the one most necessary to my heart and to my mental and moral well-being; the only one, perhaps I might say, uniting in her most extraordinary character and peculiar destiny all I most love with all I most reverence. This is a horridly selfish way of putting it when I think how necessary, how beyond measure valuable, her life is to others—to so many—to her daughter and grandchildren especially. My mind is a little unsettled, and I am not feeling well; but I am going to work forthwith, the essays on 'Legendary Art' being in progress. Those I have finished are the essays on the Evangelists, Apostles, Fathers of the Church, and the Magdalene; and now I am going to write about your sweet patron-saint, St. Catherine. Now that I have bestowed on you all this superfluity of egotism, let me turn again to your dear charming letter and thank you for it. How interesting is every word of it, even 'baby's blot,' to which I gave a kiss for the love of Kate; shall I ever see my Gerardine's baby? I have not met with Margaret Fuller's book, but I will read it as soon as I can get it. The cause of women would suffer if handled coarsely and in bad taste by one of their own sex; so much depends, not on what is said, but how it is said.

Among the numerous friends of the late Mrs. Harry Siddons there was an earnest wish that Mrs. Jameson should undertake to compile a memoir

worthy of its subject; and Mrs. Jameson, who had once contemplated writing the life of the other more renowned Mrs. Siddons, accepted the grateful office of recording the honourable existence of the gentle sister-in-law, who had borne her acquired name with such true dignity and worth. However, it was not to be. One or two members of the family disapproved of the plan. Mrs. Jameson writes on December 1:

The first news I heard on my return was, that the family of Mrs. Harry Siddons had disagreed concerning the memoir; Major and Mrs. Mair, and Mrs. Grant, and *all* Mrs. H. Siddons' most intimate friends, being of one mind, and Henry Siddons and Mr. Grant of another. So I have given it up for the present, for, as Mrs. Grant said, 'what her mother would most have abhorred was family disputes;' and certainly I wished to keep clear of being the cause or victim of such. I have suffered great pain in this business, but it is passed off, and I am turning my mind to other things.

Alluding, among other things, to the politics, the stirring politics, of that day, to the Coercion Bill for Ireland, &c., Mrs. Jameson writes from Ealing on January 5, 1846:

I have put some English newspapers into your parcel, up to the latest date, which may give you some idea of the state of public feeling, for I do not trust to *that* finding its way into your German newspapers. 'The religious movement' and Ronge are beginning to excite attention. Lady Byron, after reading a translation of Ronge's mani-

festo, seemed disgusted with him for taking up the old vulgar ground—abuse of all sects but his own, and particularly abuse of the Roman Catholics. For my own part I see it all, as a spectator from the boxes looks on a drama. 'Play out the play,' and from disagreement shall arise agreement, as far as need be; but why human beings should not disagree about religion, as well as other things, I do not know.

And in March she writes:

These are stirring times. Sir Robert has electrified us all. His two last speeches—the first on the opening of Parliament, and the second in the course of the debate—have astonished by their elevated tone of moral feeling as much as by their power and eloquence. The new policy with regard to Ireland is also of deepest interest to me, an Irishwoman, though I abhor this proposed *Coercion* Bill of Lord St. Germains, and pray against it with all my heart.

In the spring of this year another little collection of my aunt's fugitive papers was published by Mr. Bentley. She describes it in a letter to a friend as consisting of a series of essays: 1. The House of Titian. 2. The Xanthian Marbles. 3. The Life of Washington Allston. 4. The Lyrical Drama in England; giving an account of Adelaide Kemble's dramatic career, and some remarks generally on the position of female artists. 5. The Condition of the Women of the Working-Classes. 6. The Means afforded for the Training of Women. 7. The relative Social Position of Mothers and Governesses.

This little volume was rendered yet more interesting by the friendly aid of Miss Barrett, who contributed to the paper on the Xanthian Marbles a partial translation from the 'Odyssey' of the verses alluding to the fate of the daughters of Pandarus, and so telling the story illustrated by one of the 'Xanthian marbles,' the fragments of antique art, which had been, as Mrs. Jameson writes, brought hither from the Syrian coast by Sir Charles Fellows in 1842, and placed in the British Museum.

The suggestion that the figures on the so-called 'Harpy Tomb' represent a form of the old Homeric legend of the daughters of King Pandarus, made by Mr. Benjamin Gibson, the brother of the sculptor, 'seems,' Mrs. Jameson says, 'generally admitted. Pandarus of Crete steals the living golden dog, fabricated by Vulcan, from the temple of Jupiter. The father of the gods avenges this theft by the destruction of Pandarus, whose orphan daughters are brought up by the goddesses. Venus nourishes them with honey and wine; Juno endows them with beauty and intellect; Diana gives them tallness of stature; Minerva teaches them to sew and to weave. When they are of a proper age, Venus is about to bestow husbands on them; but Jupiter, whose vengeance is not yet satisfied, sends the Harpies, by whom they are snatched away and

carried into Tartarus. The story is thus related by Penelope in the 20th book of the "Odyssey."'

Miss Barrett wrote to Mrs. Jameson, enclosing two versions from the Greek and saying—

In the first (written first) I tried to represent—not perfectly, but imperfectly, understand—something of the Greek cadence, without trenching on the uncongenial English hexameters. This version, for the rest, is rendered line for line with the original. Yet when I had done it, I shrank a little from sending it to you without an *alternative* in the common measure.

I.

And so these daughters fair of Pandarus
The whirlwinds took. The Gods had slain their kin :
They were left orphans in their father's house.
And Aphrodite came to comfort them
With incense, luscious honey, fragrant wine :
And Herè gave them beauty of face and soul
Beyond all women. Purest Artemis
Endowed them with her stature and white grace,
And Pallas taught their hands to flash along
Her famous looms. Then, bright with deity,
Toward far Olympus Aphrodite went
To ask of Zeus (who has his thunder-joys
And his full knowledge of man's mingled fate)
How best to crown those other gifts with love
And worthy marriage !—but what time she went,
The ravishing Harpies snatched the maids away,
And gave them up, for all their loving eyes,
To serve the Furies, who hate constantly !

II.

So the storms bore the daughters of Pandarus out into thrall ;
The Gods slew their parents : the orphans were left in the hall.
And there came, to feed their young lives, Aphrodite divine,
With the incense, the sweet-tasting-honey, the sweet-smelling wine :
Herè brought them her wit above woman's, and beauty of face ;

And pure Artemis gave them her stature, that form might have grace;
And Athenè instructed their hands in her works of renown;
Then afar to Olympus divine Aphrodite moved on;
To complete other gifts, by uniting each girl to a mate,
She sought Zeus, who has joy in the thunder, and knowledge of fate—
Whether mortals have good chance or ill! But the Harpies alate
In the storm came, and swept off the maidens, and gave them to wait,
With that love in their eyes, on the Furies, who constantly hate!

and so, and so . . . (for my explanation grows almost as long as an Odyssey). I send besides a blank verse translation, and entreat you to use a full liberty in selecting either version or rejecting both . . . you, who know the good and evil of everything like Zeus, though you are so much too kind to have joy in your thunderbolts.

Mrs. Jameson published both the exquisite translations, acknowledging her debt of gratitude to her friend the translator. Miss Barrett saw the proofs of this book in course of progress through the press, and wrote that she had read them gladly and gratefully, admiring much and sympathising everywhere. 'The essays were full of suggestiveness, and the writing vivid, as it ought to be where the thinking is so just and noble.' Of 'The House of Titian' she wrote:

Let me say how I have been charmed with it. It seems to me in your best manner. I am at Venice with you while I read, and, which is still better, at one with you in every thought nearly. The sympathy is so alive and close. The single exception is in the observation you make about art—about art not being the medium of expression for the present age. You said it in this room, I remember; and wherever you say it, I feel myself set fixedly against you, because I hold that, wherever man

is man, 'to unfold the human into beauty,' which is *art* (and you have adopted that truth by your motto),[1] is an aim natural to him. If I could believe in an age without souls, *i.e.* of a lopped, straightened humanity, I might believe in an age to which art in the high sense is not an adapted medium. That is the only thought in your essay which I fall off from. All the rest I love and live by.

I may be permitted to extract a page here and there from these 'Memoirs and Essays' as illustrative not only of the prevalent tendencies of Mrs. Jameson's mind, but also as strictly autobiographical and showing how her visit to Venice, more briefly referred to in her letters, had been filled with occupation. The finding of the 'House of Titian' is told with all her wonted eloquence, when once on such an inspiring subject.

After a pilgrimage through the churches and palaces of Venice—after looking every day with ever new delight on the 'Presentation in the Temple,' and the 'Assumption' in the Accademia, we had resolved to close our sojourn by a visit of homage to the house in which the great old master dwelt for fifty years (the half of his long life), and lived and loved, and laughed and quaffed with Aretino and Sansovino and Bembo and Bernardo Tasso; and feasted starry-eyed Venetian dames, and entertained princes, and made beauty immortal, and then died—oh,

[1] The motto to the 'House of Titian,' taken from Oelenschlager:

'For the painter
Is not the painter only, but the man;
And to unfold the human into beauty
That also is art.'

such a death! a death which should seem in its horror and its loathsomeness to have summed up the bitterness of a lifelong sorrow in a few short hours!

It was not in the Barbarigo Palace that Titian dwelt, nor did he, as has been supposed, work or die there. His residence, previous to his first famous visit to Bologna, was in a close and crowded part of Venice, in the Calle Gallipoli, near San Tomà; in the same neighbourhood Giorgione had resided, but in an open space in front of the church of San Silvestro. The locality pointed out as Titian's residence is very much the same as it must have been in the sixteenth century; for Venice has not changed since then in expansion, though it has seen many other changes, has increased in magnificence, has drooped in decay. In this alley, for such it was and is, he lived for many years a frugal as well as a laborious life; his only certain resource being his pension as state painter, in which office he succeeded his master, Gian Bellini. When riches flowed in with royal patronage, he removed his *atelier* to a more spacious residence in a distant beautiful quarter of the city; and, without entering into any extravagance, he proved that he knew how to spend money, as well as how to earn money, to his own honour and the delight of others.

It is curious that a house so rich in associations, and, as one should suppose, so dear to Venice, should, even now, be left obscure, half-ruined, well nigh forgotten, after being for two centuries unknown, unthought of. It was with some difficulty we found it. The direction given to us was, '*Nella contrada di San Canciano, in luogo appellato Biri-grande, nel Campo Rotto, sopra la pallude o canale, ch' è in faccia all' isola di Murano, ove ora stanno inalzate le Fondamenta Nuove*'—minute enough, one would think; but even our gondolier, one of the most intelligent of his

class, was here at fault. We went up and down all manner of canals, and wandered along the *Fondamenta Nuove*, a beautiful quay or terrace, built of solid stone, and running along the northern shore of this part of the city. Here we lingered about so intoxicated with the beauty of the scene and the view over the open lagune, specked with gondolas gliding to and fro, animated by the evening sunshine, and a breeze which blew the spray in our faces, that every now and then we forgot our purpose, only, however, to resume our search with fresh enthusiasm; diving into the narrow alleys, which intersect like an intricate network the spaces between the canals, and penetrating into strange nooks and labyrinths, which those who have not seen do not know some of the most peculiar and picturesque aspects of Venice.

We were now in San Canciano, near the church of the Gesuiti, and knew we must be close upon the spot indicated; but still it seemed to elude us. At length a young girl, looking out of a dilapidated unglazed window, herself like a Titian portrait set in an old frame—so fresh, so young, so mellow-cheeked, with the redundant tresses and full dark eyes *alla Veneziana*—after peeping down archly on the perplexed strangers, volunteered a direction to the Casa di Tiziano, in the Campo Rotto, for she seemed to guess, or had overheard, our purpose. We hesitated, not knowing how far we might trust this extemporaneous benevolence. The neighbourhood had no very good reputation in Titian's time, and, as it occurred to me, had much the appearance of being still inhabited by persons *delle quali è bello il tacere*. But one of my companions gallantly swearing that such eyes *could* not play us false, insisted on following the instructions given; and he was right. After threading a few more of these close narrow passages, we came upon the place and edifice we sought.

That part of it looking into the Campo Rotto is a low wine-house, dignified by the title of the *Trattoria di Tiziano*, and under its vine-shadowed porch sat several men and women regaling. The other side, still looking into a little garden (even the very 'dilettevole giardino di Messer Tiziano'), is portioned out to various inhabitants: on the exterior wall some indications of the fresco paintings which once adorned it are still visible. A laughing, ruffianly, half-tipsy gondolier, with his black cap stuck roguishly on one side, and a countenance which spoke him ready for any mischief, insisted on being our *cicerone*; and an old shoemaker or tailor, I forget which, did the honours with sober civility. We entered by a little gate leading into the garden, and up a flight of stone steps to an antique porch overshadowed by a vine, which had but lately yielded its harvest of purple grapes, and now hung round the broken pillars and balustrades in long, wild, neglected festoons. From this entrance another flight of stone steps led up to the principal apartments, dilapidated, dirty, scantily furnished. The room which had once been the chief saloon and Titian's *atelier* must have been spacious and magnificent, capable of containing very large-sized pictures—the canvas, for instance, of the Last Supper, painted for Philip II. We found it now portioned off by wooden partitions into various small tenements; still one portion of it remained, in size and loftiness oddly contrasting with the squalid appearance of the inmates. About forty years ago there was seen on a compartment of the ceiling a beautiful group of dancing Cupids. One of the lodgers, a certain Messer Francesco Breve, seized with a sudden fit of cleanliness, whitewashed it over; but being made aware of his mistake, he tore it down and attempted to clean off the chalk, for the purpose of selling it. What became of the maltreated relic is not known;—into such hands had the dwelling of Titian descended.

The little neglected garden, which once sloped down to the shore and commanded a view over the lagune to Murano, was now shut in by high buildings, intercepting all prospect but of the sky, and looked strangely desolate. The impression left by the whole scene was most melancholy; and no associations with the past, no images of beauty and of glory, came between us and the intrusive vulgarity of the present.

The political essays on 'Woman's Mission and Woman's Position,' and on the 'Relative Position of Mothers and Governesses,' included in this book, were the first among her literary contributions to the discussion of questions of social science. Of one of the two memoirs ('Adelaide Kemble' and 'Washington Allston') Joanna Baillie wrote to Mrs. Jameson:

I have been greatly interested with the dramatic career of Adelaide Kemble, which is exhibited to the reader with so much feeling and spirit, and with justice, too, I have no doubt, though I am not at all qualified to judge of a most material part of the subject. It is a picture of her (I should say a series of pictures) that will remain, after her natural life is past, in the imaginations of those who have seen her and those who have not. I was not quite aware that she was so great an actress. This view of her must be very gratifying to herself and family, and even to the family she is married into, as everything regarding the profession is touched with so much delicacy. I hope to be engaged this evening with the 'House of Titian,' and, if it *may* be so, without interruption.

It was shortly after the publication of this little work that Miss Martineau wrote to enlist Mrs. Jameson's pen in behalf of the Anti-slavery Convention in America, begging her—

to send something, any sort of piece (if only a single sentence) breathing the spirit of freedom by which these noble abolitionists live, and you may do more for the cause than you will easily suppose possible. I shall send something, and it would delight me to have the honour of sending a contribution of yours with my own. Any passage analogous to your immortal paragraph about the clause in the New Poor Law would echo through the United States, and reach many an ear deaf to what a native could say.

I am not aware, however, that Mrs. Jameson ever sent any contribution to the 'Liberty Bell,' the American periodical to which Miss Martineau refers.

In this year (1846) the Queen and the Prince Consort renewed, indeed I believe rebuilt, a certain little summer-house in the gardens of Buckingham Palace. The leading artists of the day were engaged to paint in fresco a series of designs illustrating the classic English poets; and the royal commission caused at the time considerable sensation and interest in the artist world. The whole of the works executed were subsequently engraved by Ludwig Grüner, and published in a costly folio edition, coloured after the originals. For this Mrs. Jameson

was requested to write an introduction and descriptive text, and the work was published conjointly by Messrs. Murray, Longman, Colnaghi, and Moon.

In July Mrs. Jameson sent to Mr. Noel the following little note upon politics in which her previsions seemed to have far outleaped time and the hour.

You will have heard of the change of ministry; there are some doubts whether the present set will stand. Never were politics so dramatic, so interesting, so hopeful as now. Never were the motives of action so high, so enlarged. You see Lord John Russell's programme, and how much the education and the health of the people enter into it. Then, if Lord Grey have any weight, that pest, the Irish Church, will be done away with—in short, in spite of our Puseyism, &c., I begin to have hope for freedom of mind and common sense.

It was about this time that negotiations commenced between Mrs. Jameson and the firm of Messrs. Longman for the publication of what my aunt always looked upon as *the* work of her life, the one by which she chiefly desired to be remembered, and which has already been frequently referred to. The correspondence between Mrs. Jameson and the head of this firm soon resulted in a kindly intercourse that time ripened into a sincere and enduring friendship. In her first note on the subject, written with all due formality—

Mrs. Jameson presents her compliments to Messrs. Longman, and begs to know whether they would consider it expedient to undertake the publication of her work, entitled 'Legendary and Sacred Art,' containing an account of the lives, legends, habits, and attributes of the sacred personages whose stories have been illustrated in the pictures and sculptures of the Middle Ages. The work is in two volumes, of which one and a half are finished and the rest in progress. Mrs. Jameson thinks it right to add that Mr. Murray had undertaken the work, but, for reasons which shall be explained if necessary, Mrs. Jameson withdrew the book from his hands.

It may be mentioned here, *en passant*, that, to test the interest of the general public in the subjects Mrs. Jameson proposed illustrating, a series of papers had been selected by her from her work, and published in the columns of the 'Athenæum,' beginning in the month of January 1845 with her 'Introduction,' and terminating February 1, 1846, with the story of St. Florian. The novelty of the treatment and the charm of her writing, the combination of careful research with a perfect appreciation of all she had found, the fascination of her eloquent rendering of the legends, and knowledge of the art that illustrated them, insured her success. The negotiations with Messrs. Longman soon came to a satisfactory arrangement; the one drawback in Mrs. Jameson's mind being that she had bound herself to finish her second volume and have all ready

for the press within a given date, I believe two years.

Now, although the literary portion of the work was nearly complete, the illustrations and the notes were a formidable task yet to be commenced. Notwithstanding the accumulation of prints and tracings that had been progressing for years, there was yet much left to be sought and achieved. In the first place, Italy must be revisited, and Mrs. Jameson had resolved not to leave England again without taking with her the child already mentioned more than once, in whom from her birth she had taken a tender and special interest. She wished to spend some years abroad with her, and to do this, and at the same time fulfil the duties assumed towards the other members of her family, was attended with difficulties. The start, however, was made at last, and we set out in the autumn of this year. She writes in September from Paris:

I am sold into a double captivity; for, to enable me to do this, I have done what I most hate—contracted to finish a book in a certain time. My plans are not quite decided. I dislike Paris; it is a place which does not harmonise with my nature; and I shall probably go to Pisa or to Florence by the Rhine and Marseilles. So much for my own biography.

I have also here a poet and a poetess—two celebrities who have run away and married under circumstances peculiarly interesting, and such as render imprudence the height

of prudence. Both excellent; but God help them! for I know not how the two poet heads and poet hearts will get on through this prosaic world. I think it possible I may go on to Italy with them.

This last reference was to a most interesting event which had taken her and all the world by surprise. During the last few years my aunt's friendship with Miss Barrett had been gradually ripening. So strong had the feeling of interest and affection grown in Mrs. Jameson's mind, that when, during the course of her preparation for leaving home, she heard that it was very essential for Miss Barrett's health to spend the winter abroad, though there were reasons which made it impossible she should do so, she had made an appeal to the invalid's family to be allowed to take charge of her and take her to Italy. For this kind offer, though it was not accepted, she had been heartily thanked by the sufferer herself. 'Not only am I grateful to you, but happy to be grateful to you,' says the pretty and tender letter of thanks. 'First I was drawn to you, then I was, and am, bound to you.' When the moment of departure came, another little note of farewell arrived, deploring the writer's inability to come in person and bid her friend good-bye, as she was 'forced to be satisfied with the sofa and silence.'

And you really go on Monday (she adds), and not ever to come back? But you did not say *that.* Miss

Mitford was with me yesterday all day, and desired that I should name her to you. And may I send my love to the little visitor you brought me the day before?

Remaining your affectionate

E. B. B.

With these communications so fresh in her mind, having newly parted indeed from this invalid 'satisfied with the sofa and silence,' it may be supposed what was Mrs. Jameson's astonishment when, shortly after we reached Paris, she received another little letter, telling her that Robert Browning had just arrived from London, *en route* for Italy with his wife—the same E. B. B. who had so recently taken farewell of her. My aunt's surprise was something almost comical, so startling and entirely unexpected was the news. But it was as delightful as unexpected, and gave an excitement the more to our journey, which, to one of us at least, was already like a journey into the old world of enchantment—a revival of fairyland.

Mrs. Jameson lost no time in going to the hotel where her friends were staying, and induced them to come at once to the quiet *pension* in the Rue Ville l'Evêque, where she herself was living. The result of all which was that, after about a fortnight spent together in Paris, the whole party travelled leisurely south to the Brownings' destination, Pisa.

In the letters lately published by Mr. Horne, Mrs. Browning mentions this meeting in Paris with Mrs. Jameson, and the fact of 'their plans having been made up at the last in the utmost haste and agitation—precipitated beyond all intention.' Miss Mitford, in her 'Reminiscences,' has entered somewhat into the causes for this precipitation; but such details of other lives would be out of place here.

Nevertheless the temptation is great to linger upon the memories of a journey so enchanting, made in the fairest days of youth, and with such companionship. The loves of the poets could not have been put into more delightful reality before the eyes of the dazzled and enthusiastic beholder; but the recollections have been rendered sacred by death as well as by love.

I may, however, permit myself to recall one scene among many of this wonderful journey. We rested for a couple of days at Avignon, the route to Italy being then much less direct and expeditious, though I think much more delightful, than now; and while there we made a little expedition, a poetical pilgrimage, to Vaucluse. There, at the very source of the 'chiare, fresche e dolci acque,' Mr. Browning took his wife up in his arms, and, carrying her across through the shallow curling waters, seated her on a rock that rose throne-like in the middle of the stream. Thus love and poetry took a new pos-

session of the spot immortalised by Petrarch's loving fancy.

Among the letters in Mr. Horne's book already referred to is one written from Pisa after some weeks' residence there, telling him of the success of the journey to Italy, so far as Mrs. Browning's health was concerned :

> I have been gaining strength every week since we left England (she writes), and Mrs. Jameson, who met us in Paris, and travelled with us, called me at the end of six weeks, notwithstanding all the emotion and fatigue, rather transformed than improved. She has now gone to Florence.

Three out of those six weeks were spent by the travelling companions together in Pisa—a period to which both of the survivors must look back with a tender reverent memory, with associations of the past hardly to be breathed aloud, but remembered within one's very soul as a golden oasis in existence.

This was my first introduction to Italy, and I cannot look back upon it without something of the sense of bewildered happiness with which so many wonders, all rushing at the same moment upon an inexperienced creature scarcely sixteen, so much novelty, so much beauty, and such companionship, filled my mind and whole being. Even the incidents

of the time are confused in the golden haze of youthful delight that envelopes them. I had the happy sense of feeling that I was my aunt's assistant in her important work, and was at her side constantly to trace, to draw, to note, as occasion might require. In the solemn enclosure of the Campo Santo, in the stillness of the Cathedral, and through all the other reliquaries of art in Pisa, she pursued her study with the minutest care, continually pausing to point out what was most admirable, to explain the sequence of art, and to show how one period fitted into another, and how the inspiration of a great master was repeated, sometimes in broken lights, through his whole school. The work progressed bravely during these weeks in the sleepy tranquillity of the old town. We went out in the brilliant autumn mornings—so much brighter and warmer than autumn is anywhere else—to the work, which was one long succession of pleasures, and often spent our evenings in the same continuous occupation; she working out the result of her studies, arranging and classifying the additions to her stores, pleased to have the little companion by her to do whatever might be most wanted, from the details of a drawing to the making of that cup of tea which is always an Englishwoman's consolation. The poet-pair, who were our closest associates, added all that was wanted to the laborious happiness of this time. Mrs. Browning

could take no active part in her friend's pursuits, but who shall say of what value was her earnest and unfailing sympathy ?

Mrs. Jameson remained at Pisa about three weeks, and from thence went on to Florence, from which place she wrote to Mr. Noel on November 10 :

My first thought and care must be my child for the next year, or perhaps two years ; and the means of instruction and improvement for *her* are what I seek first everywhere. Of Lady Byron I can only tell you that she seems to have set up a foundling hospital. She has her grandchildren and little Montgomery all on her hands ; but her last letter to me was cheerful, and without complaint of her health. Now of myself, I have to tell you that our journey through France was in some respects a happy one, in others most anxious and tedious. My poor invalid friend suffered much from fatigue ; and, considering that she had passed seven years without ever leaving her room, you can imagine what it was to convey her from Paris to Pisa. Luckily our journey was nearly over before the heavy rains commenced. We remained in beautiful Pisa three weeks, and then came on to Florence, where we arrived on the 7th of this month.

Here we have taken a lodging in the Piazza Santa Croce, which costs fifteen piastres a month—an ante-room, sitting-room, and two bed-rooms, *all* large handsome rooms ! —and this sum includes linen, plate, and service. Our expenses of living and fire I calculate at thirty-five piastres—about 12*l.* English money per month altogether. Lombardy is cheaper, for the crowds of English here at this time make everything dear.

We have found several of our friends here, who are

most ready to be attentive; but the weather is bitterly cold, and the change of climate, after the soft air of Pisa, is very uncomfortable. Florence is, however, most beautiful and full of interest to me; the masters are good, and I hope we shall spend a month or two here very pleasantly and profitably.

Among the pleasant houses of friends old and new that made Mrs. Jameson and 'her child' welcome in Florence, was that of some very old friends indeed—Sir Charles and Lady Herbert. Lady Herbert had been an early and intimate friend of the mother of Mrs. Jameson, and Sir Charles, until he left England for Italy some ten years previously, had been the family friend and physician. None of the elder generation of the Anglo-Saxon residents in Florence can fail to remember the hospitable dwelling of the Herberts in the Palazzo facing the Ponte alla Carraja. Then there was Mrs. Trollope, at whose weekly *réunions* appeared everyone of any note, and many of no note at all, all alike kindly received by the well-known writer. I remember her disappointment, herself a devoted whist-player, on finding that Mrs. Jameson did not profess to know one card from another! The Garrow family with their all-accomplished daughter, Mme. Sabatier, known in the musical world as Caroline Ungher; Mme. Catalani—both renowned singers in their day; the sculptor Power, and so many more whose

names now belong to the past, then belonged to the artist society of Florence.

We were over two months in Florence—two happy months—work and amusement treading closely on each other's heels. Mrs. Jameson always permitted 'her child,' notwithstanding masters and lessons, to assist as far as she could in the work she had in hand. Outlines were drawn, tracings made, careful drawings put on the wood and sent home to be engraved for the illustrations. Every day had some new delight in the way of exploring old churches, or visiting art collections or modern studios. For a time, too, Mrs. Jameson went into society in Florence, submitting meekly to be lionised (which from her very heart she hated), and accepting kindness for herself and niece; until one day there came a letter from Rome from Mme. de Goethe, announcing her arrival in the Eternal City from Méran, where she had been staying for the benefit of her son Wolf's health. Then Mrs. Jameson at once made up her mind to break away from Florence and join her friend Ottilie in Rome.

# CHAPTER IX.

## TRAVELS AND STUDIES.

It was late in the month of January 1847 when Mrs. Jameson visited Rome for the second time. Yet after a lapse of some three-and-twenty years her recollections of it were so vivid, and so little change had taken place in the interim, within the city or without, that she felt herself no stranger.

Changes there were, however, that were soon to lead to greater. It was the first year of the reign of a new pope, and Pius IX., some six months occupant of the pontifical chair, was already astonishing Europe in general and his subjects in particular by a line of political conduct altogether opposed to the old papal *régime* of centuries. A pope who commenced his rule by the grant of a general amnesty to all his political adversaries, accorded permission for railroads and gas, interested himself personally about the night-schools for artisans, and went abroad daily on foot among the people, visiting his poorer subjects in their homes of an evening, accompanied generally by a single priest, with no

sort of guard for protection, a sort of Christian Haroun el Raschid of the nineteenth century, was a change indeed in itself sufficient to make the period of this visit a memorable one.

The 'season' that year was what the Romans were then wont to distinguish as *buonissima*, for Rome was crowded with foreign visitors of all classes, many among them greatly distinguished by name or fortune. 'Father Prout,' in his letters to the 'Daily News,' of which paper he was at the time correspondent, enumerated for the benefit of his readers the number of distinguished strangers sojourning in Rome, winding up the list with an announcement of 'the arrival of Mrs. Jameson, who, with Lady Charlotte Bury and Mrs. Butler, adds to our collection this year of female literary celebrities.' Moreover, either the 'Daily News' or some other newspaper busied itself with Mrs. Jameson's proceedings, and in a letter to her sister, dated Rome, March 1847, she alludes to this:

You amuse me with the newspaper accounts of my doings. I have very pleasant *soirées* on Sunday evenings, which are liked; but my room is so small that I cannot have above twenty people, and I give them only tea, at the dispensing of which Gerardine officiates very prettily. I never go out, because if I went to one place I must go to another. I let Gerardine go out occasionally with dear Mrs. Reid, but seldom, for the little head cannot stand it. I was frightened by the publication of Lord

Lindsay's book,[1] but I have seen a copy, and *now* I do not mind him; he takes a different ground from mine. Mme. de Goethe is occupied with her sick son; she has given Gerardine a beautiful scarf. My most *useful* friend is Miss Montgomery. Lady Byron is, as usual, the best of correspondents, though overwhelmed with cares.

Those Sunday evening parties, simple as was the entertainment, were of the kind that lends most zest and pleasure to society. Mrs. Jameson's visitors were of kindred tastes to her own—artists, people of letters, and travellers whose distinction was not that of rank only. John Gibson, the sculptor, modest and quaint and homely, not yet quite so great a man as he afterwards became; Francis Sylvester O'Mahoney (Father Prout), wearing an ineradicable air of the priest and seminarist in strange combination with his frank Bohemianism; Charles Hemans, gentle, correct, and bland, at the very opposite height of scrupulous respectability, and beginning even then to be looked on by us all as an invaluable companion among the 'chief relics of almighty Rome;' Richard Wyatt, Penry Williams, Minardi and Cornelius; Overbeck, with his severe and saintly aspect; old Kestner (the son of Goethe's Lotte), who looked as though he never could have been young, but was the kindest, most courtly of envoys; Dr. Braun, the archæologist; and many another, whose names have not remained

[1] *Sketches of the History of Christian Art.*

in my memory, were constant visitors. Mme. de Goethe came, surrounded by her own little train of enthusiast friends from Germany, filling the little Roman *salon* with a perfume of court atmosphere, true *grande dame jusqu'au bout des ongles* that she was. Mr. and Mrs. Cobden—English of the English, in strongest contrast to the brilliant and sentimental Germans—were very constant during their stay in Rome; and we had occasionally Lord Compton and Lord Walpole, then leading artist lives amid the artist studios in Via Margutta, sometimes Lord Beverley with his pleasant courtesy, and always the little fringe of faithful English friends—Miss Montgomery, who at that time shared with my aunt the most intimate circle of Lady Byron's friendship, and Mrs. Reid, Miss Martineau's and many others' 'dear Mrs. Reid,' whose kind care of her niece Mrs. Jameson has above recorded, a kindness never to be forgotten. To the little personage at the tea-table everything was new, strange, and delightful, the very names intoxicating, the talk like that of the gods. And when all had left, the half-hour spent in discussing the talk and the talkers, with entire possession of the dearest and to her the most eloquent of all, giving explanation, comment, and suggestion! What half-hours ever passed so quickly as these?

One Sunday evening, I remember, all other

guests having taken their departure, Mr. Gibson remaining gave us the complete story of his own career. Mrs. Jameson took it down from his own lips, as it were, that night, and later published it in the 'Art Journal.'[1] Mr. Gibson was wont to say —and that he was not one to utter a careless complimentary phrase, let those who knew him testify— that he owed his start in life more to the praises bestowed on his work by Mrs. Jameson in the pages of her 'Diary of an Ennuyée' (the Psyche borne aloft by the Zephyrs) than to the fact of this group having been purchased by a noble patron.

It is interesting to remember, in connection with the sincere friendship that existed between the sculptor and Mrs. Jameson, that the commemorative bust in one of the halls of the Kensington Museum was executed by Gibson as a last tribute to her memory, although as a likeness, and even as a work of art, it is in itself scarcely worthy of his hand.

Our lodging was in the Piazza di Spagna, No. 53. One of the jokes of our little circle—gentle jokes, making much laughter at a cost of little wit, as in the Vicarage of Wakefield—was the name given to Mrs. Jameson by Miss Montgomery's coachman— 'la signora di cinquante-tre,' which she would say was unkind, as reminding her perpetually of her

[1] See Appendix.

age (she was then in her fifty-third year). Our rooms were over Spïthover's shop, with little balconied windows looking out over all the amusing scenes in the Piazza, the sparkling of the great fountain, and the picturesque figures, models, and contadini, that group themselves upon the Spanish steps, so familiar to all visitors of Rome. We had a large old-fashioned drawing-room, hung with dim long mirrors, that gave a shadowy unreality to everything they reflected, and faded damask hangings, and an enormous, cavernous, deep-mouthed fire-place, with sulky martial figures in dim brass for the fire-dogs. The blazing logs, though the warmth they gave went half up the huge chimney (and when the room was full that was no great harm), sent the most cheerful flicker, the only light that seemed to penetrate their dimness, into the mirrors. Here my aunt sat, always with a certain gentle dignity; for though she was not fond of being looked upon as a lion, she was far from being destitute of a sense of her own well-won honours, and felt the social homage she received in her own house to be her due. Her companion, I fear, as she says in a previous letter, had now and then her little head slightly turned by the strange discovery that there were people who thought her also worth talking to; and thus, in the very moment when Providence seemed to have given to Mrs. Jameson

a child who might cherish and comfort her for years and make up to her a little for the adversities of fate—at the time when she began to get a little real pleasure and aid from the girl to whom she had been a second mother all her life, another great disappointment was already preparing for her. I cannot but feel, with a remorseful pang, how bitter it must have been to her to see the child she had so cherished desert her so summarily. It is the course of nature, as people say, and it is only by the teachings of years that we perceive how hardly the loves and joys of our youth often fall upon those from whom the tide of our own personal life and story carries us away. Mrs. Jameson, of course, no more than any other in her position, would willingly have kept her niece unmarried in order to make of her a permanent companion ; but the speedy conclusion of this companionship startled her and, I fear, must be counted among the disappointments of her life.

This, however, is not a matter of any importance in these pages, though I can scarcely pass it entirely without mention, as a thing which put a stop to some of my aunt's hopes and cherished intentions. Her life in Rome was a very pleasant one while undisturbed by all agitations of this kind. As she herself wrote, she went nowhere unconnected with her present labours, unless it were occasionally for a

long drive, after the day's toils might be considered as over, away into the Campagna with Ottilie or with Miss Montgomery. There were certain old churches that she never wearied in revisiting—those of which she afterwards said in her chapter on the Roman Martyrs :

For myself, I must say I know nothing to compare with a pilgrimage among the antique churches scattered over the Esquiline, the Cœlian, and the Aventine Hills. They stand apart, each in its solitude amid gardens, and vineyards, and heaps of nameless ruins—here a group of cypresses, there a lofty pine or solitary palm ; the tutelary saint, perhaps some *Sant' Achilleo* or *Santa Bibiana*, whom we never heard of before ; an altar rich in precious marbles, columns of porphyry, the old frescoes dropping from the walls, the everlasting colossal mosaics looking down so solemn, so dim, so spectral ;—these grow upon us, until, at each succeeding visit, they themselves, and the associations with which they are surrounded, become a part of our daily life, and may be said to hallow that daily life when considered in a right spirit. True, what is most sacred, what is most poetical, is often desecrated to the fancy by the intrusion of those prosaic realities which easily strike prosaic minds ; by disgust at the foolish fabrications which those who recite them do not believe, by lying inscriptions, by tawdry pictures, by tasteless and even profane restorations ; by much that saddens, much that offends, much that disappoints. But then so much remains—so much to awaken, to elevate, to touch the heart—so much that will not from the memory, so much that makes a part of our after-life !

Of San Clemente, one of her favourite haunts, Mrs. Jameson says comparatively little, and avers as her reason for not saying more 'of this singular and interesting church, the favourite study of artists and antiquaries,' that descriptions of it may be found in every guide-book. She contents herself with merely giving the legend of the patron saint, the disciple of St. Peter and St. Paul, and third bishop of Rome; and in the life of St. Catherine of Alexandria a list of the subjects from the life of this 'virgin patroness' painted in the chapel there by Masaccio. The long-concealed substructures of this venerable Basilica, built over what is generally now believed to be the most ancient Christian oratory—the house of Clemens—had not seen the light after its sepulture of over a thousand years: neither then nor at either of the later visits paid by Mrs. Jameson to the Eternal City. Otherwise it may well be imagined that such remains of an 'antique time' would have secured a notice in her pages, and perhaps a modification of her belief upon the then existing testimonies, 'that the legend of St. Catherine is not of high antiquity; even among the Greeks it cannot be traced further back than the eighth century; and in the East it appears to have originated with the monks of Mount Sinai. In a literary form we find it first in the Greek Menology of the Emperor Basil in the ninth

century. The Crusaders of the eleventh century brought it from the East,' &c.

The Byzantine St. Catherine, which has been discovered in the original church of San Clemente, facing a similar early representation of St. Euphemia (surnamed the *Great*), martyred near Byzantium early in the fourth century, and known to have been painted by Greek artists a few years after her death, affords a strong argument against this conclusion; and had Mrs. Jameson seen these richly attired solemn effigies standing in the niche beside the throned Virgin and Child, each distinguished by her name inscribed near her in old Greek characters, and found them to belong to the early date assigned them, she would have naturally shared in the belief held by the reverend Prior of San Clemente, the fortunate discoverer of the lost church and oratory of the disciple of the Apostles; and here, too, she would have found a painting commemorating her favourite Saint Alexis, 'whose story, as given in the "Legendario Romano," is one of the most beautiful of the sacred romances of the Middle Ages.'

Part of her leisure she gave to visiting the studios that abounded then, as now, in Rome; and these visits may in truth be said to have proved in many cases as interesting to the artist as to herself and her privileged companion of the hour; for her

intuitive sympathy and generous appreciation, even her frank disapproval at times, and ready suggestion, where suggestion might avail, fell from her lips with such gracious expression, that praise was sweetened and blame rendered acceptable.

After Easter Mrs. Jameson left Rome and travelled north by Florence, where she found the Brownings; Bologna, where Mrs. Somerville showed her kindly hospitality; Ravenna, Padua, and Vicenza, to Venice. A month passed quickly in this enchanting place, where the mornings were spent in the Belle Arti and the Accademia, and the afternoons among the churches and the lagunes. Thence to Verona and the Lago di Garda, where once more we met Miss Montgomery, and, above all, the Noels, and spent some delightful days at Riva and at Desenzano. One last halt was made at Méran to take leave of Mme. de Goethe and her then still invalid son; and then straight on to Paris and to England.

Thus her proposed long absence from England, which was intended for her niece's benefit as well as her own, terminated abruptly. Before Mrs. Jameson left Rome, towards the end of April, the book and its illustrations were approaching completion. But the whole of the summer was given in addition, and it was not till the month of December 1848 that Mrs. Jameson, writing to Mr.

Longman evidently in reply to some suggestion made by him as to the difficulty she would probably experience in treating of the 'Prince of Darkness,' says:

I shall be very glad to give the devil his due. You will remember that in the books of the Old Testament he is scarcely recognised as a *person*. The book of Job is of Chaldaic origin, as it is said by some of the best commentators, and the angels in their proper character are not the *Anime Beate*. When you see the Legend of St. Michael, you will see how I have treated the *Adversary*; but keep in mind that I deal with my subject poetically and pictorially, not religiously. I have insisted on this in the introduction.

The stirring times of 1847-49 were scarcely opportune for the publishing of works on art of any kind. The public mind was distraught; events followed one another so rapidly that men grew giddy and breathless, and Mrs. Jameson's letters to her correspondent Noel are full of the politics of the day, without one mention of the book whose publication was imminent. She writes from Ealing on March 10, 1848:

At present we are all in the first excitement of this new revolution. There are some disturbances here, but not worth speaking of, except as mere rabble-work; some windows broken, some heads, and one or two unfortunate people shot in the *mêlée*. But the middle classes here are quiet; and though they desire progress, they desire no change; and everyone is now agreed that, but for the

pusillanimity shown by Louis Philippe and his family, a change of ministry would have satisfied the people in France. Do not believe any of the reports in the German papers about disturbances here, for in fact, though there be disturbances, there is nothing more; no such feeling against the government as in France was universal. Had that treacherous and selfish old king prospered to the end, I should have doubted Providence! What has interested me almost as much as the Revolution has been the result of a murder here, which, from the feeling it has roused, may possibly lead to some first step in a *moral* sanitary reform.

Do you see the 'Times' newspaper? I do not like violence; I do not like the *canaille*; I do not like disturbance or discord of any kind; but I should like a change which would leave free the intercourse of men, minds, and nations.

Mrs. Jameson writes to the same friend three months later, also from Ealing:

These French are the mischief-makers of Europe, and it is small comfort that themselves will be the greatest sufferers. We have terrible news from Paris. How much a few leading spirits are wanted at this moment! Surely the selfishness and imbecility of the various governments are in fault as much as the misguided people. Such a mass of ignorance and misery weltering under the surface of society, particularly in the Austrian dominions—this could not last. In England we are all tranquil, and I have faith in the permanence of this tranquillity, unless the dreadful state of the Continent, by cutting off our commercial resources, should create such a mass of want and misery as can no longer be endured. Then the people may break loose. But we have here, what exists not, I

believe, anywhere else—an immense middle class of several grades, from high professional people down to the shopkeepers, tolerably well educated, accustomed to political considerations, and who are perfectly aware that they must all suffer from disorganisation; and this, and the feeling which exists generally *that order must be maintained*—this will perhaps save us. What strange times are these!

*June* 29.—I have kept open my letter, dearest Noel. The events at Paris have made us quite heart-sick and breathless. The result has been victory on the side of order and of power; but what a victory! And what result are we to look to from that victory, which must tend to strengthen a military aristocracy and despotism? And what they will do with the prisoners is now the question. Some people anticipate a massacre like the Septembricides in the first Revolution. The only piece of news I can send you not generally known is the fact that our Queen has determined to go to Ireland, and has obtained with difficulty the sanction of the Ministers. She wished to have gone last year, but they would not take the responsibility of permitting her to do so. This year she has carried the point. It is a brave little woman, without shining qualities, but with a good deal of sense and spirit.

In the autumn the book was at length ready for the press. There had been a succession of delays, caused chiefly by incessant additions, and so laborious a revision of the proofs that again and again Mrs. Jameson, in her conscientious anxiety to give her best to the public, overstepped the limits allowed by her contract, and corrected and re-corrected at her own expense. No sooner was it fairly in

the printer's hands, however, a *fait accompli*, than she took flight from the scenes of her cares and anxieties, and fulfilled a long-cherished intention of revisiting Ireland, which she had not seen since she quitted it with her father and mother in 1798. She had received pressing invitations from an old and valued family friend, the then Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Maziere Brady, from Miss Edgeworth and others, which decided her on leaving London, or rather England, while her book took final shape and form.

From Hazelbrook, near Dublin, Mrs. Jameson wrote to her sister on September 30, 1848:

The best thing I can do for your amusement is to give you an itinerary of my proceedings. On Tuesday I left Hazelbrook, with the Chancellor, his wife and youngest daughter, in a very pretty open barouche. We went through a beautiful country among the Wicklow mountains to Enniskerry, where we had a hospitable reception and luncheon in a most romantic spot. Then on to Powerscourt, through the beautiful grounds, and on to Bray, where dinner had been ordered, and where we slept. Wednesday, 27th, we left Bray, after admiring the beach and the promontory of Bray Head, and drove through the most lovely scenery to Rathdrum, where we entered the vale of Avoca, saw the 'meeting of the waters,' and followed the course of the river through the valley to the sea, passing through Arklow, and returning to the Avoca Inn, where we slept. Thursday, 28th, we left Avoca early, and drove through the wildest and most beautiful mountain scenery to the vale of Glendalough (the 'Valley of the

Seven Churches'), where we visited the Round Tower, the Chapel of St. Kevin, and then returned by Annamoe, Roundwood, and through the mountain passes to Bray, where we dined and slept at the same delightful inn. On Friday, 29th, we returned to Dublin by the Dargle, in which we spent two hours, wandering about while the carriage waited.

You see my time has been hitherto most pleasantly employed. The excursion was delightful altogether, without losses or crosses; everybody in high good humour—no cares, having two servants in attendance and our own carriage—while as to the scenery, I cannot express its beauty, so different in character from anything I had seen in Italy or Germany. My dearest mother will be able to follow me every step of the way. On our return we had a beautiful view of Killiney mountain and bay, which made me think of Eliza. To-day it is pouring rain, so we just got home in time.

Making the hospitable mansion of the Chancellor her temporary home, Mrs. Jameson went thence on various long excursions north and south, visiting Miss Edgeworth, Archbishop Whately and his family, the Archers, &c., on her way south. On October 24, she wrote to Mr. Longman from the fair city of Limerick:

DEAR MR. LONGMAN,—I found your letter here; pray do not forget that I wish only two copies sent to Dublin—the others to my address at Ealing. I wish my dear mother to be the first person to have a copy, as in duty bound. I am afraid the book will be too expensive—that my vanity will be gratified at the expense of my pocket. I am afraid it will not do, and begin to wish I had fol-

lowed my first thought, and published it cheaply. Who buys or reads expensive books in these days? *I* do not, certainly; but I am in your hands, and feel sure that you will do the best you can for me. I shall deliver your message myself to the great Maria.[1] She is writing something (*entre nous*). She is full of life and vivacity, and is now eighty-one, as she told me herself.

I have also spent two days with Lord Rosse at Bin Castle, and have seen the awful telescope, and not only looked into it, but walked into it. As for Ireland, there may be—I hope there is—redemption for her some time or other, but nothing can be gloomier than the present prospects. I saw yesterday the departure of a troop of half-starved emigrants from their desperate families; I have not yet recovered from the spectacle—it was a terrible tragedy.

On November 8, Mrs. Jameson writes to the same:

I have just seen a review in the 'Examiner,' written in a very kind spirit. I have been very much indisposed. The miserable spectacles I have witnessed, the severe weather, the bad travelling accommodation, anxiety about friends abroad, have conspired to bring on a sort of low fever, from which I am now recovering.

Dublin, November 24.

DEAR MR. LONGMAN,—I have received my book; it looks very pretty, and I get plenty of compliments, as a matter of course; but compliments do not mean *success*, and as yet I do not know what to hope on that score. I wonder why anybody should care to read it in these agitated times.

[1] Mrs. Jameson had been staying with the Edgeworth family at Edgeworthstown.

Notwithstanding Mrs. Jameson's apprehensions, the success of her volumes on 'Sacred and Legendary Art' was entirely satisfactory to herself, to her friends, and, last not least, to her publishers. She had carried on her notes and studies and illustrations for the second in order of the series, 'The Monastic Orders,' simultaneously with the first, so that she was less oppressed for the time with close work in order to be ready for press by a given date.

Of her journey to Ireland as a whole, looking back upon the three months passed in her own country, Mrs. Jameson writes her impressions to Mr. Noel on December 16:

In the first week of last September, being quite worn out with hard work, I ran away for change. I was quite ill. I ran to Ireland, of all places in the world, because I felt ashamed that I had not visited my native land. I went from Dublin to Enniskillen and Lough Erne, then southwards to Longford, where I spent ten days with the Edgeworths, and found that celebrated family as charming as the world had believed them. Maria Edgeworth lively and full of all natural sympathies at the age of eighty-one. Thence I travelled through Galway, and saw the sun set on the Atlantic; then through Limerick, Tipperary, Clonmel, Waterford, Wexford, and so back to Dublin, where, before I left, I saw a good deal of society. You will now ask me what are my general impressions. I have seen enough to make me hopeless, but yet I hope. In the north the linen trade is prospering, every loom at work. In the west and south, all property, all society appear to be falling into a state of dissolution. The failure of

the potatoes has changed the face of the country. The people die, or emigrate, or crowd into the poor-houses. The poor-rates press so heavily on the already burdened land that the landlords are driven to despair. The poor-law, unfit in its present working for Ireland or the Irish, seems destined to complete the process of degradation. I heard Archbishop Whately call it 'the last and most fatal of England's blunders with regard to ill-fated Ireland.' If governments can profit, as we hope they can, in these enlightened times, by the past, Ireland will not have suffered in vain. But when I was there I could not speculate and philosophise; I could only feel sick at heart, viewing the horrible misery which met me at every step—large buildings, *once* mills and manufactories, all empty idleness and desolation and starvation everywhere. The government is really trying do do something, but with the best will it is a work of two or three generations. The English papers and wiseacres talk gravely of *colonising* Ireland—what a comment on its condition! Lord Clarendon is considered the best and most efficient Lord Lieutenant ever sent to that country, and there is a mingled decision, vivacity, kindliness, and power in his character which will, I hope, work well. He is both loved and feared.

I may add here a more pleasant chapter of her experiences in Ireland, taken from her 'Commonplace Book:'

When travelling in Ireland, I stayed over one Sunday in a certain town in the north, and rambled out early in the morning. It was cold and wet, the streets empty and quiet, but the sound of voices drew me in one direction, down a court where there was a Roman Catholic chapel. It was so crowded that many of the congregation stood

round the door. I remarked among them a number of soldiers and most miserable-looking women. All made way for me with true national courtesy, and I entered at the moment the priest was finishing mass, and about to begin his sermon. There was no pulpit, and he stood on the step of the altar; a fine-looking man, with a bright face, a sonorous voice, and a *very* strong Irish accent. His text was from Matt. v. 43, 44.

He began by explaining what Christ really meant by the words 'Love thy neighbour,' then drew a picture in contrast of hatred and dissension, commencing with dissension in families, between kindred, and between husband and wife. Then he made a most touching appeal in behalf of children brought up in an atmosphere of contention, where no love is. 'God help them! God pity them! small chance for them of being either good or happy, for their young hearts are saddened and soured with strife, and they eat their bread in bitterness!' Then he preached patience to the wives, indulgence to the husbands, and denounced scolds and quarrelsome women in a manner that seemed to glance at recent events. 'When ye are found in the streets vilifying and slandering one another, ay, fighting and tearing each other's hair, do ye think ye're women? No, ye're not, ye're devils incarnate, and ye'll go where the devils will be fit companions for ye!' &c. (Here some women near me, with long black hair streaming down, fell on their knees sobbing with contrition.) He then went on in the same strain of homely eloquence to the evils of political and religious hatred, and quoted the text, 'If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.' 'I'm a Catholic,' he went on, 'and I believe in the truth of my own religion above all others. I'm convinced, by long study and observation, it's the best that is; but what then? Do ye think I hate my

neighbour because he thinks differently? Do ye think I *mane* to force my religion down other people's throats?'

. . . . . .

He then insisted and demonstrated that all the miseries of life, all the sorrows and mistakes of men, women, and children, and, in particular, all the disasters of Ireland, the bankrupt landlords, the religious dissensions, the fights domestic and political, the rich without care for the poor, and the poor without food or work—all arose from nothing but the want of love. 'Down on your knees,' he exclaimed, 'and ask God's mercy and pardon; and, as ye hope to find it, ask pardon of one another for every angry word ye have spoken, for every uncharitable thought that has come into your minds; and if any man or woman have aught against his neighbour, no matter what, let it be plucked out of his heart before he leaves this place, let it be forgotten at the door of this chapel. Let me, your pastor, have no more *rason* to be ashamed of you, as if I were set over wild *bastes*, instead of Christian men and women!'

After more in this fervid strain, which I cannot recollect, he gave his blessing in the same earnest heartfelt manner. I never saw a congregation more attentive, more reverent, and apparently more touched and edified. (1848.)

From the melancholy scenes which thus distressed her, endowed as she was with sympathy too keen for her own comfort, she soon passes, however, to a very different scene; and the next letter we find is from the cheerful, though to her most unsympathetic, locality of Brighton, whence she writes to Mr. Noel in January 1849. The sketch of the great preacher here given will interest many readers:

I am at Brighton. We have had a sick house, and my niece and sister are here for change. My great pleasure is hearing Mr. Robertson preach. I met him at dinner yesterday, and we talked of you. He desired me to say that he should never forget the days passed with you at Botzen, and that he wishes he had followed your advice two years ago. He wishes that he had called sooneron Lady Byron ; there is great mutual admiration apparently. I went yesterday twice to church to hear Robertson preach. I never heard anything to equal him in *eloquence*—really fine speaking, not mere fervour and fluency ; a logical distribution of his subject, and an entire command of himself and his own power, as well as of his audience. In general fine preachers disturb me and shock my taste, because they are carried away by their own excitement. He never is. I regret to see that he is in delicate health.

I need not apologise for introducing here the following letter from Sir Robert Peel on the subject of Mrs. Jameson's Irish experiences, which called forth in him feelings so similar to her own :

Drayton Manor, April 8, 1849.

MY DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—Your letter reached me just as I had concluded reading an article in the 'Edinburgh Review' on 'Sacred and Legendary Art,' and was rejoicing in the tribute of full approbation paid to your 'eloquent and beautiful volumes.'

I did you injustice in feeling some momentary surprise that you could turn from the splendid visions of St. Christopher and St. Catherine to the personal examination of the terrible realities of the west of Ireland.

I wish you could not confirm my mournful impressions as to the present, and my gloomy anticipations of the future. I would willingly have resigned even the great satisfaction I have derived from concurrence in my general views and sentiments, expressed with much force and feeling, for an assurance from your pen that my apprehensions as to the extent and rapid increase of moral and social evil were without foundation.

That assurance, however, you cannot give me, and all that is left for us is to cherish the hope that this chastening of the Almighty may be sent for some beneficent purpose; and that, by awakening us to a true sense of our danger, it may stimulate exertions that would not otherwise be made for the social improvement of Ireland. Believe me, my dear madam, very faithfully yours,

ROBERT PEEL.

The following remarks upon a subject which has again become very near, and of the greatest interest to all who are concerned (and who is not concerned ?) in European politics, were written to a friend on May 24 :

As to politics, the continental politics distance all imaginings. . . . Of the result I entertain no doubt. The spirit now stirring through Europe is not to be put down by Russia, though the Russian hordes may overrun and devastate Europe, and for the time turn the current in favour of Austria. Even this is doubtful, for the Russian army is a vile machine. It is one thing to gain battles and make carnage, it is another thing to *conquer*. What conquests has Russia ever made ? As to our state here, we are tranquil. There was a chance of the ministry going out on the navigation laws. It has blown over, and but

for that wretched political ulcer, poor Ireland, we might be deemed prosperous. The Funds are at 93 to-day.

On Saturday the Queen was shot at in the Park by some idle fellow, and we have since been in a fever of loyalty. The fact is that the Queen has never been so popular. The evils and miseries of the Continent, a horror of disorder, her own blameless and conscientious life and excellent conduct, the good sense shown of late by Prince Albert in aiding plans for the amelioration of the people, have greatly tended to endear both to the public; and when they appeared at the theatre their reception was enthusiastic.

For all that, I do not think that we are in safe harbour, that the tempest will sweep by us and leave us untouched. I am not sure I wish it; but there is a principle of vitality and development in our institutions, admitting change before it is forced upon us, and the privileges of grumbling aloud, speechifying, abusing and caricaturing the ruling powers, are so many safety-valves. The continental nations are like children trying to use the two-edged instruments with which our hands are familiar; they only cut themselves. When I go to town, I shall probably see Mr. Cobden, and I will tell him what you say. When I was last in town, I was at a party at his house, and then soon afterwards at a party at Lord Lansdowne's. The difference was amusing.

Many people look to Sir Robert Peel at present. I sometimes think he is waiting to be forced into office by the voice of the people, and that the time may be at hand.

After all these comments on public affairs we return to her private life in the following letter to Miss Sedgwick:

Ealing : October 10, 1849.

MY DEAREST CATHERINE,—As I was returning home yesterday in the railway train from Derbyshire, I was thinking of you, and that I must and should write to you forthwith ; and lo ! as I was walking up the road homewards, I met the postman, who touched his hat, and put a letter into my hand—yours, by Mrs. Follen, but dated so long ago, July, and this is October. As I was devouring the lines by the imperfect light, I had nearly been run over by a stage-coach. I had heard of Mrs. Follen's arrival, and only waited her arrival in town to hold out my arms to her. Yes, I remember her well ; and, for her own sake and for yours, I shall be charmed to see her again. How I feel sometimes the want of a residence in town, the want of a home to which I could welcome my friends ! This little cell in my mother's cottage is a sort of nest which just holds my books and me ; and though Wordsworth talks of books having tendrils strong as flesh and blood, I feel often all the difference ; but no, I believe, on consideration, that it is we who have the tendrils, and twine round our books. But, in any case, mine don't, except about very few—yours, perhaps books which are not mere books. How is it with you ? With me it is as if the roots of my life and its tendrils too grew stronger as I grow older, and social life is becoming more necessary to me just as my power of commanding it is lessened ; but we must do the best we can. Is there no hope of your coming to England — none, not even in the far future ? But, at least, you can write a little oftener ; and so can I, for that matter. Your last I received on April 4. I don't know how often I have written to you since.

But I have not yet told you something in which you will sympathise with me truly. My niece Gerardine was

married on September 4 to Robert Macpherson, an artist by profession, of a good Highland family, and a good, kind, honest-hearted man. I was against the union at first; but what seemed a sudden rash fancy on both sides became respectable from its constancy. I am glad now that I yielded. She may probably have to suffer, there will be a struggle with the world; but at least the natural life will have flowed in its healthy natural course, and the trials which come will mature, and will not embitter, the character. I hold to the right of every human being to work out their own salvation; and the old have a right to advise, but no right to prescribe an existence to, the young. So Geddie has married the man whom she preferred from the first moment she saw him, and as yet they are enchanted with each other. They are now in Scotland, residing among his friends and relations, and they return to Rome, which will be their residence for some years, in about three weeks. Then I lose my child, poor little thing; and the present state of Italy makes me anxious, but he understands his position, the place, and the people, and I hope the best. Probably I shall be in Italy myself next year.

I am glad, dear Catherine, that you are happy in your Kate's marriage; give my love to her. I wish I knew her husband, that I might bring the whole circle before me. I have been reading Sir Charles Lyell's travels in America. I was charmed with it. Surely it must please and interest in America; has it not? Did you see him and his sweet little wife? they are valued friends of mine. My 'Legendary Art' has had great success, and I am so glad it has pleased my American friends. I am preparing a third volume, the 'Legends of the Monastic Orders,' which will, I hope, be found useful; it opens on a vast field of morals as well as art, and the difficulty will, as formerly, lie in

compressing my materials. Do you know Mrs. Browning, who was Elizabeth Barrett, the poetess? I have had a charming letter from her. Think of the poor invalid being the mother of a fine boy! . . . I don't and won't admire Jenny Lind, whose success has been of a kind to make all such triumphs ridiculous. She is an accomplished singer and *second-rate* actress; we have had so many better! Of my dear friend Lady Byron, I can only say that she is rather better than she was a month ago. It is a hopeless state of invalidism, but such a tenacity of life that I do not give way to terror about her now, as I used to do. If you can by any means give publicity in your country to the enclosed paper, pray do it; it will be to me a favour and a service. Can you send a copy to Professor Longfellow?

Ever, dearest Catherine, your affectionate friend.

I am going to write to Fanny; what is her name now?

A New Year's greeting came early in January from across the Atlantic that gave Mrs. Jameson the sincerest pleasure, as any tribute of esteem or affection from her friends in America never failed to bring her. It was Mr. Longfellow who thus addressed her from Cambridge, Massachusetts:

DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—Having many friends who are your friends and admirers, and none more so than my own wife, I venture to smuggle myself in among them at this season, and wish you all the good wishes of the New Year. I beg you to accept a volume of poems which I have just published, and in which I hope there may be something that will give you pleasure, you who have given me so much, particularly your last work, 'Sacred and

Legendary Art.' How very precious it is to me! Indeed, I shall hardly try to express to you the feelings of affection with which I have cherished it from the first moment it reached us, now a year ago. It most amply supplies the cravings of the religious sentiment, of the spiritual nature within. It produces in my soul the same effect that great organists have produced by laying slight weights upon certain keys of their instruments, thus keeping an unbroken flow of melody, whilst their fingers are busy with the other keys and stops. And there let these volumes lie, pressing just enough upon my thoughts to make perpetual music. God bless you for this book!

Your sincere friend,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

## CHAPTER X.

### LATER LIFE.

FROM the commencement of the year 1851, Mrs. Jameson's more influential friends had bestirred themselves with a view to having her name placed on Her Majesty's Pension List. One of Mrs. Jameson's earliest friends, Mrs. Procter, was the first to receive through Mr. Thackeray the intimation that the suggested nomination met with the approval of Lord John Russell. Lord Stanley of Alderley had personally made the application to the Prime Minister, and sent the answer he received enclosed in a note from himself to Mr. Thackeray. Mr. Thackeray forwarded both communications to Mrs. Procter, writing on Lord Stanley's letter a characteristic note in his own hand. 'There, ma'am, I think this is pretty good news on the whole! Just found it at the Athenæum, where I'm come to work.'

Lord John's letter ran thus:

May 12, 1851.

DEAR STANLEY,—Mrs. Jameson's deserts are worthy of consideration when I can recommend for pensions, but

till the end of June there is but a very trifling sum at the disposal of the Crown. Pray explain this to Mr. Thackeray. Yours truly,

J. RUSSELL.

On July 2 Lord John wrote to Lord Stanley :

The Queen has been pleased to grant a pension of 100*l.* a year to Mrs. Jameson. I wish you would inform her of it, and ask her to name two trustees to receive the payments. Yours truly,

J. RUSSELL.

A letter of the same date from Lord Stanley accompanied this satisfactory note from Lord John, a letter so kind and considerate that I cannot refrain from giving it here :

DEAR THACKERAY,—I have just received a letter from Lord John Russell, informing me that the Queen has been pleased to grant a pension of 100*l.* a year to Mrs. Jameson, and requesting me to inform her of it. As it was through your representations to me of the circumstances and condition of that lady that I brought her case before Lord John Russell, I will trust to your kindness to make this communication to her, and to say how happy I am to have been in any degree the means of bringing forward the claims of one who is so well entitled to the consideration of her sovereign.

I enclose Lord John's letter, by which you will see that Mrs. Jameson must name two trustees to receive the payments.

She had, perhaps, better write a letter of acknowledgment to Lord John, and if she likes it may be enclosed to me.

The trustees named by Mrs. Jameson were Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Murray. The former stated his readiness to accept the charge in the following delightful little letter dated from Kensington, July 6 :

MY DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—I am very nearly as pleased as you are, and shall gladly be your godfather to promise and vow the necessary things in your name. I saw Lord John Russell yesterday, and thanked him, and told him how happy some people were made, and what you said about your mother, which touched the premier's heart. And I wish *I* had a couple of trustees and a pension

For yours very truly,

W. M. THACKERAY.

The preparations for the first 'Great Exhibition,' commonly so called in days before exhibitions became so general, and the opening in May 1851 of the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park, were at this time the uppermost subject in men's minds. Mrs. Jameson undertook to prepare one of the many guide-books required for the various departments, the task entrusted to her being the 'Companion to the Court of Modern Sculpture.' Her pamphlet was republished in 1854 by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans in the series known as 'The Crystal Palace Library.'

Mrs. Jameson's interest in the vast undertaking had been profound from the commencement; and from the following letter, written to Mr. Longman in August 1851, from Ealing, it is evident that an

article from her on the Crystal Palace, for the 'Edinburgh Review,' had been discussed between them:

DEAR MR. LONGMAN,—I find that I must give up all thoughts of executing the literary undertakings which were in my mind, and confine myself to those which are on my *conscience*. The state of my mother's health is such that I never feel sure of my proceedings, except in so far that I shall not leave England during the next year (except it be to go over to Paris for a week), and that I shall finish my book of 'Madonnas' out of hand. It requires all the time, thought, and labour I can now dispose of.

So much is written, and well written, on the subject of the Great Exhibition, that I can be spared. Many considerations, suggested by what I have seen and compared, lie in my mind, to come forth some day or other, in some form or other, perhaps. If they never appear, the loss will not be great to anyone. The tendencies of national character as displayed in national art will of course find a place, and the condition of the producers and workers in each country would make the subject of a separate article of unspeakable value. In conversation I find this last topic growing on men's minds. I wish the 'Edinburgh' would take it up. The canvas is ready; we only want the picture, with all its grouping, colour, light, shade, and infinite variety.

In the month of November Mrs. Jameson had received proposals from a bookseller in Belfast for the publication of a new edition of her book on Canada. She immediately wrote to Mr. Longman on the subject of these proposals, saying that if he

(Mr. Longman) still wished to have the 'Winter Studies and Summer Rambles,' she would hand the work over to him for the price offered her by the Irish publisher, with an additional sum of *10l.* for alterations and corrections and seeing through the press. 'I intend,' she adds, 'to omit one-fourth of the matter, and to make some changes interesting at the present time, and with regard to present affairs in Canada.'

Apparently Mr. Longman agreed at once to these terms, for Mrs. Jameson writes a fortnight later that 'the Canada book as altered and curtailed will require a new title. What do you think of "Sketches in Canada and Rambles among the Red Men," which would best express what it now is? If you can suggest a better title, I shall be glad to have it.'[1]

On July 22, 1852, Mrs. Jameson acknowledges the receipt of a first copy of the book, and writes to Mr. Longman that 'it looks very nice. I hope it will have some success for your sake; but on looking over the pages it seems to me as if left far behind in my life.'

At the close of the year 1851, Mrs. Jameson had written to Mr. Noel *à propos* of the subject that was becoming more and more interesting to

[1] The book, forming two parts of 'The Traveller's Library,' was published May 1852, under the title here given by Mrs. Jameson.

her mind and heart—the education of the masses, and more especially the amelioration of the condition of the women and children of the poorer classes. This letter is dated December 21, 1852:

Now as for news. You have probably heard from Lady Byron. She is tolerably well; she has been deeply interested in the educational conference held at Birmingham on the subject of juvenile statistics, and has offered a prize of 200*l.* for the best essay on the subject of juvenile crime, and legislation to meet the difficulties. Ralph [1] being ill, or rather just recovering from scarlet fever, she could not go down herself to Birmingham. I went down with Miss Murray, Miss Montgomery, and Mrs. Rathbone, to hear what the lawyers and the clergy had to say. It was very interesting; and the result is that the question is to be agitated in every possible way till public sympathy, and public opinion, and public conscience have borne down all opposition. The object is to make parents responsible for their children's moral education; or, in default, and the child becoming amenable to legal correction, taking away the child and taxing the parents. To me the question is of more interest, and to England of more importance, than the vile French politics. I am filled with disgust; and you will see that the whole English press (with the exception of a few ultra-tory papers) has declared against the President, even the *Times*. Their first writers have been worthily employed lately in showing up the monstrous perjury and heartlessness and utter want of principle in that man. He may succeed, probably *will* succeed; but what a *pis-aller*! what a people, who play at politics like children, and act dramas for the edification of the

[1] Lady Byron's youngest grandchild, now Lord Wentworth.

world! No principle round which to rally, no man to represent worthily any party, no law, no press, no spirit, *no nothing*! As Mrs. P. said the other day, 'they are such a set of wretches, one does not care which side is licked, so that they get it all round.' There is a party of sympathisers here in England who talk of Louis Napoleon's 'manliness, decision, vigour, cleverness,' and so forth—this you can imagine—but the sense of the nation is against him. What will the next five years bring forth?

The 'Legends of the Madonna' came out in 1852; it was a work that cost its writer far more thought and anxiety than either of the preceding volumes. In the preface she says:

With far more of doubt and diffidence, yet not less trust in the benevolence and candour of my critics, do I present this volume to the public. I hope it will be distinctly understood that the general plan of my work is merely artistic, that it really aims at nothing more than to render the various subjects intelligible.

I may have been superficial from mere abundance of materials, sometimes mistaken as to facts and dates; the tastes, the feelings, and the faith of my readers may not always go along with me; but if attention and interest have been excited, if the sphere of enjoyment in works of art have been enlarged and enlightened, I have done all I ever wished, all I ever hope to do.

During this period from 1851 to 1854, Mrs. Jameson lived chiefly in Bruton Street, in the house of her sister Camilla, Mrs. Sherwin, now the only survivor of the family. Here she was able to collect

her friends about her, and saw a good deal of what may fairly be termed brilliant society at the simple evening parties which she held on Wednesday evenings, much after the fashion of the Roman *réunions*,—in which the circle of her literary friends was diversified by a little admixture from the great world, and by the occasional appearance of strangers of note, Americans and foreigners. For some time Lady Byron was in the habit of spending these evenings with her friend when her uncertain health permitted, always an interesting figure in any society; and the quiet drawing-room became the scene of many a lively talk and animated discussion, its abiding spirits, art and literature, being sometimes set aside and cast into the background, in favour of the new and eager voices of philanthropy and social progress, which found so quick a response in the heart of its mistress. Not only was Lady Byron, her most intimate associate, in herself a centre of benevolent schemes of all kinds, but the younger members of the little society, the girls who looked up with passionate admiration to these two chief figures, were full of a thousand projects for the amelioration of the world and the help (specially) of women, a subject of continued and enthusiastic discussion. Throughout her whole literary life Mrs. Jameson had so entirely woven in her own personality with her work, that it requires no effort

to trace in her next publication the influence of this society and of the gathering of old friends and new, which greeted her return home after so many absences. Reflections of genial leisure after severe work, and of the pleasant conjunction of minds in tune: echoes of conversations full of flying gleams of thought, airy fancies, and musings softly sad, such as pass with graceful fluency, though perhaps no great depth, among a little company of cultivated women: give what seems to me a very delicate charm to the volume published two years later, and which she entitled 'A Commonplace Book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies.' It is nothing, yet it is full of a thousand melodious suggestions, undertones of sentiment and feeling, and beautiful fragments of thought. The papers from which it was composed were, according to her express desire, burnt after her death. Her own explanation of her work is so completely in keeping with the description of it which I have ventured to give, that I cannot do better than quote it here:

I must be allowed to say a few words in explanation of the contents of this little volume, which is truly what its name sets forth—a book of commonplaces, and nothing more. If I have never, in any work I have ventured to place before the public, aspired to *teach* (being myself a *learner* in all things), at least I have hitherto done my best to deserve the indulgence I have met with, and it would

pain me if it could be supposed that such indulgence had rendered me presumptuous or careless.

For many years I have been accustomed to make a memorandum of any thought which might come across me (if pen and paper were at hand), and to mark (and *remark*) any passage in a book which excited either a sympathetic or an antagonistic feeling. This collection of notes accumulated insensibly from day to day. The volumes on 'Shakespeare's Women,' on 'Sacred and Legendary Art,' and various other productions, sprang from seed thus lightly and casually sown, which, I hardly know how, grew up and expanded into a regular readable form, with a beginning, a middle, and an end. But what was to be done with the fragments which remained—without beginning and without end—links of a hidden or a broken chain? Whether to preserve them or destroy them became a question, and one I could not answer for myself. In allowing a portion of them to go forth to the world in their original form as unconnected fragments, I have been guided by the wishes of others, who deemed it not wholly uninteresting or profitless to trace the path, sometimes devious enough, of an 'inquiring spirit,' even by the little pebbles dropped as vestiges by the wayside.

A book so supremely egotistical and subjective can do good only in one way. It may, like conversation with a friend, open up sources of sympathy and reflection; excite no argument, agreement, or disagreement; and, like every spontaneous utterance of thought out of an earnest mind, suggest far higher and better thoughts than any to be found here, to higher and more productive minds. If I had not the humble hope of such a possible result, instead of sending these memoranda to the printer, I should have thrown them into the fire; for I lack that creative faculty

which can work up the teachings of heart-sorrow and world-experience into attractive forms of fiction or art.

The passages from books are not, strictly speaking, *selected*; they are not given here on any principle of choice, but simply because by some process of assimilation they became a part of the individual mind. They 'found *me*,' to borrow Coleridge's expression, 'found me in some depth of my being;' I did not 'find *them*.'

For the rest, all those passages which are marked by inverted commas must be regarded as borrowed, though I have not always been able to give my authority. All passages not so marked are, I dare not say, original or new, but at least the unstudied expression of a free discursive mind—fruits, not advisedly plucked, but which the variable winds have shaken from the tree; some ripe, some 'harsh and crude.'

I may make the last paragraph a little more clear by explaining that the 'passages marked by inverted commas,' which are given throughout Part I. of the volume—that on 'Ethics and Character'—among Mrs. Jameson's own *thoughts*, were sentiments expressed at one period or another by the two most intimate friends of her life (than whom no mortals ever were more utterly dissimilar), Ottilie v. Goethe and Lady Byron; and the paper entitled 'A Revelation of Childhood' was taken from 'a letter to a friend,' almost certainly Miss Martineau, with whom she had had an interchange of letters referring to this interesting subject, Miss Martineau having communicated in turn to Mrs. Jameson a

detailed history of her own early recollections in a very similar form to that which has been published in her autobiography. An allegory by Ottilie v. Goethe, and some 'poetical fragments' of her own, belong to this first part. Part II. is on literature and art, and among her criticisms on books is one written the year of its publication on Thackeray's 'English Humourists,' a criticism that many will sympathise with heartily. The book came out in 1854; the illustrations and etchings, graceful and full of delicate feeling, were like the more important portions of her book, all executed by herself.

I have omitted, I find, to mention that meantime, in the 'Edinburgh Review' for October 1853, had appeared a notice of Haydon's career and works, to which reference was recently made in the same 'Review' (July 1876) in an article upon the 'Correspondence and Table-talk of Benjamin Haydon, with a Memoir by his Son'—reference so graceful and so gratifying to Mrs. Jameson's surviving friends that I make bold to quote it here:

About three-and-twenty years ago Mr. Tom Taylor gave to the world an excellent and judicious life of Benjamin Haydon, in which he said, with great feeling and a proper degree of reticence, all that could or need be said of that most unfortunate of artists and of men. The biography was reviewed at the time in these pages by one who combined with a feminine delicacy of appreciation for the artist a vigour of style and power of criticism which

has not often been surpassed in writing on the fine arts. At this distance of time we may so far depart from our almost invariable practice and name the authoress of that paper—our accomplished and lamented friend, the late Mrs. Jameson. Should the present publication revive, as it can scarcely fail to do, the interest of a younger generation in the tragic tale of Haydon's sufferings and death, they may be found related with consummate delicacy and judgment in the article to which we now refer, and those who care to look back through so long a series of our 'Review' will not, we think, be unrewarded. For ourselves, as far as the incidents of Haydon's life are concerned, we have nothing more to say. Our opinion of him is unchanged, and we do not presume to think that it could be more ably and gracefully expressed. We could have wished that the story had been left as it was told three-and-twenty years ago.

Allusion is made to both these publications in the following letter addressed to Miss Sedgwick :—

London, November 14, 1853.

MY DEAREST CATHERINE,—This day, three hours ago, I received your letter, dated October 29. Let no one deny or doubt that there are inward inexplicable presentiments and mysterious sympathies linking us with the absent. During the last fortnight, without any particular cause or reason, I have been thinking of you more than usual, almost constantly. I mean that no day passed without bringing you to my mind. A few days ago, I sat talking of you with Mr. Kenyon. I had intended to have sent you a little packet by your nephew, who made a most agreeable impression on me, and who wrote me a few lines afterwards, which I keep ; they were so youthfully cordial.

They seemed to breathe of you. I felt you must have spoken kindly of me. I sent you nothing, however, for soon after I was painfully absorbed. My mother, about whom you enquire so kindly, has been and is very ill. They say it is the decline of age, the sinking of all the powers; hopeless, therefore, in respect to the present, and all that is left is to render the remaining weeks or months as happy, as free from suffering as possible. She keeps her bed, with no intermission of even transient strength; but is cheerful, gentle, and resigned. Three of my sisters are in constant attendance on her, and I am with her for some hours of every day. This is our present position—very like what it was with our poor father, ten years ago, when you were in England. And now for the rest of your questions, so kindly, so frankly expressed. Of my prosperity I cannot say much. My books have gained me some reputation perhaps, and, what is better, have given pleasure to such minds as yours. The profit is so small that it is not worth mentioning. The produce of the 'Madonna' (of which 1,030 copies sold this year) is 49*l.*, which I shall receive at Christmas—very encouraging, is it not? But I go on with my allowance, and my little pension, and scribble, scribble, for love, if not for money. The review of Haydon's life in the 'Edinburgh Review,' though written in much trouble, has turned out successful; but I do not publicly acknowledge it, because I do not generally like writing in reviews. I have a book going to press, which I believe I shall call 'Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies,' a number of commonplaces which have accumulated in MS.; and as everybody says I had better publish them, I have at last put them together, and, while attending on my mother, the compilation, printing, and illustrating furnish me with what the French call a *distraction*. As to what you say of my cheerfulness and sound mind,

dearest Catherine, let it pass. God is good to us, and enables us to bear much; but the last year has made my heart grey and wrinkled, though it may have spared my face. There! now I have told you all that in a letter I can tell you of myself. Are you satisfied? And now let me thank you for all you tell me of yourself, your dear people, your brother, your Kate, your home, your rooms, your garden, your roses—all. There came over me, as I read, a wish to cross again that terrible Atlantic, such as I have not felt before for years. As to the Francesca, my interpretation, when I saw the original picture in Ary Scheffer's room, was different; the hell to *her* was his averted face; the hell to *him*, remorse surviving love. In this sense there is an infinitude of significance and pathos in her exclamation, '*Come vedi, ancor non m' abbandona!*' but I don't know that I am right. Yesterday I had luncheon in company with Mrs. Follen and Harriet Martineau. Mrs. Follen looking well, and Harriet fat and portly, and handsomer than I ever saw her—less plain, perhaps, were the more proper word. But she looks so full of radiant and assured self-complacency that I gazed with admiring astonishment. Gifted, dauntless woman, who has doubt about nothing, and, as people say, belief in nothing; but that I don't *believe*. Her translation of Comte's philosophy is to appear to-morrow.

Now, dear Catherine, I hope your letter is an earnest that I shall hear again from you, and without such long dreary intervals of silence. I have been reading, that is turning the leaves of Miss Bremer's book, and dwelling on your name. Of the book itself, there is too much of it, and a barrenness of thought, though much good-nature and talent. My love to all your friends who remember me.

Your affectionate

ANNA.

To return to the book of 'Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies,' there is a certain fitness in the place occupied by it in this life-history, in its tacit testimony to the dear friendship and mutual intercourse preceding the melancholy and deplorable incident which broke one of the chief ties of Mrs. Jameson's later life, and which had occurred some time before its publication. I cannot exactly tell at what date the breach between my aunt and Lady Byron took place, which made so great a difference in the life of one at least of these devoted friends. The fact, which could not remain hidden, was at the time explained to no one—nor indeed at any time, by my aunt, except to her younger sister Charlotte, who after a long interval confided it to the only sister now surviving, from whom, since this memoir was begun, I have learned the cause of a severance which had been a wonder and a mystery to me for years. The apparent inadequateness of the motive that produced such unfortunate results is bewildering, yet true enough to the unreasonableness of life, in which we continually find a simple misapprehension to lie at the root of the most serious ruptures. It is not a question into which it is necessary to enter in much detail, but I believe the facts of the case were simply these: Mrs. Jameson had become, partially by accident, acquainted with some private particulars affecting a member of Lady Byron's family, which

had not been revealed to Lady Byron herself. When these facts were finally made known at the death of the person chiefly concerned, Lady Byron became aware at the same time of Mrs. Jameson's previous acquaintance with them. We may easily imagine that the sting of finding her friend the actual depositary of a secret which had been kept from herself, had a great deal to do with the first bitterness of Lady Byron's resentment. It is even possible, I do not know, that my aunt, conscious of no breach of loyalty or faithfulness towards her friend, may have been too proud to enter into minute explanations of how and why it was. Anyhow, the stern temper of the one was roused, and the sensitive pride and high spirit of the other outraged and wounded. She in her turn became the one 'implacable.' I cannot tell exactly when the incident occurred; but whilst, from all I can gather, the mutual suffering was, for a time at least, not made evident to others, I have too good reason to know that the wound was one from which Mrs. Jameson never recovered. Perhaps the one other person to whom (while silent as to the cause) she expressed herself freely on this painful subject, was the kind and trusted friend to whom already so many references have been made, and from whom I have obtained so much information—Major Noel. He had been absent for some time in Ireland, but

on his return he naturally resumed his old habits and went to see his friend; she received him 'with much emotion.' Major Noel writes: 'She said that our intimacy must cease, because my first duty was to keep on terms of friendship with Lady Byron.' Afterwards, lest this request should be insufficient, she wrote to the same effect, and almost the same words, 'entreating me,' Major Noel adds, 'never to come near her again, for my first duty was towards Lady Byron, who had *broken her heart.*' These impassioned words show how deep the pain had been. Thus she lost not only the imperious second self who had occupied so large a share of her inmost soul for years past, but from a generous reluctance to embarrass their personal relations with one more able to be of use to them than herself, she renounced the consolation she might have found in the continuance of her heretofore uninterrupted intercourse with still older and more faithful friends. Mrs. Noel some years later made one effort to break through the prohibition, and wrote an affectionate note full of their desire to hear from her, informing her 'dearest Anna' of the disembodiment of the militia regiment in which Major Noel served, and the changes consequent upon it; but no answer was ever received, and when her letters were returned to her at Mrs. Jameson's death, this was found as it was sent, the

seal unbroken : the memories of that time of trouble were still felt too bitter to be voluntarily recalled. Mrs. Noel has endorsed the faded note, which is dated May 5, 1858, with the words, 'This seal I opened myself, September 19, 1877.' The friends, however, I am glad to say, did meet at least once again. When, in 1859, Mrs. Noel was ill in London, Mrs. Jameson, hearing of it, could not resist the longing of the old affection, and went to see her; but the broken intercourse was never resumed.

This year of 1854 was one of sorrows. The gentle mother, to whom Mrs. Jameson and her sisters were so fondly attached, died in the midst of her children, after a year of lingering illness, in the early spring; and in the autumn another event occurred, which, though it is impossible to suppose that it could come upon her as a heavy grief, was yet no doubt a shock to her, and at first appeared likely to compromise the comfort of her future life: this was the death of Mr. Jameson in Canada. Some time previously he had persuaded his wife to give up to him the legal papers that secured to her her allowance of 300*l.* a year, for the purpose, it was explained to her, of enabling him to invest in certain land to be secured to her after his death, and which would prove such renunciation on her part to result in gain to her rather than loss. When, however, his will was examined, it was found that no provision whatever

had been made for her, and she was thus suddenly deprived of her income. The whole property was left away from her, and from the members of Mr. Jameson's own family.

Mrs. Jameson was advised by some persons to dispute the will; but she accepted the counsels of her valued old friend Bryan Procter, who wrote to her that, unless there was clear ground for her to stand upon, it would be unwise to plunge into law. He thought, moreover, that an assertion by some friend of her *moral right* to a share of Mr. Jameson's property might induce the legatee to yield some part.

When the fact that Mrs. Jameson's income from Canada had thus stopped for ever became known, a certain number of her friends, Mrs. Procter being the prime mover of the whole plan, collected among themselves a sum wherewith an annuity of 100*l.* was insured to Mrs. Jameson for her lifetime.

I wish I could repeat with the same graceful and warm-hearted vivacity with which it was told to me the story of the meeting between the two friends at which this entirely unsuspected effort of loving kindness was made known to the object of it. Mrs. Procter, who had not shrunk either from the trouble or the responsibility, faltered when the moment came, in natural delicacy and generous alarm, lest the gift thus offered should wound any susceptibility, or mortify the

pride of independence in her friend's high spirit. It is needless, however, to add that Mrs. Jameson was entirely destitute of the petty self-esteem which could be wounded by so noble and generous a gift, made infinitely sweeter by the very tremor of doubt and panic with which the announcement was made. For the first moment neither could tell what the other said, except that the news was conveyed and received with mutual emotion and sympathy; and this alarming climax of a long labour of kindness ended in the tears and the kiss of tender friendship and gratitude which happily made words unnecessary. After they had parted, Mrs. Procter received the following note, which she kindly permits me to copy here.

DEAR FRIEND,—After you were gone to-day, I could not help giving way to many feelings. I am glad neither you nor any one could see me. And I am better, and my mind clearer. How kind my friends have been—how good, how true! And what a soft, delightful feeling gratitude is! All this time, while I have been tormenting myself with perplexity and anxiety, God and you have been caring for me. Dear friend, how I love you, not only for what you have done, but for the consummate judgment and delicacy with which you have done it! I am now taken out of that slavery to booksellers and bookmakers which I so hated and feared, and my sisters are safe. I had arranged their existence for this next year, but what was to become of them afterwards I could not

tell. Now there is enough for all. And when I think I owe it to you, it does certainly add to the happy feeling in my mind. So I say no more; indeed, why should I? You must say to my other friends what you know is in my heart.

Yours affectionately,

ANNA JAMESON.

Mrs. Procter adds that after the annuity had been bought, a sum of about 70*l.* remained over, which was put into a pretty purse and presented to Mrs. Jameson, who protested, with tears and laughter, that this was the part of her friends' liberality which she enjoyed most thoroughly.

While, however, accepting in the spirit in which it was given the thoughtful provision thus made for her, Mrs. Jameson regarded in a different light another offer which was made to her soon after. In the month of May following, a friend, desirous of remaining unknown, offered to place at Mrs. Jameson's bankers' the sum of 50*l.* a year to her credit, to be drawn in half-yearly payments. This generous proposal, though it came through the same kind hands, Mrs. Jameson declined, with the most grateful acknowledgment, however, of the intention of the giver. Her letter on the subject is so characteristic of her clear sense of what could and what could not be accepted by her in the shape of friendly aid, that I quote from the rough draft in her own

handwriting the letter sent in reply to Mrs. Procter's note:

May 25, 1855.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—How could I be otherwise than both surprised and pleased by your communication? What good people there are in the world, what generous noble hearts! I am grateful for the proffered kindness, but, dear friend, I *cannot*, for I think—I am sure—I ought not to accept it. I accepted the annuity, not only without scruple, but with unmixed pleasure. In the first place it had emanated from *you*, my old friend, and then so many had joined, spontaneously, zealously—*so many*! I must have been hardened in pride and misanthropy if I had not been touched with the softest gratitude, and even with a sort of sympathy for the sympathy shown to me. But don't you see, dear, that *this* of which you tell me is quite another thing? This generous being, whoever she may be, has either a turn for benevolence (and then how many there are who more deserve her benevolence than I do), or she has an especial kindness for me personally; and kindness in this particular form I no longer need. To be reduced to sordid want I did not deserve, perhaps; well, have I not been lifted in the arms of generous friends above want and the fear of it? Do I deserve, have I any even the *least* right to more? Certainly not. I am provided with a reserve for this journey which is to set me up in health. With my pension and annuity I ought to supply my little home with all the necessaries of life. I cannot, I will not, owe superfluities to a yearly allowance out of the fortune of another. If this 50*l.* a year were a gift from the Queen, I would accept with a dutiful courtesy what was tendered as a royal grace; but from no other being in the world will I accept of it. Say, therefore, that, with every feeling of

gratitude and respect to my unknown friend, I decline the offer. I cannot be mistaken either in the impulse or the principle which prompts me to do so, for what I felt yesterday I think to-day after sleeping upon it.

The anxiety and grief connected with the loss of her beloved mother, and the painful circumstances attending the disclosure of her pecuniary position at the death of her husband, all had told upon Mrs. Jameson's health, already considerably undermined. Her desire was to return to Italy, the land of her affections, and her medical advisers strongly counselled her to seek there the rest and change that she needed. This visit, however, was not achieved till 1856. In the meantime Mrs. Jameson had made a step into what may be called public life. She had been persuaded to put her thoughts upon the public ministrations of charity, and the office which women might fitly fill in this way, into the form of lectures. The first of these, 'On Sisters of Charity Abroad and at Home,' was delivered in the month of February 1855 'privately' at the house of Mrs. Reid in York Terrace. It was afterwards printed 'by desire,' and the interest it excited was sufficient to demand a second edition within three months. The first lecture was experimental, and met with such success, that, had Mrs. Jameson's health permitted the necessary exertion, she might have been encouraged to give her mind to this branch of public

education. But the effort was too great, and the lectures were neither of them ever attempted before a larger and mixed audience. In her preface to the second edition, Mrs. Jameson dwells on the 'general expression of responsive sympathy, public and private,' being such that 'the hand laid thus timidly and unskilfully upon the chords almost "recoils from the sound itself hath made."'

Not less (she writes) have I been touched with pleasure and surprise by the numerous communications which almost every post has brought to me from medical men, from clergymen, from intelligent women, the greater number strangers to me personally, either expressive of cordial sympathy, or conveying practical suggestions, or offering aid and co-operation. All, however various the contents, testifying to the great truths I have endeavoured to illustrate in these pages; namely, that there exists at the core of our social condition a great mistake to be corrected, and a great want supplied; that men and women must learn to understand each other, and work together for the common good, before any amount of permanent moral and religious progress can be effected; and that, in the most comprehensive sense of the word, we need SISTERS OF CHARITY everywhere.

In conclusion she says that considerations of health take her away from England for the present, but that on her return she hopes to find kindly and active spirits and wise heads doing the practical work she cannot do herself.

It has been said (she adds) that we need some protest against the tendency of this age to deify mere material power, mere mechanism, mere intellect, and what is called the 'philosophy of the *positif*.' It appears to me that God's good providence is preparing such a counterpoise in the more equal and natural apportioning of the work that is to be done on earth; in the due mingling of the softer charities and purer moral discipline of the home life with all the material interests of social and political life; in the better training of the affectionate instincts of the woman's nature, and the application of these to purposes and objects which have hitherto been considered out of their province or beyond their reach; for what can concern the community at large which does not concern women also?

Mrs. Jameson's chief argument was the advisability, or rather the absolute necessity, existing for the thorough co-operation of both sexes in all that relates to social improvement, whether in works of mercy, of education, or of reformation. The second lecture, in which she followed up and completed the argument of the first, and which was entitled the 'Communion of Labour,' was not delivered until the summer of 1856, and in the meantime Mrs. Jameson had accomplished her intended visit to the Continent, devoting her chief attention to an entirely different class of subjects from those which had hitherto been her chief delight and occupation. It is significant of her temporarily altered purpose, that she scarcely set foot in Italy, the goal of her desires, the beloved home of art, at all, penetrating only as far as Pied-

mont; but, on the other hand, she lingered long in Paris, with which she had formerly declared herself so entirely out of harmony, and spent all the time she had to spare from the claims of her friends, both here and in Germany, in visiting every hospital and charitable institution to which she could get admission. These researches were very different from the calm studies once carried on in churches and picture-galleries; but she took the same conscientious judgment and spirit of careful examination with her, whatever her object might be. In June 1856, having returned home, she gave her second address on these topics. When this was published, she explained in a preface that it was intended to be 'merely supplementary to the "Lecture on Sisters of Charity" published last year; as an illustration and expansion, through facts and examples, of the principles there briefly set forth, namely, that a more equal distribution of the work which has to be done, and a more perfect communion of interests in the work which is done, are, in the present state of society, imperatively demanded.'

This lecture contains details of her manifold experiences in Paris, Vienna, Turin, and Milan, and enters into comparisons, carefully and most conscientiously drawn up, between such establishments at home and abroad, between pauper nurses and sisters of charity, Catholic and Protestant. The

necessity of good training and regular discipline, of co-operation and brave resistance to prejudice and conventionality, is dwelt upon with that sincere earnestness and hopeful spirit which had distinguished her from her earliest years. An excellent sketch of Mrs. Jameson's habitual attitude in respect to questions of this kind will be found in the last pages of the volume of 'Vignettes' published in 1866 by Bessie Raynor Parkes, in which there is a short sketch of Mrs. Jameson's career, touched in by a true and tender hand, and bearing testimony to the good service she did for the improvement of the social position of women. The writer was one of the younger members of the circle already referred to, which had gathered round my aunt in Bruton Street, bringing the fervent enthusiasm of philanthropical reformers into her calmer atmosphere of art.

Mrs. Jameson did not compromise herself by adherence to the views of any particular party; her age, her high social reputation, her peculiarly balanced mind, kept her, as it were, aloof, and in a sphere apart; yet she was ever the first to come forward in support of any measure she individually approved. When an effort was made some years ago to pass a Bill through Parliament securing to married women the use of their own earnings, her name was the first attached, of all the many thousands upon the various petitions. Her two lectures on 'Sisters of Charity at Home and Abroad,' and on the 'Communion of

Labour,' were each read in person to a very large drawing-room audience, and contain more sound thought, fearlessly expressed, than anything that has appeared elsewhere on women's life and labour. The earnest eloquence of her 'Letter to Lord John Russell,' prefixed to the last edition of these lectures, should touch many hearts to the quick, now that the hand which penned it is cold in death. She speaks from the calm heights of 'sixty years' with a force and a power which will echo long amidst us. Where shall we find such another heart—one so just, so gentle; so sympathetic for men, yet so brave for women; so generous and affectionate for all?

The writer of these lines was one who knew and loved Mrs. Jameson well. She was one of those who had felt the value of such aid and sympathy as my aunt was always ready to give, in the efforts which she herself had been engaged in, conjointly with other young women, to open up fresh chances of work and independence to those of their own sex who required to work in order to live. In all these efforts Mrs. Jameson took the kindest, warmest interest, encouraging the workers in their less hopeful moments, advising them in their many difficulties, while they sat like young disciples at her feet, and gave due weight to each word that fell from her lips. Some of these ladies founded a periodical that had some years of existence—'The Englishwoman's Magazine,' of which Miss Parkes was the editor, and to which Adelaide Procter was

a contributor, Emily Faithfull being the printer, with her female staff. I am not aware that Mrs. Jameson ever contributed any article of her own to these pages, but she was as a tower of strength to the girl-editor and writers, and they held on firmly by the hands she extended to them.

## CHAPTER XI.

### HER LAST DAYS.

AFTER this temporary departure from her own cherished and favourite path, Mrs. Jameson returned once more to her projects of travel and to the art-expositions which were her most characteristic work. During the preceding five or six years, her home had been alternately with her two sisters Eliza and Charlotte at Ealing, or in London with her sister Camilla. Now, before quitting England with every intention of thenceforth passing the greater portion of her time on the Continent, she removed with her sisters, at their express desire, from Ealing to Brighton, a place she herself simply detested, but for which they had a special fancy, and whither they felt now more particularly attracted, from the fact that their sister Camilla had removed thither some few months previously.

Having thus reconstructed the 'family nest,' as she loved to call it, Mrs. Jameson went to Paris, where she found the Brownings, Mme. Mohl, and

divers other friends established more or less temporarily; and here she began at once to occupy herself with the preparation of a second edition of her 'Madonna book.' For this the whole of the larger illustrations required to be redone. In the first edition of this volume, in lieu of attempting, with her failing sight, the etchings on copper that had accompanied the numerous woodcuts of the first volume of the series (in which I had the privilege of assisting her, being with her at the time), she mentioned in the preface that the drawings for this had been achieved 'by a less tedious, but also less effective process,' and, as it proved, likewise a far less durable one, for the plates could not last out even one more edition, and she had resolved on the transfer of the whole to copper, and concluded on having them executed by me during the months she proposed spending in Rome.

To this city she came early in the year 1857, and in the 'Vignette' already quoted from, the writer, who also passed that spring in Rome, tells the reader that to see Mrs. Jameson

> kindle into enthusiasm amidst the gorgeous natural beauty, the antique memorials, and the sacred Christian relics of Italy, is a sight which one who witnessed it will never forget. There is not a cypress upon the Roman hills, or a sunny vine overhanging the southern gardens, or a picture in those vast sombre galleries of foreign palaces, or a cata-

comb spread out vast and dark under the martyr-churches of the city of the Seven Hills, which is not associated with some vivid flash of her intellect and imagination, and with the dearer recollections of personal kindness.

She used to say that a picture to her was like a plain writing; when she looked at it, she seemed to feel instantly for what purpose it had been wrought. She loved to fancy the old artist painting it in his studio, and the man who bought it to offer as a votive offering for the health of some one he loved, or in commemoration of some one who was dead. If saints or fathers were introduced into the composition, she knew each by his aspect, and why he was in attendance; and could tell the story of their lives, and what they had done for the faith. The strange mystic symbolism of the early mosaics was a familiar language to her; she would stand on the polished marble of the Lateran floor, or under the gorgeously sombre tribune of the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, reading off the quaint emblems, and expounding the pious thoughts of more than a thousand years ago.

At Rome there is an ancient church hard by the blood-stained amphitheatre of the Coliseum dedicated to St. Clement, the companion of St. Paul (and himself a descendant of the Flavia gens). Tradition says he lived there; at any rate the present building is of the date A.D. 800, and built on the foundation of one much older.[1] In this church she delighted, and to it she would take anyone who sympathised with her peculiar feeling for art. Her talk, as she described it, was a running commentary on the books she published on kindred subjects.

[1] When Mrs. Jameson left Rome for the last time in 1859, the lower church, with its early specimens of fresco and wonderful subterraneans, was still a hidden treasure, the very existence of which was a mere tradition.

I am glad to be able to take from Miss Parkes even so slight an account of the delight and value of my aunt's companionship and guidance among the treasures of art which she knew so well; for the subject is one on which I can scarcely trust myself to speak. The execution of the etchings for the 'Legends of the Madonna,' to which I have already referred, and which she confided to me, brought us once more into something of our old relations, as I again worked under her direction in paths so familiar; yet how great was the difference! The contrast between the young inexperienced girl who had filled the same place nearly a dozen years before, and the woman who was now herself a mother and mistress of a family, immersed in all the cares which attend maturing life, struck myself with sufficient force, but must have made a still more painful impression of change upon her, the dear and ever indulgent director of the work; too clear-sighted not to see the divided attention which was all I now had to give her; too loving and sympathising not to forgive, but at the same time too sensitive not to feel the contrast. I cannot myself look back upon this temporary reunion without a keen pang of sympathy with her for the change she must have experienced in it, and of admiration for the doubly tender silence which she maintained on the subject, never increasing my semi-remorseful consciousness by any

betrayal of her own. The whole series of etchings, about thirty in number if I recollect rightly, were completed during the summer.

Mrs. Jameson spent that summer, I believe, altogether in Italy, but not in the vicinity of Rome. The month of December found her settled down in Florence. Thence she wrote on December 6, 1857, to Mr. Longman from No. 1902 Via Maggio, what she terms

merely a letter of business; for though I have much to say to you, I cannot say it all now, and if you are so much engaged, it will be better deferred for a few days. I dined with Lord Normanby yesterday, who does not look the worse for his long journey, nor for the reviewers who seem to me very ill-natured. I have also just seen the pictures recently purchased here for the National Gallery, and am enchanted that we have got them *at last.* They are all to me old acquaintances, *old* in every sense, but supplying a great gap in our historic series.[1]

Later in the same month she wrote to Mr. Longman to say—

I have the review of 'Vasari' more than half finished, and here at Florence I have been able to add many interesting things. . . . I do not care to finish this review (which I began two years ago) unless sure of its acceptance and *when* it would be wanted.

For some reason or other the review of 'Vasari' never was concluded or published. For the events

[1] The Rinuccini collection (?).

of these later years and Mrs. Jameson's own expression of the frame of mind in which they found her —for all concerning the outer and inner life— the cessation of her correspondence with Major Noel is a misfortune for the compiler of this memoir, for no other series of intimate letters has been found obtainable to complete the story of the last ten years of her active life.

It was not until her return to Rome in 1859 that my aunt ever spoke to me personally with reference to the subject, still so exquisitely painful to her, of the broken friendship with Lady Byron. For my own part, knowing of the fact through other long previously, I had most carefully refrained from any allusion to it by word of mouth or letter, though few could more perfectly realise what the recoil must have been when the spring of that friendship snapped for ever. I could well remember the daily, all but hourly exchange of thought in innumerable letters; the continual visits, more or less prolonged, to Fordhook, Esher, Brighton, wherever Lady Byron's home might temporarily chance to be. I believe, though I never heard it said, that the reason why Mrs. Jameson 'could not bear Brighton' was the fact of the many days passed there at intervals with that all-absorbing friend. Even now she did not disclose to me the actual cause; as I have said, until lately, this remained to me a mystery; but

for the first time she spoke of the matter to me, and told me that the break in this friendship had been to her a mortal blow, one from which she should not recover. She felt her vital power gone, and while she hoped that her strength might endure until she had 'finished her work'—her work that lay so near her heart, on the fruits of which she counted as a source of partial support to the dear ones she was to leave behind her in the world—she knew, she said, that for her the end was near at hand.

And most surely the failing in health and spirit observable in 1857 was far more evident in 1859. Here in Rome we thought her sadly altered, enfeebled in body, and dispirited in her mind about herself and all her undertakings. But we did not think that never again were we to see her among her favourite haunts in the Rome she loved. In the pleasant apartment occupied by her close by the Tiber façade of the Palazzo Borghese, looking out over the river at the point known as the Porto di Ripetta, Mrs. Jameson found much enjoyment during her stay in Rome; but the least fatigue exhausted her strength, and she rarely passed an evening out of her own rooms. Her friends went to her, old friends and new acquaintances, and she did not lack for visitors when she would admit of such distraction from her steady work:—such old friends as Gibson, for instance, a lonely man since

the death of his brother, the gentle 'Mr. Benjamin,' as Gibson invariably styled him, and Mr. and Mrs. Story and Harriett Hosmer, in whose career my aunt had been keenly interested since the days she was Gibson's pupil. Charles Hemans, but lately lost to Rome, was also a welcome visitor, and others whom I do not now call to mind. Among the newer acquaintances were the Hawthornes, who spent that winter in Rome. I believe Mr. Hawthorne in his 'European Diary' mentions the fact of his having met with Mrs. Jameson; I am under the impression that he visited galleries and churches with her, but, preferring to maintain intact his own very singular impressions and opinions as to art, ancient and modern, did not particularly appreciate her elucidations. I have not the 'Diary' at hand to refer to, but my impression was at the time that sympathy in art at least was impossible between them.

During this winter Mrs. Jameson had commenced her last work, the volumes that were to complete the sacred art series—the 'History of Our Lord and of St. John the Baptist.' She continued her labours in Florence, where she passed two months, although ill the greater portion of the time, her one great compensation being the society of her dear friends Mr. and Mrs. Browning, and one or two other persons living in Florence, to whom she was warmly attached. She then went north, and, cross-

ing the Alps, once more joined her beloved Ottilie for the last time. She was still with Mme. de Goethe in the month of August in Dresden, or rather at *Maxen*, some fifteen miles from the Saxon capital, a country house belonging to their mutual friend Mme. Serre.

The situation is beautiful (she writes to her sister Charlotte), and the scenery very peculiar; we are near what is called the Saxon Switzerland. The house is attached to part of an old ruined castle, and on the other side is a large farm. I see the *basse cour* from my bedroom windows; thirty-six cows of different breeds, and other stock in proportion. In the house there is a family of thirteen Italian greyhounds, of three generations, all romping together with a fine cock, which, having taken to them when a chicken, will no longer live among the poultry, but spends his life with the greyhounds; and to see two or three of the greyhound puppies and this old cock at a game of play is certainly the drollest thing imaginable. I have had a letter from the Lord Chancellor,[1] asking me to call on some friends of his at Dresden, which I shall do as soon as I return there.

On October 8 Mrs. Jameson writes to tell her sisters at Brighton of her arrival in London, 'safe and well after a rapid journey, very tired. At nine on Monday morning I start for Bradford.'

Thither she went, having purposely hastened her return from the Continent to attend the Social Science meeting to be held in that city, intending

[1] Her old friend in Ireland, the Hon. Maziere Brady.

at the same time to pay some visits in the neighbourhood. She went first to Fryston Hall, near Pomfret Castle, the residence of Mr. Monckton Milnes, from whom she had received a cordial invitation. From this house she wrote to her sisters that she had felt greatly fatigued by the journey down, and had 'kept her room all Saturday.'

On Sunday I drove over to Haworth, with the clergyman who was to preach a charity sermon there, and invited me to accompany him. Haworth, you know, was the home of Charlotte Brontë, where she died. We were received by the feeble, desolate old man, her father, and—I shall tell you the rest when I see you. I came over to Fryston, this beautiful place of Monckton Milnes, near Pomfret Castle, and have been very much pleased with my visit. Miss Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. Cowper, Mr. Brookfield, and other interesting people have been here, about eighteen to dinner every day. On Thursday I go to Liverpool, to the Rathbones, and thence I will write again. I shall not be in Brighton probably till next week, perhaps the 26th. If any letters arrive, send them to me, care of William Rathbone, Esq., Greenbank, Liverpool.

Mrs. Jameson's visit to the Social Science meeting is thus recorded by Miss Parkes:

She attended the Social Science meeting at Bradford in October 1859, and sat during the whole of one day in the section B, where papers on the employment of women were being read, and occasionally joined in the discussion which ensued. When Mrs. Jameson spoke, a deep silence fell upon the crowded assembly. It was quite singular to

see the intense interest she excited. Her age, and the comparative refinement of her mental powers, had prevented her sphere of action from being 'popular' in the modern sense; and this, of course, created a stronger desire to see and hear her of whom they knew little personally. Her singularly low and gentle voice fell like a hush upon the crowded room, and every eye bent eagerly upon her, and every ear drank in her thoughtful and weighty words.

In the next few months, which were the last of her life, she continued the concluding work of her series, the crown of the undertaking, that which was to exhibit the manner in which art had told the history of our Lord. Had it been chosen with purpose and intention, it would have been impossible to find a more touching or worthy conclusion to her own life and labours; and, as it happens, the portions of her work which she was able to execute were just those which it is most consolatory to think of as having occupied her last thoughts. Late in the year 1859, after the visit to Bradford which I have recorded, and a few subsequent visits to friends in Yorkshire and Lancashire—among others to Mrs. Gaskell at Manchester—she returned to the home of her sisters in Brighton, which continued her headquarters for the short remainder of her life, though she was constantly in London, where she had lodgings in Conduit Street, and where she spent much time among the art treasures in the

print room of the British Museum. Thus the last subject of which her mind was full was the most sacred of all subjects. Her surviving sister remembers well how much she spoke of the Divine story upon which she was engaged, and how deeply it touched her feelings. 'She used to express how much her pity was excited by John the Baptist, and her devotional admiration of the Divine excellence of his Master. I have seen her weep as she spoke of it.' Lady Eastlake, in her preface to the unfinished work which she completed and published a few years later, gives us an account of how she found the fragments as they had dropped from the hands of the original writer:

> I found a programme, contained on one sheet of paper, of the titles and sequence of the different parts of the subject; also a portion of the manuscript in a completed state, though without the indication of a single illustration. For what was still unwritten no materials whatever were left. By her sisters, the Misses Murphy, who have shown the utmost desire to assist me, I was furnished with many note-books and journals. These, however, threw no light on Mrs. Jameson's intentions as regards the treatment of the large portion still unexecuted; it was evident that she was accustomed to trust to the stores of her rich mind and to her clear memory. . . . In the short programme . . . the ideal and devotional subjects . . . were placed first.

This arrangement Lady Eastlake did not retain but it gives us the satisfaction of finding a large

part of the more affecting and personal story, beginning with the history of the Innocents and of John the Baptist, with a number of the miracles and parables, and many particulars of the Saviour's life, 'written by her own hand.'

Before proceeding, as must now be done, to the sad and brief narrative of her death, I cannot refrain from taking one final extract from what must have been among the very last of my aunt's writings. It is so entirely like her, so beautiful in expression, so full of the pensive and chastened enthusiasm of her declining life, that the reader cannot have a better picture of that fine and gentle spirit, by which to remember her. She has been discussing the miracle at the Pool of Bethesda and its treatment in art, and has just expressed her intense admiration of Murillo's grand picture, 'formerly in the Hospital of Charity at Seville, whence it was stolen by Marshal Soult:'

I have a vivid recollection of the occasion on which I first beheld this beautiful picture, and something, perhaps, may be allowed for the associations connected with it. I had breakfasted with Mr. Rogers, and, when the other guests had departed, he took me to see it. It was then in a back room in a house on Carlton Terrace, looking out on gardens quite still and bright with summer sunshine. It had been raised only a little from the ground, so that the heads were not much above the eye, only sufficiently so to make one look up, as one would instinctively have

done before that Divine presence. Then, when we had contemplated for a time the beauty of the painting, which really struck me into silence, for the colour seemed to affect us both in the same manner, like tender subdued music from many grand wind-instruments all breathing in harmony, we sat down opposite to it. He pointed out the rich violet-purple colour of the robe of our Saviour as peculiar to the Spanish school, and contrasted it with the conventional red tunic and blue mantle in the Italian pictures. He speculated as to how Raphael would have treated the same subject, and we compared it with the cartoon of the 'Beautiful Gate,' and the crippled beggar in that picture with the poor disabled paralytic man before us; and we gave the preference to Murillo in point of character and living expression. The porches of Bethesda did not equal the wreathed columns of the gate, called—how justly!—the 'Beautiful.' But then how soft, how translucent, the aerial perspective, and how the radiant angel comes floating down! Goethe used to be provoked when comparisons were made between two characters, or two artists, or two productions of art, the true value of which rested in their individuality and their unlikeness to each other; but a large portion of the pleasure we derive from art, and from nature too, lies in the faculty of comparison, in the perception of differences and of degrees of qualities, in the appreciation of distinct aims, and of the wondrous variety with which Nature reveals herself to the souls of men. If we were forced to choose between Raphael and Murillo, who was the master of the great and the graceful, we must turn to him who created the 'Heliodorus' and the 'School of Athens;' but, luckily for us, we are neither obliged to compare them, nor to choose between them, since God has given us both. Something like this did we say on that summer morning, sitting before that marvellous

picture; and, since then, I cannot bring it before my mind without thinking also of the dear old poet, whose critical taste was at once the most exquisite and least exclusive that I have ever known.

Let me add that the sight of that picture awakened some thoughts which were perhaps deeper and more mournful than the painter intended. How many of us might well, metaphorically, have laid ourselves down for years by that Pool of Bethesda, and no angel have come down from heaven to trouble it with a divine power, or infuse into its waters a spiritual life! Or if it were so, yet were we prostrated by our own infirmity, and there was no human sympathy near to help us down into its healing and reviving waters, no aid in man or angel, till Christ comes to say, 'Take up thy bed and walk.'

This must have been very nearly the last indication of personal feeling she ever wrote, and I cannot but think it very touching to find the life in which there had been so little joy, if so much contentment and courageous exertion, and whose best blessings had always been 'of such stuff as dreams are made of,' thus 'rounded' before the sleep, with a sigh.

After Christmas she went to town for the last time, in order 'to keep her engagements' with printers, &c., and devoted herself to her work. Her notes grew and expanded under her researches, and I believe it to be evident that she intended one more volume in addition, separate from the one she was then preparing. The note-book, similar in form and size, exclusively dedicated to subjects from the

Old Testament, and including the Prophets and Sibyls, and what are designated as 'theological cycles,' and forming a fifth part distinct from the four others—which were dedicated, one to the 'Saints and Martyrs,' one to the 'Monastic Orders,' and one to the 'Madonnas'—seem to indicate her plan to have remained unchanged of publishing, according to her own original idea, the 'Life of Our Lord and St. John the Baptist.' In taking up Mrs. Jameson's uncompleted labours, Lady Eastlake altered the programme, preferring to place the subjects chronologically according to the plan of 'most systems of Christian art,' and publishing the whole under the one title of the 'History of our Lord.' Whether in point of fact this was the better plan, need not now be discussed. Lady Eastlake was perhaps the one person among Mrs. Jameson's friends to whom such a labour could have been confided, and carefully and conscientiously she achieved her difficult task.

I cannot find any further record of the course of those quiet and laborious months. Many of the long winter mornings were spent in the British Museum, and my aunt had friends within reach who kept her surrounded with the most affectionate and devoted companionship; especially those younger friends who were half daughters, half disciples to her, and to whose affection the motherly side of her

nature never failed to respond. One morning, however, in the early chills of March, she returned to her lodgings from the Museum in a snow-storm, and caught what she supposed to be only a severe cold. On the 10th she wrote, what was probably her last letter, to Miss Parkes, saying that it was uncertain whether she could go out that day, and expressing her wish that her young friend would come to see her in the evening. She did not suppose herself to be seriously ill, for she wound up with the words: 'I hope Adelaide is better, and will be able to fulfil her promise to take me to see the printing-presses.'

This was on a Saturday, and when Miss Parkes went that evening to see her, she thought Mrs. Jameson very ill indeed, and wished to summon the sisters from Brighton. But Mrs. Jameson opposed this idea, saying she should probably feel better the following day, and did not wish any unnecessary alarm created. Miss Parkes returned next morning with Miss Procter, and the two young friends agreed not to lose a moment in telegraphing to Brighton on their own responsibility. The sisters came up to town as soon as the news reached them, and the attendance of the one physician in whom Mrs. Jameson had confidence, a homœopath, was obtained as soon as possible. Unfortunately he chanced to be absent from London, and did not, I believe, see his patient until Monday evening, when the sharp attack of

bronchitis had settled down on the lungs, and was gaining ground rapidly.

'We had no reason to think she was aware of her danger,' her sister Camilla wrote. But the disease made rapid progress. 'The brain was soon affected.' But it was affected in no painful way, and the 'wanderings' of her weakness were entirely harmonious with the closing life. 'She talked much of the beautiful drawings or engravings Mr. Panizzi had shown her a few days previous.' These and no less congenial subjects floated about her in that debateable land between life and death, in which she was lying when, one after another, the sisters came, 'stunned with grief and perplexity,' to see the prop of their existence laid low. Impossible to tell all she had been to them—their material support, their constant consoler and sympathiser, their pride and distinction. Outside that darkened chamber there was much friendly sympathy and solicitude; her door 'was besieged' by anxious friends, 'her table loaded with luxuries and delicacies,' but all in vain. Her doctor was powerless to arrest the progress of the disease. Within a week from the time of her seizure she was at rest from her cares and her labours.

She had so wished to live until her work was completed. She felt it to be so absolutely necessary, even in a pecuniary light, to achieve this in order

to leave the future of her sisters in some measure assured; that losing her they should not be at once deprived of all means of support. Her annuity and her pension[1] died with her, and any provision she could hope to put together for them, even had her desire been realised, could have been but partially adequate for the support of one, far less of three; it could not have been more than a mere trifle in amount—only a temporary resource. Even this, however, was not to be. Perhaps that long period of unconsciousness that preceded the last hours was well for her—perhaps it was well for her that she was thus spared the keen pang of anxiety at the supreme moment—spared the sight of the agonised grief of those she loved on earth.

To us, her far-off dear ones, when the sad tidings came to us of illness and death all in the one startling letter, it seemed scarcely credible that the strong true heart could so suddenly have ceased to throb for us, and that the light of her fine intellect was quenched for ever.

Mrs. Browning, then in Rome, herself ill and suffering, wrote to me in a few agitated words that

[1] The pension was continued to her two unmarried sisters, Eliza and Charlotte; but unfortunately lapsed on the death of the latter, though the survivor of the family, Camilla (Mrs. Sherwin), lives at eighty, not rich enough to be indifferent to the loss of the little family revenue which her sister's merits had won. It seems impossible to doubt that the Queen's kind heart would continue the allowance were the circumstances known.

I knew something, perhaps not all, that she felt in 'losing (as far as the loving can lose those whom they love, as far as death brings loss) that great heart, that noble human creature. May God comfort you, and those who, like you, know what she was—that dearest friend!'

She was buried at Kensal Green by the graves of her father and mother.

# APPENDIX.

## I.

## JOHN GIBSON.

CONTRIBUTED TO THE 'ART JOURNAL'

BY MRS. JAMESON.

IT is difficult to write freely concerning a great living artist; to speak of what he is, how he became what he is; and how was formed, trained, built up, that individual mind and being of which his works, in as far as he is 'a good man and true,' are but the visible manifestation; to show where the perfect thought has been worked out in shape as perfect; where perchance—for humanity is ever fallible—the creating hand has fallen short of the divine conception; and how the heaven-sprung genius, sustained by the strenuous will, battled with the adverse world and overcame it, until step by step the goal was reached towards which his soul had yearned in boyhood:—to speak of all this faithfully belongs to another time and other hands. For the present we must even meet the difficulty as we can; and who that admires Mr. Gibson would wish the difficulty removed? To know that he is now living and working among us is a satisfaction which may well compensate the writer for the anxiety attending the task, as it will surely reconcile the reader to what must be unavoidably meagre and imperfect in the result.

John Gibson was born at Conway, in the year 1791. His father, a landscape-gardener, had come over from his native place, Llanidan, in the island of Anglesey, to lay

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NOTE.—It was the author's original intention to reprint several other papers in this appendix; but the intention cannot now be carried out.

out the grounds of a gentleman of fortune, and continued to reside at Conway for several years afterwards. In general, wherever there has been a decided talent for the formative arts, that talent has been manifested from earliest infancy; and as often, we find it recorded that the early talent has been remarked and cherished by some discriminating mother: Gibson is not an exception. He began to draw on his father's slate, and his first production was a row of geese, as he had seen them on the glassy inlet near Conway, so well done that his mother caressed and praised him, and the geese became a standing subject. At last his mother said, 'Now you must not go on repeating this every day; draw me a horse.' The child ran out into the fields, watched a horse for some time, came back, and drew it on his slate. His mother's interest in his progress, and her fond praise, decided the taste; but at Conway there was no one to help or encourage, and he saw nothing in the shape of art but his father's plans for gardens and shrubberies. At this time it seems the family affairs were not prosperous; and when Gibson was about nine years old his parents removed to Liverpool with the intention of emigrating to America. This plan was never realised; but the removal to a large town and a better school opened to the young artist some means of improvement, of which he, in his childish unconscious way, and unmarked by all, availed himself.

The first objects that seized upon his attention in Liverpool were the prints in the shop-windows. On his way to and from school, he lingered, spell-bound and enchanted, before these, struck with a new sense of beauty, filled with vain longings to possess—to imitate. Hopeless of obtaining what he so admired and coveted, he hit upon a singular plan of study. He would stand for a long time before some particular print, dwelling on a single figure till

it was impressed on his memory; then he would run home quickly and imitate on paper the action or attitude; then return to the window again and again, and correct and re-correct his drawing till it was completed. This habit of drawing from recollection stimulated his perception and strengthened his memory for form; and he has been heard to say that the advantages thus oddly obtained were of incalculable importance to him in after life. It was interesting and amusing, too, that even thus early, with the study of art as a taste, grew the practice of art as a profession. He used to dispose of his drawings to the school-boys, and was thus enabled to obtain what the poverty of his parents denied to him, a little pocket-money. One of his school-fellows, having received from his mother a new prayer-book, wished to honour the gift by an 'illustration' on the blank page. He applied to Gibson. The subject selected—from what notion of the fitness of things it would now be difficult to guess—was 'Napoleon crossing the Alps,' from the print after David's picture, which they had seen in a shop-window. The drawing was made; the boy gladly paid sixpence for it, and stuck it as a frontispiece in his prayer-book.

At the age of fourteen Gibson had to choose his profession. He begged hard to be articled to a painter. The large premium required rendered this impossible, and he was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker. Unable to conquer his disgust for this merely mechanical trade, but willing to work, he induced his master to cancel his indentures, and to bind him over again as a wood-carver. He worked for two years at this employment, carving scrolls and ornaments for furniture. When he was about sixteen he visited, with a young companion, the marble works of Messrs. Francis. Here, though the works produced were merely ornamental chimneypieces, urns, sepulchral monuments, and the like, yet the elegance of some of the objects,

which were copies from good models, the lustre and beauty of the white marble, struck poor Gibson with surprise and enchantment, and he returned home with a new ambition wakened in his soul. What he had seen darkened his day with melancholy—haunted his dreams by night. His masters had hitherto regarded him as their best and most promising apprentice; he had been treated with unusual kindness; his conduct had been uniformly steady and respectful. Conceive, then, the astonishment of the good cabinet-makers, when the gifted but wilful boy threw down his tools, and declared that 'he *would* be a sculptor—that he never would work for them more.' 'Not work? we will have you up before the magistrate; and you will serve the rest of your time in gaol.' He remained immoveable. 'They have been most kind to me,' said Gibson once in relating his part in the transaction, and speaking with deep and simple-hearted feeling, 'and I was, as I think now, horridly ungrateful; but there was something working too strong for me or anyone to control: I felt it must be—there was no help for it!' In this dilemma Mr. Francis, of the marble works, generously interfered, purchased the remainder of his time, for which the sum of 70*l.* was paid to the cabinet-makers, and, the former indentures being cancelled, Gibson was bound apprentice for the third time—a rare circumstance; but now how gladly, how gratefully, did he exchange masters! He was the happiest of the happy; up at early dawn, incessantly at work; designing, carving, modelling. His new employers soon found they had made an advantageous bargain. They were able in a short time to dispense with their foreman, who afterwards went to London and became head-workman to Chantrey. But the young apprentice was destined for better things. He was beginning to feel that the workshop of the Messrs. Francis could afford him no more instruction; aspirations for something higher and better dawned upon his mind;

but whither was he to go? where and how seek their fulfilment? This was the turning-point in his life. He wanted a friend, and Providence sent him that friend in the person of the late Mr. Roscoe, then rich and prosperous, a successful author, a patron of art, and regarded by his townspeople, with just pride and reverence, as one who had achieved an European celebrity.

Mr. Roscoe called one day at the marble-works to order a chimneypiece for his library. Mr. Francis seized the opportunity to introduce young Gibson, and Roscoe, after looking at his designs and models, invited him to Allerton Hall. This first invitation was followed by many others; a new world seemed to open upon him. The kind and accomplished old man not only placed before him a fine collection of prints and drawings after the old masters, but lent him some of the most valuable among them to copy. At Allerton Hall he was introduced to Mrs. Lawrence, who became his generous and enthusiastic patroness. She presented him to her brother, General d'Aguilar, and her sister Mrs. Robinson. The latter, a beautiful and accomplished woman, with a genuine taste for poetry and art, appears to have exercised at this time a most beneficial influence over Gibson's opening mind and powers. Of what unspeakable importance to a young man of genius is early intercourse with pure, high-minded, intellectual, women, those can tell who know not only all the good it can bestow, but all the evil from which it can preserve; and know, too, how early respect for womanhood tends to purify and elevate those impulses which must live through the works of the brain and hand, and are to the talent what the forge is to the metal.

Mr. Roscoe had intended to send Gibson to Rome at his own expense. The misfortunes which fell upon him in his later years frustrated this plan; but his generous interest and his correct judgment were of the greatest use to

the young sculptor—for Gibson had now decidedly taken up the profession. He was about eighteen when he commenced the cartoon of the 'Falling Angels,' which is now preserved in the Liverpool Institution. He had learned from Mr. Roscoe the method pursued by Michael Angelo, Correggio, and others of the great Italian masters, when designing the cartoons for their large compositions; he modelled small figures in clay, and suspending them by a thread and throwing the light upon them in the required direction, he was thus enabled to foreshorten them with perfect accuracy and relief. At this time he executed another cartoon, the subject from Dante; this cartoon is in the possession of Mr. Meyer, of Liverpool. Gibson saw it lately after the lapse of eight-and-twenty years; as it has frequently happened under similar circumstances, he was surprised by the energy and power displayed in this early production. 'He felt,' to quote his own words, 'depressed and mortified rather than excited, and asked himself whether he could do much better now.' There is scarcely an artist of eminence, who, on looking back to his early attempts, has not experienced the same disappointment, and felt inclined to ask himself the same question perhaps because the progress afterwards made is less in power than in the art of using power. These first productions of Gibson's creative imagination showed the impression made upon his fancy by the works of Michael Angelo; but at this critical time he was saved from becoming a mannerist and imitator, from falling perhaps into an exaggerated or vitiated style, by the excellent advice of his friend Mr. Roscoe. 'No one,' said Roscoe, 'admires Michael Angelo more than I do; but you are to be a sculptor, not a painter. You must not imitate Michael Angelo. Take for your guide Greek art; *there* all is beauty, dignity, and repose.'

We have seen two little casts from models executed by

Gibson, for the centres of chimneypieces, when he was yet in the workshop of the Messrs. Francis; one represents a little Cupid in bas-relief, the other a recumbent Psyche. So early had this lovely Greek fable seized on his imagination! And when he set aside Michael Angelo as a model, and turned, as his friend Roscoe had advised, to the divine tranquillity of Greek art, Cupid and Psyche came back to haunt him, and appear to have haunted him ever since.

Those were happy days at Allerton Hall; still at every step achieved there was a beyond—beyond, and now the longing and the hope to reach Rome took possession of Gibson's ardent mind. His friends, Mr. Roscoe and Mrs. Lawrence, consulted together; induced by them, some munificent gentlemen of Liverpool entered into a subscription to send the young sculptor to Rome, and maintain him there for two years. Furnished with a sum of money sufficient for his modest wants, and a letter of introduction to Canova from his friend General d'Aguilar, he started from Liverpool in the summer of the year 1817.

In passing through London Gibson was introduced to Lord Brougham, and to Mr. Watson Taylor, a well-known patron of art; the former gave him a letter to Canova, the latter gave him some commissions (busts of himself and his family), the payment for which added to the slender funds of the traveller. He made the acquaintance of Flaxman, who looked over his designs and drawings, and encouraged him with kindly earnest praise. Flaxman considered a journey to Rome absolutely necessary to the education of a sculptor. Chantrey, on the other hand, considered it so much time lost; and some temptations were held out to Gibson to induce him to settle in London, where one of his kind patrons promised to 'push' him. Apparently Gibson had no desire to be 'pushed,' but a true and passionate desire to distinguish himself in the poetical

department of his art; and happily, as we must think, the advice of Flaxman and his own nobler ambition prevailed. He continued his journey, and arrived in Rome in the month of October in the same year.

He presented himself before Canova with his letters and his roll of drawings in his hand, and with such anxiety and trepidation in his heart as took away all courage and self-possession. But Canova was a good judge of character as well as of talent; his reception was more than kind. General d'Aguilar in his letter had requested that Canova would point out the most economical plan of study, the circumstances of his young friend being very limited. On their next interview Canova welcomed him with even more cordiality, and spoke to him openly and with apparent interest of his views, and his means of carrying them out.

'I have been thinking much about you,' said he kindly; 'with steady industry you will become a great artist. I know that many young men of great merit come to Rome to pursue their studies, with very little money in their purse; now, the want of means must be no obstacle to your progress. I am rich; you must allow me to pay all the expenses of your sojourn here, till your own talent and industry have rendered you, as they certainly will render you in time, independent of everybody.'

Gibson, with strong expressions of gratitude, declined this offer; 'he had enough,' he said, 'to maintain him, with that strict economy which he intended to practise, for more than two years.'

'Well,' replied Canova with a smile (he was not accustomed, perhaps, to have such offers refused), 'well, it shall be as you please; if you work hard, and make progress, I will introduce you to some of your countrymen. We shall see.'

The generous sculptor kept his word. Perhaps he remembered that when he arrived at Rome, a friendless

youth, his first patron had been an Englishman. He placed Gibson in his studio, and gave him the privilege of attending his night academy, where the students were the most select in Rome, and were exercised in modelling from life. Canova attended himself as director twice a week, and Gibson never missed a single night for three years. 'Then,' said he, in a letter we are allowed to quote, 'then for the first time in my life I received such instruction as I really needed, and learned the practice and the laws which govern sculpture. The compositions I had executed in Liverpool were the productions of a vivid imagination which knew no bounds. All the designs I made at this time were to be within those rules which marble demanded. It was then I found how limited sculpture is.'

On leaving Canova's studio, he set up for himself in the Via della Fontanella. There the writer of this memoir found him at work in the year 1821 on his beautiful group of 'Psyche borne by the Zephyrs.' In the self-same studio he was found twenty-six years afterwards, modelling the exquisite bas-relief of the 'Hours leading forth the Horses of the Sun.' There was something inexpressibly touching, and elevating too, in this sense of progress without change; all appeared the same in that modest, quiet little room, but around it extended lofty and ample ateliers crowded with models of works, already executed or in progress, and with workmen, assistants, students, visitors. The sculptor himself—perhaps a little sobered by years, but unspoiled by praise and prosperity, pleased with his success, and still aspiring, with no alloy of mean aims or personal vanity mingling with the intense appreciation of fame—appeared, and was, the same benign, simple-minded, and simple-hearted enthusiast in his art, as when he stood before Roscoe, an unknown youth,

And felt that he was greater than he knew.

But little now remains to be told. One day, when modelling his group of 'Mars and Cupid,' a tall young man entered his studio. 'Are you Mr. Gibson?' 'Yes, sir.' The stranger modestly announced himself, 'the Duke of Devonshire.' 'Canova has sent me to see what you are modelling.' The Duke looked and admired; and, not content with admiring, ordered the group in marble. It is now at Chatsworth. This was the first commission Gibson received at Rome; and the Duke may now recollect with pleasure that he made a happy man that day. The group of 'Psyche and the Zephyrs' was first executed in marble for Sir George Beaumont, and has since been repeated for the Hereditary Grand Duke of Russia and Prince Torlonia.

Among the drawings he showed to Canova, there was a sketch of the meeting of 'Hero and Leander,' made for his kind and generous patroness, Mrs. Robinson. Canova, struck by the grace and passionate feeling of this sketch, desired him to model it in bas-relief. The Duke of Devonshire ordered this also in marble, and it now adorns Chatsworth.

After the death of his 'noble master,' for so he delighted to style Canova, Gibson placed himself under the direction of Thorwaldsen; and, aided by the instructions of this admirable artist, and by his own manly and moral sense, he has shown that he could emulate the grace and elegance, without being led into the faults, of his first instructor. Quick to observe and to appreciate nature, he chooses his models well. A casual action or expression caught in passing through the streets of Rome has suggested some of his happiest conceptions;[1] while, through

[1] We have heard Gibson mention his 'Wounded Amazon falling from her Horse,' the group in bas-relief of 'Jocasta parting her Angry Sons,' the 'Nymph dancing the Cupid on her Foot,' as instances of natural action casually observed, and afterwards adapted to the most poetical purposes.

a genuine poetical sympathy with all manifestations of feeling and power, he imparts to the purest lines of form a degree of character and purpose which is usually thought to interfere with abstract beauty. Though this is a case in which certain comparisons are odious, and Gibson himself would not willingly accept a compliment at the expense of his 'noble master,' yet we must be allowed to illustrate our position by an example. Of the ideal heads which Canova sent out by dozens from his studio, under the names of Beatrice, Laura, Psyche, Urania, Vestal Virgins, and so forth, who could distinguish one from another? If we asked which is Laura? which is Beatrice? we almost expected the showman's answer, 'Which you please, sir, which you please!' It has been said in excuse for Canova's vapid heads, with their perpetual straight noses, short upper lips, and sensual mouths, that Greek art did not aim, *ought* not to aim, at characteristic physiognomy.

One day, on entering Gibson's studio, there was a bust recently finished standing on its pedestal. 'Helen of Troy,' we exclaimed, and it *was* Helen. The first glance brought her to mind with all her fatal loveliness, and with a look as though she felt and knew how fatal. Again, we remember two heads of 'Cupid and Psyche,' now in the possession of Mrs. Huskisson, perfect in truth of individual expression, combined with exquisite beauty. The divine ardent boy, the tender innocent girl, not yet translated to the heaven she bought so dearly, are rendered with the utmost delicacy of feeling, and nothing can exceed the finish of the marble, particularly in the 'Psyche.'

We have not space to give a catalogue of the works with which Gibson has enriched the palaces of his native land, and more particularly of his native place, if we may so call Liverpool, which insists on claiming him for her own; but we may mention a few of the most striking and important. In poetic art, one of the most beautiful—to

our thought the most beautiful—of all his creations, is the Cupid standing with a butterfly on his hand, and in the act of drawing an arrow wherewith to transfix it. This statue was executed for Lord Selsey, and duplicates are in the possession of Mr. Richard Yates, of Liverpool, and Mr. Holford. The 'Cupid disguised as a Shepherd Boy,' less ideal as a conception, but exquisite for its graceful archness and simplicity, has been more popular. It was executed for the Hereditary Grand Duke of Russia, and the artist has had to repeat it at least seven times; we recollect to have seen it in the mansion of Sir Robert Peel, and in that of Mr. Appleton, of Boston.

The 'Hebe' winged, and bearing her two ewers, has the chaste loveliness becoming the goddess, 'Jove's daughter,' as well as his cup-bearer; we believe, but are not sure, that this statue belongs to Mr. Henry Sandbach, of Liverpool, who possesses also the 'Greek Hunter' and the 'Aurora.' 'The Sleeping Shepherd,' which would be a beautiful companion for Thorwaldsen's 'Piping Shepherd,' was executed for Lord George Cavendish, and repeated for the present Duke of Northumberland. The 'Sappho,' standing forsaken, her head declined, her lyre unstrung and drooping from her hand, is in the possession of Mr. Ellams, of Liverpool. The 'Proserpina,' gathering flowers at the moment she is surprised by the 'gloomy Dis,' was executed for Dwarkanath Tagore, of Calcutta.

Of his bas-reliefs, perhaps the compositions more remarkable for true antique spirit are the 'Amalthea feeding the Infant Jupiter,' in the possession of the Earl of Carlisle; and 'Hebe pouring out Nectar for Psyche' (we know not where the marble is); for melancholy grace the 'Wounded Amazon leading her Horse,' now in the possession of Mrs. Huskisson; and for flowing animated grace of motion, really like music to the eye, 'The Hours leading forth the Horses of the Sun,' lately executed for Lord Fitzwilliam,

and which we may hope to see in this year's Exhibition.

Among his portrait statues, the precedence must be given to that of her Majesty, of which an engraving is here introduced.[1] When Gibson visited England in 1844, for the first time after an absence of twenty-eight years, the Queen sent for him, and commanded a statue of herself, intimating at the same time a desire that the 'statue should be a faithful portrait, such as her children should recognise, and calculated for a room in the palace, not for any public institution.' All the rest, and the manner of carrying out her wishes, the Queen with excellent sense and taste left to the sculptor, as best understanding the capabilities of his own art. The engraving will give an idea of the *pose*, which has a gentle yet noble tranquillity, free from all manner or assumption. The head and bust were modelled from life, and also the beautiful hand and arm, extended with the wreath—the civic crown. The drapery is, of course, ideal, and admirably managed. The tassels of the mantle are acorns; and the rose, thistle, and shamrock are happily combined with a classical ornament at the corners. To bring the pale cold marble into harmony with the interior decoration of a palace sumptuous with gold and colour, the artist tried the effect of a slight and very delicate tint (pale rose and pale azure) carried round the edge of the drapery, the wreath and the bracelet being

[1] Mr. Gibson has favoured us with the following remarks respecting his statue of the Queen. 'After an absence of twenty-eight years, I visited England in the summer of 1844. During my stay in London, I had the honour of receiving a notice to attend at Windsor by command of Her Majesty the Queen. His Royal Highness Prince Albert received me most graciously, and made known to me that the Queen wished to have her statue executed by me. The bust was modelled at Windsor, and her Majesty sat every day for ten days. The statue was executed at Rome,' and exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1847. A duplicate of the work is now in progress for the Queen.

also tinted with gold colour, not *gilt*. This experiment could not be called an innovation, for everyone knows that the Greeks occasionally coloured their statues. Yet at first there was a feeling of doubt and apprehension, a difference of opinion with regard to the propriety of making the trial at all. It was argued that if once the introduction of colour was allowed in sculpture, it could only be under the guidance of the purest and most refined taste; that the least excess, the least mistake in the application, must be fatal; and this is true. However, the question of colour in Greek art is one which involves such deep considerations of climate, light, subject, situation, style, &c., that we cannot enter upon it at present; and in this particular instance the objection is set at rest by the admitted success of the experiment, the effect being in the highest degree elegant to the taste and satisfactory to the eye; while to those who have deeply studied the various styles of Grecian art it gives pleasure, as an illustration of the principles on which they worked. This statue is now placed in a vestibule at the top of the grand staircase in Buckingham Palace. A second statue of Her Majesty, somewhat different in *pose* and arrangement, has been executed by Gibson for the new House of Lords, destined, it is said, for the Princes' Chamber.

The statue of Mr. Huskisson, the great and lamented statesman, was executed some years before that of the Queen, and was, we believe, the first portrait statue undertaken by Mr. Gibson. It was a commission from the gentlemen appointed to carry out the object of a subscription entered into by the merchants of Liverpool and hundreds of other persons of all classes and in every part of England, for the purpose of erecting a memorial of their respect and admiration of the dead in the open cemetery where he is buried. A small Greek temple is placed over the spot, and within it the statue of the patriot and states-

man. He stands holding a roll of paper in both hands; a grand, simple, placid figure, well suited to its destination as a votive rather than a monumental statue. Some years afterwards, the subscribers to the statue wished to remove it from a situation difficult of access, where few of the townsmen, and yet fewer strangers, had an opportunity of seeing it, and to place it under the central dome of the new Custom House, then in course of erection. The wish was natural enough. The situation was most appropriate for a memorial of the man whose large heart and enlightened mind had conceived and promulgated a new order of things in the commercial relations of the civilised world. The subscribers had no doubt a right to do their pleasure; but it was also natural that the idea of this removal—this disturbance of a consecrated spot—should be most painful and repulsive to the hearts of some who survived him. It was a dilemma involving some feelings still too keen and far too sacred to be touched upon here. Finally, the widow of Mr. Huskisson offered to present another statue to the town, on condition that the monumental statue should remain undisturbed, and her offer was accepted. To Gibson, who had so well succeeded in the first statue, this second commission was given. He changed, and, as far as purpose is concerned, he improved, the leading idea. The patriot and orator stands as in deep thought, the head a little inclined, one arm slightly raised, as if about to lay down a proposition or enforce an argument. When this statue was completed, it was found that a change in the architectural arrangement of the building rendered it impossible to place it in the situation for which it was originally intended, and for which the artistic conception had been expressly adopted. Mrs. Huskisson therefore withdrew the marble statue and replaced it by a duplicate made in bronze, the first of Gibson's works which had been executed in that material; and it now stands in the open

square in front of the new Custom House; it was inaugurated on October 15, 1847, in the presence of Sir Robert Peel, and at the public dinner afterwards given the health of Gibson was given by Sir Robert, and drunk with acclamation. The marble was presented by Mrs. Huskisson to the London Royal Exchange, and it now stands in the great room at Lloyd's.

Another portrait statue of exceeding elegance is that of Mrs. Murray, executed at Rome for her mother, the Baroness Braye; it was exhibited here in 1846.

We have not space to enumerate his monumental bas-reliefs, chiefly executed for his Liverpool friends. One of the most beautiful and expressive is the 'Angel of Hope,' a tablet executed for Mrs. Henry Sandbach, of Liverpool (the subject we believe suggested by herself), for the monument of this lady's mother. The tablet, nearly life size, to the memory of the late Lady Leicester, who died in childbirth, is also of consummate beauty; an angel conducts the mother and her child to heaven, and the mother appears to follow her child, as it lies in the arms of the angel.

'If you will not restore it, take me also!' is the sentiment conveyed.

It has been to Gibson a source of most painful regret, that his absence from England prevented him from soliciting in time the privilege of doing honour to the memory of his revered and generous friend Roscoe. The commission for the monument had already been given to Chantrey.

We cannot better conclude this brief memoir than by quoting a few sentences from the dedication to Gibson which Sir Lytton Bulwer has prefixed to the last edition of his 'Zanoni,' the true, eloquent, noble-hearted homage of one man of genius to another—of the poet to the artist. After premising that in the circle of great living Englishmen 'he knew no one to whom his work could be more fitly dedicated,' he thus proceeds:

'Apart from our turbulent cabals—from the ignoble jealousy and the sordid strife, which degrade and acerbate the ambition of genius—in your Roman home you have lived amidst all that is loveliest and least perishable in the past, and contributed with the noblest aims and in the purest spirit to the mighty heirlooms of the future. Your youth has been consecrated to toil, that your manhood may be devoted to fame, a fame unsullied by one desire of gold. You have escaped the two worst perils that beset the artist in our time and land—the debasing tendencies of commerce, and the angry rivalries of competition. You have not wrought your marble for the market; you have not been tempted by the praises which our vicious criticism has showered upon exaggeration and distortion, to lower your taste to the level of the hour; you have lived and you have laboured as if you had no rivals but in the dead, no purchasers save in judges of what is best. In the divine priesthood of the beautiful, you have sought only to increase her worshippers and enrich her temples. Each work of yours rightly studied is in itself a criticism, illustrating the sublime secrets of the Grecian art, which, without the servility of plagiarism, you have contributed to revive amongst us. In you we behold its three great and long undetected principles—simplicity, calm, and concentration. But your admiration of the Greeks has not led you to the bigotry of the mere antiquarian, nor made you less sensible of the unappreciated excellence of the mighty modern, worthy to be your countryman, though, till his statue is in the streets of our capital, we show ourselves not worthy of the glory he has shed upon our land. You have not suffered even your gratitude to Canova to blind you to the superiority of Flaxman. When we become sensible of our title-deeds to renown in that single name, we may look for an English public capable of real patronage to English art—and not till then.'

## II. SOME THOUGHTS ON ART,

ADDRESSED TO THE UNINITIATED.[1]

BY MRS. JAMESON.

A series of very beautiful engravings from the finest works of modern, and particularly of English sculptors, is to appear successively in this journal, and I have been requested to say something 'germane to the matter'—something of the present state of sculpture with reference to art generally.

I wish I could do this worthily; I wish I could venture to place myself between the public and the artist, as a sort of interpreter in an humble way, not to discuss critically the beauties of the art or the merits of the artist—easy work comparatively—but rather to point out and to explain some of those common-place difficulties and popular mistakes which seem likely to arise in the present state of things. For the patrons of art are not now, like the *dilettanti* and *cognoscenti* of the last century, to be counted as the select few; they are the many—the million;—we are to have art, it seems, for the *million*. Now it is certain that this diffusion, through all ranks, of the love of ornament and beauty will not raise the standard of excellence—that was fixed some two thousand years ago in the days of Phidias—but it will raise the standard in every individual mind; it will bring home and illustrate to the popular apprehension, those principles, eternal and immu-

[1] From the *Art Journal*, March 1, 184

table as the law of Nature herself, on which that eternal standard is founded. I am not one of those who believe that excellence will become less excellent by being diffused, or that the sense of the true, the beautiful, the pure, will become less valuable by being rendered more familiar —indispensable to the sentient being as love, light, and air. All human sympathies flowing in a right direction—and in art, as in morals, there *is* a right and a wrong—gather strength as they flow by the confluence of many minds. It is some comfort that we do not see in these days—at least we do not so often see—that pretension to the exclusive right to feel and discriminate, that mingled scorn and despair with which the real lover and judge of art was wont to regard the ignorant blunderings of public patronage; and on the other hand, I think we have outlived that truly vulgar error, so flattering to indolent mediocrity, that 'in matters of art, every man with two good eyes in his head is competent to see;' whereas, where art is concerned, the faculty of seeing becomes in itself an *art!* Yes, it is a good sign when the worshipful many are beginning to feel that the fine arts are not merely imitative, but involve something more, and far beyond imitation; it is a good sign when a man is no longer affronted by a doubt of his power, and even of his right of judgment, and has candour enough to wish to educate his perceptions up to that point where the just appreciation of comparative excellence first unfolds itself to the delighted intellect. It were too much to expect to find developed alike in all the instinctive sense of beauty in art, or the capacity for enjoying its manifestations. No popularising of art will ever equalise the power to feel and to judge of art; but we may hope that the multiplication and diffusion of objects through which the taste is exercised will tend to facilitate comparison and quicken sensibility. Too long has a degraded taste on the part of the public tended to degrade the artist, who,

from want of conscience or from want of bread, becomes subservient to the ignorance or caprice which he regards with secret contempt, and too long has patronage dictated where it ought to learn. The effect has been demoralising on both sides. In the gifted man of genius I have seen it produce absolute deterioration of character, and end in a want of truth towards others, of respect for himself and his art, and of faith in the high aims which had once sanctified his ambition; whilst the subserviency of him who ought to be the teacher, has altogether blinded the patron to the true relation between them; so instead of mutual help, gratitude, reverence, we have self-assurance, caprice, and a bargaining meanness on the one side—silent, contemptuous heartburning on the other.

It has been remarked with truth that public opinion always comes right in the long run—that it never fails *in time* to recognise the truly excellent—that it never fails *in time* to bring to its due level that which it has immeasurably exalted. I have since my childhood known four of the most celebrated artists who have lived in modern times—Flaxman, Canova, Chantrey, and Sir Thomas Lawrence. They are gone; the grave has closed over all. I can speak of them now as *minds*, not *men*. Of these four, the one who had, whilst living, the least reputation was certainly Flaxman. Yet he it was who took the highest ground; we have since been working up to him, and every day, every hour, we become more sensible of his true artistic greatness; whilst, I believe, it is pretty generally admitted that the others during their lifetime were overrated; that Canova could be feeble and effeminate; that Chantrey and Sir Thomas were below par in creative art. Such is the wide difference between reputation and fame. The better a public are educated, the sooner will such justification take place; the less will fashion usurp the part of taste; the less we shall hear

of people deciding in a cavalier manner on subjects, for the right understanding of which an almost lifelong education is necessary.

When in the last century a cause relative to the piracy of a print was tried before one of our judges (Lord Kenyon, I believe), the evidence relative to critical discrimination in the degree of merit in the original and the copy, the variety of opinions and arguments, astonished and somewhat perplexed both judge and jury. Lord Kenyon, in summing up, expressed his regret that he had lived all his life without an idea of some of the points which had been brought forward, and his conviction 'that there was more in those things than he had ever conceived before.' Now there are many in the same case with this most wise and candid judge—many who, like him, have passed through a long life of various and dignified pursuits without having given a moment's thought to the conditions of beauty which enter into a print, a picture, or a statue, and may be suddenly wakened up to a perception 'that there is more in these things than they ever conceived before.'

A state of profound peace has generally been considered as favourable to the development of the arts, yet where the clash of social interests has roused to unwonted activity the intellects and imaginations of men, it has been good in the long run for those who, standing apart from the tumult, yet feel it react upon them. High deeds must be done before the poet can sing them, or the artist commemorate them; and where grand stirring influences all the mind of the people, they become not less, but more, alive to the forms in which their sensations, so to speak, are reproduced to themselves. We see this in the history of the great republics of Greece and Italy, in distracted Athens, in more distracted Florence. May not these present days of revolutions, and wars, and famines,

and gold-seeking, be succeeded by the days of artistic creation in new forms? Even now, more is written and thought about art, more encouragement given to artists generally, than at any period in the history of our community. Not only is there an increasing demand for the higher productions of mind and skill, but in the mere objects of luxury, ornament and utility, art and artists are put in requisition. We call for an architect where we formerly employed a bricklayer, and our house-painters are accomplished in the theoretical harmony of lines and colours.

This is more particularly the case with the *plastic arts*. Under this term we comprehend all imitation of form, from the expression of ideal beauty and lofty sentiment, the godlike and the spiritual under the human semblance set forth in enduring marble or more enduring bronze, down to the bisque statuette on the chimney, the vase or ewer on the tea-table, or the arabesque frieze to decorate our rooms.

This passion and fashion for works of beauty and decoration has been growing among us, assisted by many causes. The invention of most ingenious mechanical processes, by which the magnificent remains of antiquity and the productions of living artists may be reproduced with marvellous delicacy and exactitude, and of other processes by which ornamental carving and casting from faultless models may be executed at a trifling expense, the perfection to which modern chemical science has brought the finest preparations of clay, as bisque and terra-cotta, together with the application of new materials, gutta-percha for instance, to the purposes of art; and though last, not least, the institution of schools of design all over the country—all these have combined to assist by mechanical means the multiplication of what the French call *objets de goût et de luxe*. That this growing taste may not be vulgarised, is a matter of great importance. We may entertain the deepest sympathy for the artist struggling to live

by the proceeds of that art to which he has given his life, and applaud the efforts made by public means to render his works known and give him a fair chance for reputation (it is not for one generation to give *fame*). But let it ever be borne in mind that we best assist our native artists by placing before them and the public, who is to judge them, in every possible form, those productions which bear the stamp of original greatness, and have been consecrated by the admiration of successive generations of men; things which exist at a distance, or have become so rare and so expensive that they are locked up in national collections or in the portfolios of amateurs. On these the principles of art are founded, or rather by these they are illustrated, for these lead us back to nature, pure nature, which is only another name for the pure ideal, and whence all must proceed which is to endure through the vicissitudes of conventional manners and modes of thought.

This is the main object of a society lately instituted—the Arundel Society. Between this society and one begun some years ago for the encouragement of modern art and native artists, there should be no rivalry—rather the most close and friendly co-operation. Every help to the knowledge of genuine art is a help to the living artist; and only the meanest, narrowest, and most short-sighted views would make a man think otherwise.

The result of all this, and what I would inculcate by every means in my power, is that a knowledge of the just theory of the imitative arts might well form a part of the education of the young, and particularly, I think, of young women. It is not very intelligible why so much pains should be taken to initiate a girl into a knowledge of the theory of music—to cultivate her taste for it by concerts, private and public, even where proficiency in the art, as an art, is out of the question—and, at the same time, leave her in the most pitiable ignorance, or abandon her to self-

culture with regard to the elementary principles of the other fine arts, on which, nevertheless, she is called in a thousand ways to exercise her faculties. Really it seems ridiculous, when one thinks of it, that a girl should be taught the elements of natural philosophy and chemistry, be initiated into the secrets of nature, while the laws which regulate the harmony and proportion of her visible forms remain a sealed book. Superficial knowledge of all kinds is the perdition of women, and a superficial taste in the fine arts leads them into that perverted and frivolous taste for mere prettiness which is destructive to the best interests of the best artists among us.

The faculty of delight in beauty needs to be educated like all our faculties, and I wish Miss Martineau had said something upon the subject in her admirable little treatise on household education. We know that women have written very sensible and elegant letters, with but little knowledge either of orthography or syntax, yet no one, I suppose, argues that a woman has therefore no need to study spelling or grammar. A knowledge of thorough bass and of elementary physics now enters into every liberal scheme of female education. Why, therefore, should not some attention be paid to the elementary principles of the fine arts? Why should not the best models of each be early placed before a young girl, and their comparative excellence pointed out to her attention? What a source of innocent enjoyment it would open to innocent minds at that age when the faculties are athirst for pleasurable sensation! A landscape painter once told me that, sitting down on some occasion to make a study of foliage, his attention was attracted by a group of feathery grass and weeds by the hedge-side, and he was so touched by the inexpressible grace with which nature had thrown together their flowing lines and graceful forms, that he sat for many moments contemplating them without venturing to put his pencil to

the paper, until he felt his eyes moisten with devout admiration and love! It is in truth one of the greatest advantages of a cultivated taste in art, that it multiplies a thousandfold our enjoyment in the beauties of nature; wakes up our attention to innumerable minute and transient effects of grace which we should otherwise pass by unperceived. We do, indeed, meet with persons who have a good deal of *connoisseurship*, of whose morals we cannot think very highly, but we soon learn to distinguish this sort of merely conventional taste from that really purified perception of the beautiful which leads us through the love of art to the love of Nature and from Nature up to God.

But I must not be tempted from the original purpose of this essay. Everyone admits that a just taste in art is desirable; no one denies that knowledge is better than ignorance, and that in the perception of fitness and beauty, as well as the perception of right and wrong, it may be as well to 'train up a child in the way it should go.' For the present, therefore, I will notice merely a few of the commonest mistakes, committed daily from that want of feeling or want of reflection which, in matters of art, goes by the general name of want of taste. To the knowledge by which they are to be avoided or rectified there is no *royal road*, and here I only suggest them for consideration, and with reference more particularly to one of the fine arts—sculpture.

These mistakes are of two kinds. The first have relation to the external conditions of a work of art—its material, size, and situation. The second have relation to the æsthetic conditions of a work of art, as the design and conception of the subject; the form best suited to it, whether painting or sculpture (for observe that the *form* is distinct from the *material*); the treatment, as regards the grouping, expression, colour, and all qualities depending

on the *mind* of the artist, and addressed to the mind of the observer.

The *material* in sculpture may be bronze, marble, stone, wood, plaster, terra-cotta, shells or precious stones, &c. Now everyone who would judge of art should know something of the inherent capabilities of these materials and their proper application; for they cannot be used indiscriminately for all subjects and purposes. I have seen strange mistakes made by persons ordering in marble what could only look well in bronze. But why? On what principle shall a particular subject, group, or figure, look ill in marble and well in bronze? It is not here the relative value or beauty of the material which is in question; it is its fitness. It is not only the artist or the artificer who should be able to enter into these considerations, for I have seen the artist's judgment overruled, either because he could not clearly explain in words principles which had grown up in his own mind with his mind, or that no explanation could render his reasons intelligible where the faculties of attention and comparison had never been brought to bear on such points. Hence there ensued distrust, vexation, loss, and disappointment.

Size is another of these conditions which is of great consequence. Not every subject which looks well large, will look well small; far more rarely will a subject graceful and agreeable of a small size endure to be magnified. The nature of the subject has to be considered. In general, though size be one of the elements of the sublime, the really sublime and ideal work of art loses but little when reduced in dimension, as long as the proportions are exactly attended to. You can have colossal proportions and god-like power within the circumference of a gem for the finger, figures and groups which might be magnified to any size, and lose nothing either in delicacy of finish or delicacy of expression; some of the fine Greek bronzes are examples.

For instance, the little bronze 'Jupiter' in the British Museum, about a foot in height, the exquisite little 'Mercury' not more than six inches high, are at hand to testify to the perfection of majesty and grace in diminutive forms. On the other hand, picturesque sculpture will seldom bear to be magnified, nor will any subject which is merely ornamental or conventional in the treatment. The pretty statuette of 'The Prince of Wales as a Sailor,' the little figure of 'Fanny Elssler' dancing the 'Cachucha,' would be insufferable if enlarged to life-size. There is a curious law too by which size and material act on each other; a bust or a statue in marble of the exact proportions of life, will often look much smaller than life. Some thought and attention are due therefore to the conditions of size.

Then as to *situation.* I say nothing here of those mental associations, which should always influence the selection of a work of art, with reference to its purpose, which would prevent everyone from taking down a 'Nativity' from an altar and placing it over a sideboard, or hanging up a 'Massacre of the Innocents' in a lady's boudoir. I would merely refer to those physical conditions by which a work of art, be it painting or sculpture, is fitted to the situation it occupies, or the situation fitted for that particular object. The distance at which it is to be seen, the point of view, the degree of light are of the highest importance. I have seen ridiculous, and, as regarded the destinies of the object, fatal mistakes of this kind committed from the want of a sense of adaptation, or from not considering how far a work of art executed for a particular locality can bear removal to another. For example, the 'Pensiero' of Michael Angelo, to produce the full effect intended by the artist, must be placed at a considerable height, and must be lighted from above. A lower situation or a side-light interferes with the sentiment. Michael

Angelo himself, in the first fresco which he executed for the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel (the 'Deluge'), committed an error which he was careful to avoid in the succeeding compositions. The treatment was too crowded, too complicated, to produce the effect he had intended; he had not sufficiently considered the conditions of light and distance. In the Metopes of the Parthenon and the Phigalian marbles the exact adaptation of the degree of relief to the light and distance, and the arrangement of the figures to the degree of relief, involve considerations of the highest moment, and which being well understood must enhance our admiration of these wonderful things as productions of mind, and assist us to those principles which are capable of a universal application, as conditions of fitness and excellence. The laws exemplified in the works of Michael Angelo and the sculpture of the Parthenon may be applied to the ornamental bas-relief over a chimneypiece, or the chased work of a lady's brooch.

As to the second class of errors, those which have reference to the more spiritual conditions of art, I shall say little of them here, except to impress on the mind of the educator the necessity for exercising in a right direction the faculties of admiration and reverence as applied to those productions of mind which are clothed in form and colour, seeing that they surround us on every side, and make a part of our daily life. Here also we should be taught by precept and example that there is a *true* and a *false*, which cannot by any arbitrary fashions of the day be overlooked or confounded with impunity.

The most important, and at the same time the commonest, error I have met with, arises from a total ignorance of the necessary limitations of the various styles of art. The graceless absurdities, the unreasonable demands on an artist's capabilities, which I have seen result from such

mistakes, would fill pages. Sir Joshua Reynolds tells us somewhere of a nobleman who once came to him and required him to paint a picture representing the interview between James II. and the old Earl of Bedford, the father of the martyred Russell; when James requested the assistance of the Earl, he replied in a broken voice, 'I had once a son who would now have done your majesty good service.' Sir Joshua in vain endeavoured to convince his noble friend that the subject was one which could not be adequately represented in any form of art. I forget how the affair ended, but probably the patron left the artist with a meaner idea of his powers than he had entertained before, and found some one else to paint James II. and Bedford standing opposite to one another. Not all that we can imagine to ourselves as a passing action or event—not all that can be described in words—is suitable for a picture, and in this respect, if painting has its limitations, much more narrow are the limitations of sculpture. Lessing, in the admirable piece of criticism which he has entitled 'The Laocoon,' was the first to point out clearly the relative capabilities and limitations of the two arts; and I conceive that, without a just appreciation of this distinction, artists and amateurs are likely to fall into the most graceless errors and absurdities.

I will venture on a familiar illustration of this neglect or ignorance of a principle founded in the absolute nature of things. When at Rome I went into some of the ateliers of the finest cutters of shells, and expressed my surprise at the total unfitness of some of the objects selected—popular pictures, for instance, transferred to bas-relief, Correggio's 'Holy Families,' and Guido's 'Angels,' or the 'Daughter of Herodias.' I was answered that these were executed for the English market. One of the most celebrated among the English artists in Rome told me that he often accompanied those who came to him with letters of

recommendation to the ateliers of the different bronze, mosaic, and shell works; the plea being that they, the purchasers, might be directed in their choice by his superior taste and experience. 'But,' said he, 'I know not how it happened, I seldom could induce them to choose what was really good, really fine and appropriate; and in presence of Italian workmen, I have blushed for the vulgar mistakes made by my countrywomen—women of rank, education, and otherwise elegant minds.' Their 'ignorance,' he added with true artistic emphasis, 'was on such subjects quite *dreadful!*'

The source of these mistakes lay in the want of an educated perception of certain laws, as much founded in nature, as immutable, as those which regulate harmony and the power of expression in music. The persons alluded to by my friend, perhaps looked to the workmanship, examined it with a microscope, believed themselves quite capable of judging whether the thing was well or ill done—the more serious question, whether it was a thing that ought to be done at all, having never once occurred to them.

The beautiful ornamental casts and statuettes which issue daily from the *fabriques* of Messrs. Copeland, Minton, and others, the facility, cheapness, and elegance with which form is reproduced in twenty different materials, while they delight the lovers of art, may well excite some anxiety and apprehension, lest we be inundated with graceful frivolities and commonplace second-rate sentimental trash of every sort.

Now that the 'million' have become patrons of art, it becomes too obviously the interest of the manufacturer to cater for the fancy of the 'million;' and thus it is a matter of very serious import that the young should be trained to discernment and refinement in the appreciation of such objects as are addressed to the mind through the

eye, that the public taste should, through the rising generation, be more generally educated—at least, that it should not be vitiated. All which is humbly submitted to the consideration of the reader.

Art is for pleasure and for contemplation.

To multiply the sources of pleasure, and to enlarge the sphere of contemplation, are the objects we propose to ourselves in cultivating what we term a taste for the fine arts.

But not only must we have pleasure and contemplation associated together; they must be associated in equal measure; for as surely as the one or the other predominates, there shall be no full concord, no complete, harmonious enjoyment of the object before us. The intense feeling of beauty, merely as such, without a corresponding exercise of the faculties of the intellect, or a due subjection to the moral sympathies, leaves the soul of man unsatisfied, and produces, if not a degraded and frivolous, at least a narrow and defective, taste in art.

On the other hand, where the fine arts become subjects of disquisition and analysis, as manifestations of the human powers, as part of the history of human culture, as an instrument available in the hands of government for the amusement or improvement of the people,—as a means, in short, to some end out of themselves, be that end what it may, the highest or the lowest,—then such a merely speculative, utilitarian appreciation of art, can lead to nothing very good, I believe, except it be a grant from the Treasury to help Mr. Layard, or a new National Gallery, with room for Mr. Vernon's pictures. For individual enjoyment, for individual elevation and improvement, what can it do? But blend with the sensuous pleasures of form and colour thrilling through nerve and fancy, a world of awakened thoughts crowding in like divine guests to a

divine banquet, and then we have indeed a joy at once subjective and objective, infinite, complete, and worthy of our immortality: a joy, which no lower nature can share with us,—which higher natures, if they did not share, might envy us.

I pointed out on a former occasion the importance of cultivating in early education a *refined* and *exact* taste in the fine arts, and the advantage of being prepared by some knowledge of those principles which define the objects and limit the capabilities of each, to understand what we may reasonably demand from the art and from the artist. But we must remember that a *refined*, an *educated* taste, is not necessarily an exclusive or fastidious taste; on the contrary, the more cultivated the taste, the more catholic—*catholic*, I mean, in the sense of *universal*. Artists by profession must, of course, choose, or be impelled by the natural bent of their genius which leaves them no choice, to select a particular branch of one or other of the fine arts. The streams which would otherwise diverge to fertilise a thousand meadows, must be directed into one deep narrow channel before they can turn a mill. And not unfrequently we find others, not professional artists, indulge a passion for some particular department of art. One collects prints after Claude; another, Marc Antonio's: one buys Dutch pictures, another Etruscan vases: but exactly in proportion as we have cultivated a knowledge of all the fine arts, and all the various schools of art, in their relation to each other and to our own souls and to universal nature, will be the correctness of our judgment in that one to which we have especially devoted ourselves, and the measure of the delight it will afford us.

Neither is it true that a correct and elevated standard of taste, or a catholic appreciation of whatever is excellent in every department of art, necessarily excludes or weakens individual feelings and preferences; far from it. As of two

persons, two characters, whose qualities and gifts of person and mind we know to be pretty equally balanced, *one* shall be unspeakably dear, in every action, every look, every movement interesting to us; their absence or their presence makes the difference between darkness and light: while the other shall be comparatively indifferent, though whenever brought before us we have all the pleasures of admiration and appreciation; so it is with the productions of mind in the fine arts. In as far as they are stamped by originality, and bear the various impress of individual character, and in as far as our own sensibility is genuine as well as refined, in so far we shall unite with large perception and keen enjoyment of, *all* that is good, a power of being excited through our sympathies and associations, and tone and temper of mind, to form preferences, to take delight in some one object, or some one style of art more than in another.

In contradistinction to a *catholic* taste in Art, we may have an exclusive or sectarian taste, which seems to me in most cases to argue one of two things—either a want of natural sensibility, or something factitious and narrow in the training of that faculty.

For example—and I will turn to music for an illustration as being, of all the fine arts, the most generally cultivated and understood—if we should hear (as I have actually heard) a *soi-disant* connoisseur profess to worship Handel, and at the same time speak of Mozart as merely 'the composer of some pretty songs,' and denounce all the operas of Rossini and Bellini as 'intolerable trash,'—what should we say? It sounds grand and imposing, this *Aut Handel, aut nihil*; but so to love Handel is not to love music; or such love of music is like the piety of the man who could say his prayers nowhere but in his own parish church. So, if we should hear one discourse on the 'old masters' and 'early Christian art,' while the vigorous

nature of Landseer, and the animated elegance of Leslie, and the deep refined feeling of Eastlake, exist for him in vain; or another enthusiastic about Claude and Poussin, while the breezy freshness of Lee's home scenery or the bright poetry of Stanfield's Italian landscapes are to him as though they were not, then we may be silent; but it will be the silence of pity rather than of sympathy.

For myself, I would rather have the quick sensitive ear of the Harmonious Blacksmith who had delight in the variety of tones struck by his own hammer—I would rather have the mere instinctive pleasure of a child that claps its hands when the rainbow spans the sky, than the fantastic exclusiveness of such lovers of music,—such lovers of art! Between Handel's wondrous 'Hailstone Chorus,' executed by six hundred musicians to an audience of six thousand people, and Paesiello's '*Nel cor più non mi sento*,' warbled from a star-lit terrace, there is certainly as wide a difference—and the same kind of difference—as between Michael Angelo's 'Last Judgment' and one of Fra Angelico's angels of Paradise. Happy are they who feel and worship either; but happier far those who can comprehend both,—whose hearts can thrill to every chord of power and beauty struck between these two extremes of grandeur and of grace!

Now, to return to the especial object of these preliminary observations. We must begin by admitting the position laid down by Frederic Schlegel, that Art and Nature are not identical. 'Men,' he says, 'traduce Nature, who falsely give her the epithet of *artistic*;' for though nature comprehends all Art, Art cannot comprehend all Nature. Nature, in her sources of PLEASURE and CONTEMPLATION, is infinite, and Art, as her reflection in human works, finite; Nature is boundless in her powers, exhaustless in her variety: the powers of Art and its capabilities of variety in production are bounded on every side. Nature

herself, the infinite, has circumscribed the bounds of finite Art. The one is the divinity; the other the priestess. And if poetic Art in the *interpreting* of Nature share in her infinitude, yet, in *representing* Nature through material form and colour, she is,—oh! how limited! The highest genius is best shown in its power of perceiving and respecting these bounds, and working within them in a perfect and noble freedom.

Now, as I have already observed,[1] if each of the forms of poetic art has its law of limitation, as determined as the musical scale, narrowest of all are the limitations of sculpture, to which, notwithstanding, we give the highest place. And I have also attempted to show that it is with regard to sculpture we find most frequently those mistakes which arise from a want of knowledge of the true principles of art. Now I will endeavour to explain, with reference to sculpture, the distinction between an exact critical taste and a narrow, exclusive, and factitious taste.

Admitting, then, as necessary and immutable, the limitations of the art of sculpture as to the management of the material in giving form and expression; its primal laws of repose and simplicity; its rejection of the complex and conventional; its bounded capabilities as to choice of subject:—must we also admit, with some of the most celebrated critics in art, that there is but one style of sculpture—the GREEK? And that every deviation from pure Greek art must be regarded as a depravation and perversion of the powers and objects of sculpture, and stigmatised as such or only scornfully endured? This is a question which we may at least consider.

We are not now looking back to the antique time. We are not thinking of what sculpture was to the Greeks, but

[1] *Art Journal*, cxxix. See also Eastlake's *Contributions to the Literature of Art*, Coleridge's sketch *On Poesy in Art*, and the work of F. Schlegel, to which I have been, in the foregoing observations largely indebted.

what it is or may be to us,—as the expression of our present life,—that is to say, of all that is worth anything in life, its religion and its poetry. The Assyrian, the Egyptian, the Lycian sculptures, so wonderful and interesting to us as monuments, are in every other sense done with. They may be imitated, copied, but their life has gone into the past. They are forms of what exists no longer, and forms which we should not borrow to clothe in them either our own memories or our aspirations. They are to us *dead*. There remain to us Greek art, and that style which, for the sake of brevity and clearness, I will here call Gothic sculpture; not admitting the propriety or exactness of the epithet, but using it in a general sense, as we use the term Gothic architecture,—to comprehend all sculpture not produced under classical influence.

Now, as for Greek sculpture, what can it do for *us?* what can we do with *it?* Many things—beautiful, glorious things! not all things!

It is absolute that Greek art reached long ago the term of its development; it can go no farther. We may stand and look at the Sister Fates of the Parthenon in awe and in despair; we can do neither more nor better. But we have not done with Greek sculpture. What in it is purely ideal is *eternal*; what is conventional is in accordance with the primal conditions of all imitative art. Therefore, though it may have reached the point at which development stops, and though its capability of adaptation be limited by necessary laws, still its all-beautiful, its immortal imagery hangs round us, haunts us: still '*doth the old feeling bring back the old names*,' and with the old names, the forms; still in those old familiar forms we continue to clothe all that is loveliest in visible nature; still in all our associations with Greek art

> 'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
> And Venus who brings everything that's fair!

That the supreme beauty of Greek art—that the majestic significance of the classical myths, will ever be to the educated mind and eye as things indifferent and outworn, I cannot believe. Our sculptors still seek there what they cannot find elsewhere, the perfection of ideal beauty in the undraped human form; still does Gibson run variations on the tale of 'Cupid and Psyche,' and its perpetual beauty wearies us never. Foley's 'Ino and Bacchus;' the new version of 'The Three Graces,' by Baily; the 'Eucharis' of Wyatt; the really Olympian 'Venus and Cupid' of Edward Davis, show us in how fine a spirit Greek art is felt and rendered by these and others of our native sculptors.

But it may well be doubted whether the impersonation of the Greek allegories in the purest forms of Greek art will ever give intense pleasure to the people, or ever speak home to the hearts of the men and women of these times. And this, not from the want of an innate taste and capacity in the minds of the masses—not because ignorance has 'frozen the genial current in their souls'—not merely through a vulgar preference for mechanical imitation of common and familiar forms; no, but from other causes, not transient—not accidental. Because a classical education is not now, as heretofore, the *only* education given; and through an honest and intense sympathy with the life of their own experience; and from a dislike to vicious associations, though clothed in classical language and classical forms; thence it is that the people have turned with a sense of relief from gods and goddesses, Ledas and Antiopes, to shepherds and shepherdesses, groups of charity, and young ladies in the character of Innocence. Harmless, picturesque inanities!—as much sculpture as Watts' hymns are poetry. But is this art for the million? we might as well feed our 'million' on *soupe-au-lait.* To such things has Greek art in its popular form been reduced. But Gothic sculpture

has this in common with Gothic architecture, that it has within it a principle of almost exhaustless development; and if that development be guided and governed by reverential feeling, and a just and harmonious taste—if we be not deluged with the merely ornamental and sentimental, or the vulgarly familiar and extravagant—we may, in following out the principle of medieval art, be allowed to seek in sculpture the expression of what is most venerable and dear to us in memory; in life, and in after-life.

All sculpture was, in its origin, combined with architecture, and subservient to it; and as the Greek sculpture, when disengaged from architecture, fell into new and various forms without losing its characteristics of intenseness and simplicity, the same is true of Gothic sculpture; —with this essential difference,—that as Greek sculpture was the apotheosis of mortal beauty and power, it found early and necessarily its limits of perfection, and the highest possible adaptation of its principles in the deification of external nature: but as Gothic sculpture was the expression of a new life introduced into the world—of love purified through faith and hope—of human affections, sorrows, aspirations;—it follows, that we have not yet found or imagined any limit to its capabilities; we test its perfection by a wholly different law. We find its highest inspiration in our religion and our poetry, and hitherto its grandest adaptation in those sweet and solemn types of form handed down to us by the religious artists of the Middle Ages.

Therefore what the people now demand from sculpture is the introduction into our places of worship of a style of art embodying the grand and holy memories of our religion, the solemn and gracious figures of the scriptural personages;—and into our rooms and houses the forms of those beings consecrated in our poetry, or memorable in our annals. It is true that hitherto in many instances

where this has been attempted, there has been complete or partial failure, either from tasteless treatment, or injudicious selection, or ignorance, or neglect of the primal laws common to all sculpture, and that the result has been not legitimate sculpture, but the transfer of a picture to marble; and this will never do.

It was natural that the abuse of religious art in the Middle Ages should lead to a reaction. This reaction had reached its ultimatum in the defaced, denuded parish churches, the wretched formal whitewashed Dissenting chapels, which people were pleased to call a return to primitive apostolic simplicity, whereas it was only Puritanical intolerance, tasteless incapacity, poverty of means or of mind. Now the pendulum swings back again;—we must only be careful that the impulse given does not send it too far in the contrary direction.

Music, painting, sculpture,—if these are a means of lifting up the heart to God, it is a proof that He intends us to use such means. The abuse of such means to purposes which enslave the intellect or misdirect the feelings, only proves that, like all the best gifts of God, these too are liable to abuse. Rowland Hill (he of the Chapel, not of the Post Office) used to say that he saw no reason why the devil should have the monopoly of the best tunes, and in the same manner I see no reason why in these days sculpture should be held fit for secular purposes alone. 'It is not,' says Landor, in one of those wise and eloquent passages which so often occur in his pages—'it is not because God is delighted with hymns and instruments of music, or prefers bass to tenor, or tenor to bass, or Handel to Giles Holloway, that nations throng to celebrate in their churches His power and His beneficence. It is not that Inigo Jones or Christopher Wren could erect to Him a habitation more worthy of His presence than the humblest cottage on the loneliest moor.' It is that the best feelings, the highest

faculties, the greatest wealth, should be displayed and exercised in the patrimonial palace of every family united; —for such are churches both to the rich and poor.'

I was about to venture on a few words relative to the selection of religious and poetical subjects which have been or may be adapted to sculptural treatment, and are fitted for the present state of feeling and opinion; but this demands so much consideration, and would lead us so far, that it must be postponed to a future occasion.

# INDEX.



AMBOS, Betty von, 84
Amelia, Princess, of Saxony, Mrs. Jameson's translation of her dramas, 158, 163, 175
Arkwright, Mrs., her singing, 15
Art, Thoughts on, by Mrs. Jameson, 332–354
Austin, Mrs., 90, 145; her 'Characteristics of Goethe,' 77

BAILLIE, Joanna, her letter on the 'Winter Studies,' 149; her friendship with Mrs. Jameson, 185; her letter on the death of Dr. Channing, 187; her opinions on the moral state of Scotland, 197
Barrett, Elizabeth (afterwards Mrs. Browning). *See* Browning, Elizabeth Barrett
Barry Cornwall, his friendship with Mrs. Jameson, 43
Bate, Mrs., anecdote of her childhood, 22; her marriage, 52
Bate, Gerardine (afterwards Mrs. Macpherson), Mrs. Jameson's niece. *See* Macpherson, Mrs.
Belgium, Mrs. Jameson's travels in, 52
Bell, Sir Charles, his 'Anatomy of Expression,' 192
Birmingham, the riots in 1839 at, 160
Booth, Mr., his anecdote concerning Mrs. Jameson's alleged somnambulism, 3
Boston, U.S., Mrs. Jameson's impression of, 134
Boufflers, Madame de, 118
Bradford, Social Science Meeting at, 304
Briggs, Mr., his portrait of Mrs. Jameson, 44
Brontë, Mr., 304
Browning, Robert, his marriage with Miss Barrett, 230; his practical poetry at Vaucluse, 231
Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, her friendship with Mrs. Jameson, 190, 229; her letter describing her invalid condition, 191; her 'Cry of the Children,' 194; her translation of the Odyssean legend relating to the daughters of Pandarus, 217–219; her opinion of the essay on the 'House of Titian,' 219; her marriage and meeting in Paris with Mrs. Jameson, 230; her improvement in health, 232; gives birth to a son, 263
Burlowe, Henry Behnes, the sculptor, 65; his death, 177 (note)
Byron, Lady, her friendship with Mrs. Jameson, 94, 163, 188; her poetry, 187; her pursuits at Kirkby, 209; her quarrel with her friend, 280

CAM

CAMPBELL, Thomas, his memoir of Mrs. Siddons, 62
Canada, Mrs. Jameson's impressions of, 119
Carlyle, Mr., 87, 143
Catalani, Mme., 235
Catherine, St., age of the legend of, 245
Channing, Dr., 134 Joanna Baillie's allusion to his death, 187
Charlotte, Princess, commissions Mr. Murphy to copy the 'Windsor Beauties' in miniature, 53; her joke about Queen Charlotte, 55; her death, 55
Charlotte, Queen, anecdote concerning her, 54
Clarendon, Lord, 255
Clinton, Mrs., widow of De Witt Clinton, 113
Colburn, Mr., buys the copyright of Mrs. Jameson's 'Diary,' 42
Collingwood, Lord, Mrs. Jameson's juvenile verses on, 18
Combe, George, his article on Phrenology applied to the Fine Arts, 192
'Commonplace Book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies,' 273
Compton, Lord, 240

DANNECKER, his statue of the Redeemer, 75
D'Arlincourt, Vicomte, the rage in Paris for his romance of the 'Solitaire,' 33
Davis, Charles A., 113
Devrient, Madame Schroeder, 75; Mrs. Jameson's opinion of her, 90
'Diary of an *Ennuyée*,' 42
Dresden, Tieck's house at, 67
Duers, the, of New York, 113

GWY

EASTLAKE, Lady, completes Mrs. Jameson's unfinished manuscripts, 306–310
Edgeworth, Maria, 254
Education, Mrs. Jameson's efforts in behalf of, 121, 159, 270
Emmett, Robert, 2
Exhibition, the Great, of 1851, Mrs. Jameson's guide-book for, 267

'FAIZY,' Mrs. Jameson's story of, 13, 17
Fitzgerald, Lord Edward, 2
Flanders, lace-making of, anecdote concerning Mrs. Jameson, 20
Forbes, James, the Orientalist, 17
France, Mrs. Jameson's observations on the state of, 249, 270
Frankfort, 75

GARDINER, Sir Robert, his letter to Mr. Murphy concerning the miniatures of the 'Windsor Beauties,' 57
Germany, Mrs. Jameson's Sketches of, 86–89
Gibson, John, Mrs. Jameson's story of his career, 241, 315–331; his bust of Mrs. Jameson, 241
Gmündensee, the, 101
Goethe, Ottilie von, her character, 77; Mrs. Jameson's intimacy with her, 78
Grote, Mrs., her Memorandum concerning Mrs. Jameson, 170–172
Grüner, Ludwig, his engravings from the Royal frescoes, 225
Gwynn, Nell, anecdote concerning her portrait at Windsor, 54

HAH

HAHN-HAHN, Countess, 211
'Hamlet,' the Ghost in, 5; the female characters in, 69
Hanwell, Mrs. Jameson's home at, 11
Harden, Mr. John, 25
Hatherton, Lord, Mrs. Jameson's friendship with, 37; her visit at his country-house, 155
Haworth, Charlotte Brontë's home, 304
Hawthorne, Mr., 302
Haydon, Benjamin, Mrs. Jameson's review of his life, 276
Hayter, Mr., his 'Juliet' sketches, 62
Head, Sir Francis, 125
Hemans, Charles, 239
Herbert, Sir Charles and Lady, 235
'History of the Saviour,' Mrs. Jameson's posthumous work, as completed by Lady Eastlake, 310
Holland, Mrs. Jameson's travels in, 52
Hudson River, 115
Humboldt, Mrs. Jameson's introduction to, 103
Hunt, Leigh, his note on Mrs. Jameson, 44 *note*

INDIANS, the American, Mrs. Jameson's rambles among, 129
Ireland, Mrs. Jameson's political opinions concerning, 196, 216, 255, 260; her tour in, 251
Irving, Washington, his visit to Mrs. Jameson, 113
Italy, Mrs. Jameson's visits to, 26, 212, 230–247, 296–302

JAMESON Anna Brownell, her birth, 1; her early residence at Whitehaven, 2; her reminiscences of her childhood, 4, 13;

JAM

her removal to Newcastle-on-Tyne, 6; her governess, 7; undertakes a strange childish adventure, 8; comes to London, 11; her studies, 12; her first literary effusions, 13, 17; her love of independence, 19; her plan of assisting her parents, 19; enters the Marquis of Winchester's family as governess, 23; her first acquaintance with Mr. Jameson, 25; her journey to Italy, 26; diary of her tour, 28; her first view of Rome, 36; becomes governess in the family of Mr. Littleton (afterwards Lord Hatherton), 37; her marriage, 38; how her 'Diary' came to be published, 39; Fanny Kemble's description of her personal appearance, 44; her married life, 46; her record of a second continental tour, 48; writes the letterpress for her father's portraits of the 'Beauties of the Court of King Charles II.,' 58; her work on the 'Characteristics of Women,' 59; dedicates it to Fanny Kemble, 61; goes to Germany on her husband's departure for Canada, 64; her friendship with Major Noel, 65; her introduction to Tieck, 66; and to Retzsch, 72; her visit to Dannecker, 75; her acquaintance with the Goethe family, 76; her husband's coolness, 79; her conversations with Schlegel, 80; visits Munich, 82; is summoned home on account of her father's illness, 83; her motherly affection for her niece, 85; publishes her 'Visits and Sketches,' 86; popularity of her works, 86, 92; her description of her life in London, 89; brings out Retzsch's volume of 'Fancies,'

JAM

92; commencement of her intimacy with Lady Byron, 94; returns to Germany, 97; the want of sympathy between her husband and herself, 98; his letters calling her to Canada, 99, 106; her sojourn beside the Gmündensee, 101; returns to Weimar, and is introduced to Humboldt, 103; her description of her life at Weimar, 104; her reply to her husband's letters, 107; decides upon going to Canada, 109; her landing at New York, 111; her letter thence to her family, 112; her voyage up the Hudson river, 115; her arrival at Toronto, 116; her reflections on her new home, 117; her impressions of Canada, 119; her interest in the education question, 121, 159, 270; visits the falls of Niagara, 122; her admiration of Lake Ontario, 123, 128; her letters to her sister Charlotte and Mr. Noel, indicating her plans, 124–127; attends the prorogation of the Canadian Parliament, 125; her description of a Canadian summer, 127; resolves to visit the Indian settlements, 129; her 'Winter Studies and Summer Rambles,' 131, 149, 150, 155; her power of winning confidence and affection, 131; her final separation from her husband, 132; her friendship with Miss Sedgwick, 133, 136; letter from on board ship to Miss Sedgwick, 137; arrives in England, 139; letter to Mr. Noel concerning her Canadian diary, 139; letters to Miss Sedgwick, 141–147, 151–154; her visit at Lord Hatherton's, 154; the review of her book in the 'British and Foreign

JAM

Quarterly,' 155; plans another visit to Germany, 157; her views on national education and the position of women, 159; her admiration of Lady Byron, 161–163; her sense of duty to her sex, 161; her embarrassment on account of her father's health, 165; her 'Companion to the Galleries of Art,' 166; the Queen's appreciation of it, 167; her contributions to Mr. Noel's translation of Waagen's 'Rubens,' 168; her labours in compiling the 'Companion,' 170–173; success of her articles on Italian painters in the 'Penny Magazine,' 173; French translation of, 174; publishes a 'Handbook to the Public Galleries,' 175; her acquaintance with M. de Triqueti, the sculptor, 176; her thoughts on somnambulism, 177; letter from Paris to her sister Charlotte, 178; her father's death, 180; letter to Miss Sedgwick announcing this event, 182; her friendships, 185–191; her article in the 'Athenæum' on the condition of women, 195; her journey to Scotland, 195; her reflections on a summer Sunday there, 199; her preparations for her *magnum opus*, 201; goes to Germany, 210; and thence to Italy, 212; her letter to Miss Sedgwick describing her tour, 213; her protest against the Coercion Bill, 216; publishes a volume of essays, 216; her visit to the house of Titian, 220–224; writes the letterpress for Ludwig Grüner's engravings of the Royal frescoes, 225; her notes upon public affairs, 226, 259; publishing arrangements for her 'Sacred and Legendary Art,' 226; re-

JAM

visits Italy with her niece, 228; her meeting with the Brownings in Paris, 230; her art studies in Pisa, 233; her 'child,' 234; her life in Florence, 235; her second visit to Rome, 237; her Sunday evening tea parties there, 239; her story of Gibson's career, 241; her lodging, 241; her pilgrimages among the antique churches, 244; how she proposed to treat the 'Prince of Darkness,' 248; her note on the disturbances of 1848, 248; publication of her book, 250; revisits Ireland, 251; her letters thence to Mr. Longman concerning her book, 252, 253; her impressions of Ireland, 254; her account of a remarkable sermon, 255; Mr. Longfellow's tribute to her work, 263; obtains a pension of 100*l.*, 265; her interest in the Great Exhibition, 267; new edition of her book on Canada, 269; publication of her 'Legends of the Madonna,' 271; her Wednesday evening parties, 272; her 'Commonplace Book,' 273; her paper on Haydon in the 'Edinburgh Review,' 276; letter to Miss Sedgwick on her literary occupations, 278; rupture of her friendship with Lady Byron, 280–283; loss of her income by the death of her husband, 283; an annuity of 100*l.* raised by private subscription for her, 284; refuses a yearly allowance offered by a friend, 286; her lectures on 'Sisters of Charity,' 288; and on the 'Communion of Laboûr,' 290; the etchings for the second edition of her 'Madonna,' 296, 298; her delight in Rome, 296; her unfinished review of 'Vasari,' 299; her grief

LAB

at the breach of friendship with Lady Byron, 300; her health failing, 301; her friends in Rome in 1859, 301; commences the 'History of Our Lord and of St. John the Baptist,' 302; her description of a Saxon country house, 303; returns to London, 303; attends the Social Science meeting at Bradford, 304; her preparations for her last work, 305, 309; her thoughts on Murillo's picture of the miracle at the Pool of Bethesda, 307; her unfinished work, 309; her illness, 311; and death, 312

Jameson, Robert, his courtship, 25; his marriage, 38; appointed to a judgeship in the island of Dominica, 46; his return to England, 63; obtains an appointment in Canada, 64; summons his wife to Canada, 97; his character, 98; his appointment to the Chancellorship, 125; his death, 283

Jones, Sir Wm., interest taken by Mrs. Jameson in his works during her childhood, 13.

KEMBLE, Adelaide, 153; Mrs. Jameson's memoir of, 224

Kemble, Charles, his acting, 166

Kemble, Fanny (afterwards Mrs. Butler), her sketch of Mrs. Jameson, 44; suggests a title for Mrs. Jameson's 'Characteristics of Women,' 61; her remarks on Mrs. Siddons's biographers, 62

LABOUR, Ferdinand, his translation of Mrs. Jameson's papers on Italian painters, 174

LAN

Lansdowne, Lord, letter to Mrs. Jameson, 169
'Legends of the Madonna,' 271
Lely, Sir Peter, his portraits of the 'Windsor Beauties,' 53
Leopold, Prince, and Mr. Murphy, 56
Lind, Jenny, 263
Lindsay, Lord, his work on Christian Art, 239
Lockhart, John Gibson, 142
Longfellow, his new year's greeting to Mrs. Jameson, 263

'MACBETH,' Tieck's translation of, 67
Macpherson, Mrs., Mrs. Jameson's affection for, 211, 228, 234; her marriage, 262; executes the etchings for the second edition of the 'Madonna,' 298
Macpherson, Robert, his marriage to Mrs. Jameson's niece, 262
Martineau, Harriet, her misstatement with regard to Mrs. Jameson's 'Diary,' 58; her introduction to Lady Byron, 95; her interest in Mrs. Jameson's Canadian book, 149; her letter on Mr. Murphy's death, 181; her letter detailing her 'cure by mesmerism,' 205–209; Mrs. Jameson's note thereon, 209
Michel Angelo, Mrs. Jameson's ideas of his 'Holy Family,' 37
Miller, Mr., the publisher, John Murray's precursor, 6
Montagu, Mrs. Basil, her note concerning Mrs. Jameson's 'Diary,' 42
Morgan, Lady, 81
Munich, Mrs. Jameson's impressions of, 82
Murillo, his 'Miracle at the Pool of Bethesda,' 307

NOE

Murphy, D. Brownell, Mrs. Jameson's father, his connection with the 'United Irishmen,' 1; removes from Dublin to Whitehaven, 2; to Newcastle-on-Tyne, 6; to London, 11; his birthday letter to his daughter Anna, 25; his miniatures of the 'Windsor Beauties,' 53; his appointment as Painter in Enamel to the Princess Charlotte, 53; his anecdote of Queen Charlotte and the portrait of Nell Gwynn, 54; death of his patroness, 55; his memorial to Prince Leopold in regard to the miniatures, 56; the Prince's refusal to purchase them, 57; has the portraits engraved and published, 58; his dangerous illness, 83, 91, 164; his death, 180; Miss Martineau's remarks on the event, 181
Murphy, Mrs., Mrs. Jameson's mother, death of, 283
Murphy, Camilla (afterwards Mrs. Sherwin). *See* Sherwin, Mrs.
Murphy, Charlotte, 80
Murphy, Louisa (afterwards Mrs. Bate). *See* Bate, Mrs.
Murray, Lady Amelia, her letter to Mrs. Jameson concerning the 'Companion to the Art Galleries,' 167
Murray, Mr. John, the publisher, 6

NELSON, Lord, Mrs. Jameson's juvenile verses on, 18
Newcastle-on-Tyne, Mrs. Jameson's home at, 6
Niagara, the Falls of, 116, 122
Noel, Sir Gerard, Mrs. Jameson's sketch of, 49; her anecdote of his tender feelings, 50
Noel, Miss H. J., 51

NOE

Noel, Major R., his friendship with Mrs. Jameson, 65 ; his marriage, 148 ; termination of his correspondence with Mrs. Jameson, 282
Normanby, Lord, 299

ONTARIO, Lake, Mrs. Jameson's admiration of, 123 ; meaning of the name, 128
Ottilie von Goethe. *See* Goethe

PANDARUS, the daughters of, Miss Barrett's rendering of the legend, 218
Parkes, Bessie Raynor, her remarks on Mrs. Jameson, 293, 296
Peel, Sir Robert, his letters to Mrs. Jameson, 169
Pius IX., 237
Potter, Dr., 143
Procter, Bryan Waller (better known as Barry Cornwall). *See* Barry Cornwall
Procter, Mrs., raises an annuity for Mrs. Jameson, 284
Prout, Father (Sylvester O'Mahony), 239

QUEROUAILLE, Louise de la, her portrait at Windsor, 53

RAPHAEL, his cartoon of the 'Beautiful Gate,' 308
Reid, Mrs., 240
Retzsch, Mrs. Jameson's description of him, 72 ; her visit to his country house, 73 ; his 'Fancies,' 74, 96 ; Mrs. Jameson's services to him, 92
Rice, Spring (Lord Monteagle), his anecdote of the Queen, 154

SID

Rio, Alexis-François, Mrs. Jameson's meeting with, 176
Robertson, Rev. Mr., his preaching, 258
Rogers, Mr., 307
Rolle, Lord, 144
Rome, Mrs. Jameson's first view of, 36 ; society of, in 1847, 238 ; the antique churches of, 244
Ronge, 215
'Rory O'More,' Lover's story of, 138
Rosawitz, Bohemia, 211
Russia, 259

'SACRED and Legendary Art,' Mrs. Jameson's work on, 192, 201, 226, 250
San Clemente, Church of, the recent discoveries at, 245 ; Mrs. Jameson's delight there, 297
Saxon Switzerland, 303
Scheffer, Ary, Mrs. Jameson's interpretation of his 'Francesco da Rimini,' 279
Schlegel, his Shakespearean translations, 68, 81 ; Mrs. Jameson's acquaintance with him, 80
Scott, Sir Walter, Joanna Baillie's ideas on his marriage, 142
Sedgwick, Catherine, her friendship with Mrs. Jameson, 133, 136 ; her visit to England, 160
Shakespeare, the female characters of, 59
Sherwin, Mrs., her birth, 3 ; her anecdote of herself and her sisters, 8
Siddons, Mrs. Henry, her meeting with Mrs. Jameson, 196 ; her death, 202 ; Mrs. Jameson's feelings on the event, 203
Siddons, Mrs. Sarah, Mrs. Jameson's biographical sketch of, 62

SOM

Somnambulism, Mrs. Jameson's alleged tendency to, 4; her ideas on, 177
Stockbridge, New England, 134

TAYLOR, Father, a celebrated preacher of Boston, U.S., 134–136
Taylor, Tom, his life of Haydon, 276
Thackeray, W. M., his letter to Mrs. Jameson concerning her pension, 267
Thomas, Mr., publishes Mrs. Jameson's 'Diary,' 39
Tieck, Mrs. Jameson's description of, 67; his dramatic readings, 67; his Shakespearean translations, 67, 68; his notes on Mrs. Jameson's 'Characteristics of Women,' 68–72
Titian, Mrs. Jameson's visit to the house of, 221–224
Toronto, Mrs. Jameson's impressions of, 117
Triqueti, Henri de, 176
Trollope, Mrs., her weekly *réunions* in Florence, 235

UNGHER, Caroline, 235

'VASARI,' Mrs. Jameson's unfinished review of, 299
Vaucluse, 231

YOK

Venice, 213
Verona, the ancient amphitheatre at, 212
Victoria, Queen, coronation of, 143; her admirable demeanour, 146; Leslie's picture of her, 153; anecdotes concerning her, 154; her appreciation of Mrs. Jameson's 'Companion,' 167; her visit to Ireland, 250; attempt to shoot her, 260; grants Mrs. Jameson a yearly pension of 100*l.*, 266
'Visits and Sketches,' publication of, 86–89

WAAGEN, Dr., his essay on Rubens, 148
Walpole, Lord, 240
Ware, Rev. William, his 'Letters from Palmyra,' 138
Warens, Madame de, 45
Weimar, court of, 76; Mrs. Jameson's life there, 104
Whitehaven, Mrs. Jameson's residence in, 2
Windsor, Mrs. Jameson's reflections on, 146
'Windsor Beauties,' the, 54
'Winter Studies and Summer Rambles,' 131, 149, 150, 155, 269

YOKELY, Miss, Mrs. Jameson's governess, 7; marries her pupil's uncle, 11

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